The Outlook

AUGUST 23, 1913

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Governor Sulzer Impeached

For the first time in the history of the State of New York a Governor of the State is under impeachment. William Sulzer, who was elected on the Democratic ticket last fall, and has for many years been a prominent Democratic politician, and when elected to the Governorship was prominent as a Democratic leader in the National House of Representatives, has been accused of fraud, larceny, perjury, and high crimes and misdemeanors by a majority vote of the New York Assembly (the lower house of the Legislature), which itself is by a large majority Democratic. Most of the votes against him were cast by members of his own party. The bringing of this formal indictment against the Governor of the State was preceded by a bitter struggle over many political questions, involving not only such a measure as the Direct Primary Law, but also questions of appointment to office. After the regular session of the Legislature, during which the Governor failed to secure the passage of the Direct Nominations Bill, he recalled the Legislature in extraordinary session to take up the Direct Nominations question again. The head and front of Governor Sulzer's offending consisted in his refusal to abide by the will of the Democratic machine which is controlled by Tammany Hall, the notorious political organization of New York City. When, therefore, the Legislature reassembled it not only failed to pass the Governor's bill and to confirm certain of his appointments, but it established an investigating committee to secure evidence concerning charges which had been informally made concerning the campaign fund of Mr. Sulzer as a candidate for the Governorship. Inasmuch as the Constitution of the State provides that "at extraordinary sessions no subject shall be acted upon except such as the Governor may recommend for consideration," Governor Sulzer contended that this investigating committee, known as the Frawley Committee, had no legal existence. Nevertheless, the Committee conducting the investigation heard witnesses, examined documents, and brought in a report. Based upon this report, articles of impeachment were at once drafted. With very little debate they were brought to a vote. On Tuesday evening of last week at ten o'clock the Assembly convened. It was not apparent to the leaders of the Democratic organization in the House that there was a sufficient number of Assemblymen present to insure the adoption of the articles of impeachment. Those in control of the House therefore adopted devices to prolong the meeting, and in the meantime telegraphic messages were sent to various parts of the State summoning men who the organization leaders knew would take orders. Finally, at a quarter past five in the morning, the vote was taken and the impeachment of the Governor was complete. The haste with which the action was taken, the obvious connection between this action and the preceding struggle with the Governor, and finally the notorious character of the political organization which drove the impeachment articles through the Assembly, are as much a scandal and a shame to the State as the fact that the Governor is impeached.

Two Governors and One State

Elsewhere in this issue we summarize the charges against Governor Sulzer and point out certain facts that ought to be kept in mind until these charges are tried. According to the Constitution of the State of New York, when the Assembly shall have brought charges against public officers, a court shall be constituted consisting of the President of the Senate, the Senators, or a majority of Senators, and the judges of the Court of Appeals, or a majority of those judges. Ordinarily the Lieutenant-Governor presides over the Senate, but in the case of the impeachment of the Governor, or of the Lieutenant-Governor, the

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Lieutenant-Governor does not act as a member of the court. The trial of the impeachment charges against Governor Sulzer before the court thus constituted is set for September 18. Meantime the question has arisen, What is the status of Governor Sulzer and Lieutenant-Governor Glynn? In the State Constitution (Article IV, Section 6) it is ordered that "in case of the impeachment of the Governor, or his removal from office, death, inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, resignation, or absence from the State, the powers and duties of the office shall devolve upon the Lieutenant-Governor for the residue of the term, or until the disability shall cease." At first glance this would seem to mean that as soon as the Assembly adopts and presents to the Senate its accusations (for this is what impeachment usually means) the Governor ceases to act as Governor, and cannot resume the functions of Governor until the end of his term or "until the disability shall cease," whatever that may mean. It is evident that this provision is not perfectly clear and explicit, for it either means that the mere accusation by the Assembly can remove a Governor from office for the rest of his term, which would seem preposterous, or that something has to be implied concerning the Governor's acquittal as a removal of disability. Moreover, it is pointed out that in another part of the Constitution (Article VI, Section 13), in which the intention is perfectly clearly expressed that an accused official shall not perform the duties of his office after he has been formally accused, the phraseology is different. This refers to judges. The words are as follows: "No judicial officer shall exercise his office, after articles of impeachment against him shall have been referred to the Senate, until he shall have been acquitted." In the light of that provision, it is contended that the Constitution intends to provide that *judges* shall not serve as judges *while under accusation* until they are cleared, but that the *Governor* or Lieutenant-Governor shall not serve for the rest of the term after he has been *convicted*. There has been no precedent in New York to determine which interpretation is correct. In the case of the President of the United States, impeachment does not remove from office. President Johnson was impeached, but he continued to act as President. His removal from office would have followed only upon conviction. The uncertainty in New York has brought about a curious state of affairs. Some of the State employees recognize Governor Sulzer as Governor; others recognize Lieutenant-Governor Glynn as Governor. Fortunately, there is every indication that the unseemly and violent actions which have sometimes accompanied such a situation will be avoided in this case. Naturally, the Legislature and those whom the Legislature controls regard Mr. Glynn as Governor, while those who are personally associated with Mr. Sulzer regard Mr. Sulzer as Governor. The question can be decided finally only by a case in court. Meantime the affairs of the people of New York seem to be going on about as usual. The railway trains continue to run, people go about their business, order reigns. If this deplorable situation has certain phases that bring reproach upon popular self-government, it has also aspects which make self-government more strong and stable. We wonder if anywhere under monarchical rule eight million people could live together amicably, peaceably, and harmoniously if at the head of their Government there were two claimants for power, both exercising the prerogatives of the office? This phenomenon, which every one accepts here in self-governing America as not surprising, is of itself an indication of the extent to which a people may learn to govern themselves.

The Progressive Party Active

We are in constant receipt of inquiries, verbal and by letter, regarding the present status and the probable future of the Progressive party. Everybody knows that between elections the activities of any political party are quiescent, so far as public manifestations are concerned. There are no processions, no mass-meetings, no posters, no animated discussions at the village drug-store or post-office, and no excited letters from "Vox Populi" to the newspapers expressing his political likes and dislikes. Nevertheless, every political party deserving the name must do hard and well-organized work "between times." The Progressive party is no exception to this rule. Our readers are familiar with the active service which the various Progressive bureaus are rendering on social and legislative matters. The National Committee has recently created what it calls a Volunteers' Department, the directors of which are Oscar S. Straus, of

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New York; John M. Parker, of Louisiana; Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana; and Miles Poindexter, of Washington. These distinguished committeemen, with the approval of the Progressive National Committee, are enrolling a group of one thousand Progressives from every part of the United States for what they believe will be a special and highly important service. They announce that the work of these volunteers will not be expensive, nor will it interfere with the regular occupation of those who take part in it. Until this group of volunteers is enrolled and organized, however, the Committee desires not to disclose the details of the plan. They invite correspondence from every man or woman interested in or sympathetic with the Progressive party. It is hardly necessary to add that the names of the Committee, Messrs. Straus, Parker, Beveridge, and Poindexter, constitute an assurance that their call is a highly important one, and deserves prompt and cordial response from those who believe in the principles of the Progressive party.

The Programme of Congress

The hope of an early adjournment of Congress was dispelled last week when the Democratic caucus adopted a resolution declaring that the Currency Bill should be considered and settled after the Tariff Bill is passed and before adjournment of the special session. The country will, we believe, cordially concur in the duty of Congress to act promptly and effectively on the currency question. One result of the resolution, however, will probably be to prolong the consideration of the Tariff Bill, and instead of a final vote being reached within a week or two, as had been thought probable, it is now unlikely that the vote will be reached much before October 1, while the discussion of the Currency Bill may very likely carry on the sessions of Congress until December, when the regular session will begin. In the debate in the Senate, on an attempt to procure the unanimous consent for a vote on the final passing of the Tariff Bill on August 25, Senator La Follette declared his willingness to remain in Washington until December if necessary, and other Republican Senators opposed the closing of the tariff debate on August 25 with bitter criticism of what they called an attempt to rush an important measure through without full consideration either by Congress or by the country, and with a repetition of the assertion that the Democratic leaders are attempting to enact tariff legislation practically by secret caucus rather than by open debate and public analysis of the measure. Senator Bacon, for the other side, denied indignantly that there had been any coercion of Congress, or that, as Senator Penrose charged, the President had used undue influence over Senators and Representatives.

The Vacancy in the Senate

A singular situation has been created as a result of the recent death of Senator Joseph F. Johnston, of Alabama. Naturally, the leaders of the Democratic party are anxious to have his successor seated in the Senate as soon as possible in view of the fact that before long the final vote on the Tariff Bill will be taken, and that the Democratic majority, as it is now computed, is only one—it is believed that forty-eight votes will be cast in favor of the bill and forty-seven against it. With such a narrow majority, and with possibilities of political developments now unknown, the importance of one more vote certain to be cast for the bill is not inconsiderable. Under the Seventeenth Amendment to the Constitution, Senators are to be elected by direct vote of the people, and in due time undoubtedly Senator Johnston's successor will be chosen in that manner. But in the meanwhile Mr. Henry D. Clayton, at present a Representative from Alabama, has been appointed Senator *ad interim* by Governor O'Neal, of Alabama. Constitutional lawyers differ as to the correctness of this procedure; it is said by those who are opposing the recognition of Mr. Clayton as Senator, first, that he cannot be sworn in as Senator until after he has resigned his seat in the lower house, which he seems disinclined to do until the Senatorship question shall be settled; and, secondly, and more important, that the Governor has no authority to appoint any one as Senator *ad interim*. The amendment to the Constitution declares that when a vacancy occurs a Governor may make a temporary appointment when he is authorized by the Legislature of his State to do so. Now, the Alabama Legislature has not authorized Governor O'Neal to make such an appointment, and the Legislature is not now in session. Neither can the Governor arrange for a special election, as that is the province of the Legislature. On the other hand, it is under-

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stood that Governor O'Neal holds that he has authority to appoint temporarily because the new Amendment provides that it shall not be construed so as to affect "the election or term" of any Senator chosen before the Amendment becomes valid as a part of the Constitution. It is argued that the present action affects the term of Senator Johnston, who was elected before the Amendment went in force in Alabama. As will be seen, there is matter here for the construction of a court, and in time probably this and other points involved in the new Amendment will come before the United States Supreme Court. In the meantime, such unfortunate situations as that now existing with regard to Alabama may come up in relation to other vacancies as they occur, and the necessity of something like a working method of dealing with such situations must be found.

The Mexican Situation

Last week passed quietly and without much excitement or sensation as regards our relations with Mexico. This was due partly to the fact that newspaper predictions of ill treatment by Mexicans of ex-Governor Lind proved baseless. Mr. Lind arrived in due season at Mexico City and established himself as special adviser to our embassy. There was no anti-American demonstration. Mr. Lind's status as adviser to the embassy and as the personal representative of President Wilson is perfectly correct and diplomatically in order. Any suggestions or communications made to the Mexican Government will be through the regular channels. If, as is generally believed, it was the original intention of the American Administration to present a plan for peace through Mr. Lind, that intention has been temporarily laid aside. It is increasingly evident that the Provisional President, Huerta, is not in the least disposed to accept suggestions from outside. In this country a trifling diplomatic flurry has been occasioned by the exceedingly undiplomatic action of Henry Lane Wilson, who is still nominally our Ambassador to Mexico, although his resignation has been accepted to take effect on October 14. Mr. Wilson took offense at a statement attributed to the British Embassy to the effect that Great Britain did not recognize Huerta until after Mr. Wilson had made a congratulatory speech about the new Government. Mr. Wilson retorted with heat that he did not write the address in question, which was drawn up by the Spanish and British Ministers at the request of the entire resident diplomatic corps, and that Great Britain had, in point of fact, determined upon recognition before the address was delivered. The matter is not of importance except as emphasizing the absurdity of a situation where our nominal representative to a country the relations of which with the United States are strained is openly hostile to the views of the President and Secretary of State of the United States and does not hesitate to show his hostility through the public press. A disclaimer and a sharp rebuke to Ambassador Wilson followed from our State Department. In Mexico itself the struggle between the Revolutionists and the Government continues; but, so far as one can judge at this distance, with nothing like decisive action, although Señor Francisco de la Barra, who was in New York last week, and who is regarded as one of the most conservative and sensible members of the present Government, declares positively that the Revolutionists are giving way and that order will soon be restored. Señor de la Barra himself, by the way, in the opinion of very many friends of Mexico, would be an excellent candidate for the Presidency, far superior to Felix Diaz, who conspired with Huerta to overthrow Madero and whose name, justly or unjustly, is, with Huerta's, tainted with accusations of murder and treachery. Diaz, it will be remembered, was sent on a special mission to Japan recently. Evidently Japan, like our own Government, is unwilling to recognize formally the Huerta régime, for it will not receive Diaz officially.

American Minister to China

The interesting announcement is made that Professor Paul S. Reinsch, Professor of Political Science in the University of Wisconsin, is to be Minister to China. His appointment was sent to the Senate last week, and was immediately confirmed. It is said that a special sub-committee is reading with care Professor Reinsch's works on Oriental affairs, so that if anything in them is of a nature to make him *persona non grata* in China it may be known in time. These books have been translated into Chinese, Japanese, Spanish, and German. Many have read with sympathy Professor Reinsch's "World Politics" and "Intellectual and Political Currents in the Far East."

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Mr. Reinsch has also served as a Roosevelt exchange professor at Berlin and at Leipsic. While he is regarded as being an admirable man theoretically but without much active, practical experience, it should not be forgotten that when he was a delegate to the third Pan-American Conference in Rio de Janeiro in 1906, and to the fourth Pan-American Conference at Buenos Aires in 1910, he was brought face to face with very practical every-day diplomatic affairs.

An Original German Socialist

Few men have attained such power over great masses of men as the small, gray-bearded Socialist, August Bebel, who died in Germany last week. In one sense, Socialism or Socialistic theories are as old as or older than Plato, and Socialistic practice is as old as some primitive savage tribes; but in the modern sense of an organized movement, with a fairly defined programme and a substantial economic doctrine underlying it, Socialism may be said to have taken its rise with Marx and Engels. Born in 1840, August Bebel was of a time to participate in the origins of Socialism as a popular movement. He has been called the last of the trio of the founders of the Social Democratic party in Germany. For years he has been a power in that party, both as a leader of opinion and a commander of its forces in the legislature of the Empire. Even in his youth he was of a liberal mind; but in his early days he opposed Socialism, and particularly the Socialism of Lassalle. It is said that in order to oppose Lassalle he had to read his writings, and in reading them he became a convert. At the age of twenty-seven he entered the Reichstag of the North German Confederation as representative of a Saxon constituency; and except for the term of his imprisonment, and between the years 1881–83, he was never out of Parliament. Bebel's opinions, from one point of view—that of the believer in capitalism and the present order of society—were extremely radical. Even within his own party he was a vigorous and effectual opponent of what might be called the moderate or compromising element, known as the Revisionists. From another point of view Bebel might be regarded, indeed he is now regarded, as a conservative. No more consistent opponent of anarchism or of anarchistic tendencies is to be found than he. The modern turn that some Socialists have taken, especially those known as Syndicalists, and some of them prominent in America as members of the Industrial Workers of the World, is altogether alien to him and to his beliefs. The very fact that he continued in the German Parliament for so many years, and that he became the dominant and controlling influence of the largest political party in the German Empire, indicates how far removed he was from those semi-anarchistic Socialists of to-day who denounce all attempts to promote Socialism by parliamentary or political action. That Bebel was a brave man was repeatedly indicated. He was sent to prison for his Socialistic convictions. He refused to vote the war subsidy at the outbreak of the conflict of his country with France in 1870. He also protested against the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, on the ground that it would incur the lasting hostility of France. He conducted himself, on the whole, with such lack of concern for the opinions of Imperial authority that in 1872 he was again sent to prison, this time on the charge of preparing treason and of insulting the Emperor. Thereafter he remained unmolested. It is highly probable that further persecution of him might even have increased his power by adding to it the power of the martyr. Bebel was more than a leader of Socialism: he was one of the leaders of German progress. Americans who think of Socialism as an exotic, and who associate the word "Socialist" with the mad theorist, have little conception of the character of the Social Democratic party of Germany. Many of these same Americans, if they found themselves in Germany, would naturally fall in line with this very party because it represents many of the ideals of self-government which we take for granted in America, but which have had to be a part of a propaganda in Germany. Bebel was one of the most practical and efficient of the leaders in this great movement on behalf of self-government. Agreement with all his theories is not essential to admiration for what he did on behalf of improving the industrial system of Germany, and on behalf of freedom of thought and freedom of speech. During recent years his activity in practical leadership had abated, and for several months his health had been failing. His death, therefore, does not come as a shock to the party. It remains to be seen, however, whether such leadership will follow as will prevent the Social Democratic party from breaking into groups.

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An "America's" Cup Race Again

The New York Yacht Club, holder of the international yachting trophy known as the "America's" cup, has signed an agreement with the Royal Ulster Yacht Club of Great Britain for a race in September, 1914. It is eleven years since Sir Thomas Lipton last attempted to "lift the Cup," and he is again, for the fourth successive time, the challenger. Now, however, he comes at his own terms. On several occasions since the last race the New York Yacht Club has declined to accept the challenge of this persistent merchant-yachtsman because he made each one dependent upon conditions which the trophy-holders regarded as violating the spirit and letter of the original deed of gift. The popular verdict, from which The Outlook emphatically dissents, is that the New York Yacht Club, in refusing to accept these challenges, has been actuated by unsportsmanlike motives. Probably, in receiving this last challenge, the New York Yacht Club has yielded to public opinion both here and in England rather than changed its mind on the points at issue. It must be admitted, even by defenders of the old order, that the new system of measurement under which these races are to be sailed will make for a wholesome type of yacht—a yacht which, after the international races are over, can be cross-bulkheaded and fitted up as a fast and seaworthy cruiser. Furthermore, the reduction in water-line length, to which the American club has also assented, from ninety to seventy-five feet, will cut the cost of building and maintaining the contending yachts almost in half. At a time when even millionaires seem to be concerned over the "high cost of living" this is not a consideration to be sneezed at. As the "Scientific American" points out, shaving fifteen feet off the water-line of a ninety-footer makes a vast difference in the size of the yacht—more perhaps than the layman would suppose. It brings the over-all length from about 145 to 105 feet, the beam from 27 to 20 feet, the draught from 20 feet to 13 feet 9 inches, and the amount of costly lead that must be molded into the keel to give stability from 95 to about 37 tons. The main boom is reduced from 115 feet to 84 feet, and the height from boom to topmast drops from 155 feet to 111 feet. The initial cost falls from $150,000 to $80,000. Certainly such a change as this will make for more frequent even if for slower races.

Oars and the Man

What the annual regattas on the Hudson at Poughkeepsie are to college oarsmen, the yearly aquatic carnivals of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen are to thousands of amateur scullers and sweep-swingers throughout the United States and Canada. The National Regatta on the Charles River, Boston, on the 8th and 9th of this month, was no exception. Some two hundred young men from a score of cities in this country and the Dominion came together to try their skill with oar and paddle. These men were representatives of rowing and athletic clubs such as the New York Athletic Club, the Detroit Rowing Club, the Northwest Arm Club of Halifax, and the Argonauts of Toronto. Their presence on the Charles marked the culmination of months of severe training, during which they had vied with clubmates for the honor of representing their clubs in the "Nationals," as college youths strive for the coveted distinction of sitting in the varsity boat at Poughkeepsie or New London. This regatta might be termed the "finals" for amateur rowing laurels in America. For each crew and each oarsman in attendance scores had been weeded out in previous competition. Whoever is under the impression that intercollegiate rowing includes all that is best in this pastime should attend one of these National contests. Most of the club oarsmen are young business men who find in this sport recreation after the serious activities of the day. Many of them have sat in college shells, and the majority keep as strict training as any undergraduate athlete. Practically all of the big rowing clubs demand such self-denial of their crews, and the waterman who is found out in his dissipations is asked to step out of the shell. Much the same Spartan conduct is expected of the members of canoe clubs and of the boats' crews from United States battleships, whose specialties are usually on the programmes with the more classic events. Indeed, race-day is a red-letter day with the sailors, and the tars outdo the other athletes in preparations, for the jackie who pulls an oar in his ship's dinghy or cutter is a privileged man aboard his vessel and is the envy of his mates. Rowing has often been called "the cleanest of all sports," and the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen has been careful to guard against the taint of professionalism. There is a deeper significance back of such affairs as the regatta at Boston

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the other day than is perhaps felt by the man who reads of the feats of the oarsmen as chronicled on newspaper sporting pages. Rowing and other forms of athletics, such as football, baseball, track sports, etc., have done much in the past two or three decades to build up a reserve of strong and courageous manhood which, The Outlook believes, would prove a bulwark in the face of war or similar National peril, as it is a source of National strength in time of peace. The Outlook has repeatedly urged the adoption of a system of compulsory military service in the United States like that in Germany and that which the Swiss enforce. In the absence of such a system, however, the cultivation of the "athletic habit" which Americans have acquired so extensively is, as The Outlook has pointed out before, perhaps the best substitute available.

Athletics Here and Abroad

It is noteworthy that while this "athletic habit" has so fastened itself upon the people of the United States that America is now pretty generally accorded the all-around athletic supremacy among nations, there is one people that threatens to out-Herod Herod. Canada is swayed by the mania for out-of-door sports. For several years the Canadians have excelled at these National rowing championships, and this year past successes were repeated. With comparatively few of her sons entered, Canada won far more than her share of the events, and furnished in young Robert Dibble, who captured four championships, the rowing marvel of the year. Undoubtedly some of this success was due to scientific coaching and skillful boat-building; but perhaps more of it was the result of the interest in athletics that has gripped Canadians with intense force. Across the border, we are told on good authority, the successful oarsman or hockey player is lionized as a Yale fullback is in New Haven. Business houses in the Dominion were only too glad to accord a few days' vacation to those of their employees who had been selected to compete on the Charles; many American oarsmen, on the other hand, found to their sorrow that business was business to their employers. In short, sport has become nationalized in Canada. Now comes Germany with a commission to the United States to study American training methods, in the hope of beating Uncle Sam's athletes in the next Olympiad. Such a step was taken by Sweden several years ago, and an American trainer secured, with good results. While The Outlook with others has been advocating the utilization here of certain ideas which have been successfully carried out abroad, including a system of military training, other nations have not been slow to imitate our example where progress has seemed to lie that way. If we are to compete successfully with our rivals, not only in athletics but in more serious activities as well, we, in turn, should be willing to look to them for suggestions.

Athletics and Health

The Surgeon-General of the Navy, Dr. C. F. Stokes, has again condemned, in no uncertain terms, the present "mad rush for athletic excellence." In previous annual reports to the Navy Department he has called attention to the fact that the percentage of deaths and disabilities among officers who, during their course at Annapolis, were prominent in athletics, is proportionately higher than among their non-athletic classmates. The data on which his calculations are based are, of course, much more complete than any which can be obtained regarding the graduates of any civil institution. Conclusive as these data apparently are, we must also take into consideration the fact that much of the data of necessity deals with men who graduated before interest in athletics had reached its present intensity. Not only that, but we must again take into consideration the fact that these athletes were all, of course, the men of highest physical promise in their several classes—the pick of a picked body of students. Naturally, then, we should expect them to present a better record in after life than their less athletic companions. Such, however, the Surgeon-General does not find to be the case. Furthermore, the Surgeon-General points out that many cases of physical deterioration, traceable to athleticism although not recorded, do not render the officer wholly unfit for duty:

> The result of the examination of the records of 580 non-athletes shows 22 casualties (retirements and deaths) as compared with 21 casualties for the athletes, derived from the examinations of 625 records; which shows that, despite the handicap in regard to supposedly better physical material, the casualty list for the athletes about equals that of the non-athletes. Further, it has been found that from those diseases selected to which athletics have a possible or probable causative relation there has been but one death among non-athletes as compared with six for the athletic group. The number

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still in the service whose medical records show the listed abnormal physical conditions is 187 for the non-athletes as against 198 for the athletes. The following conditions or disabilities show an excess amounting to fifty per cent or more among the athletes: Arteriosclerosis, valvular disease of the heart, cardiac irregularity, cardiac dilatation, cardiac hypertrophy, gastric disturbances, albuminuria, general poor health, obesity, and tuberculosis, and various traumatic lesions as well. It seems reasonable to suppose that the disabilities among the athletic class are largely due to spectacular athleticism and would not have been acquired had the overstraining and overtraining not been indulged in.

With these facts in view, the Surgeon-General recommends "that athletics in the navy be so regulated as to avoid these deleterious conditions by the prohibition of endurance contests where the ability to win is largely, if not entirely, dependent upon brute force, and that rather the maximum effort be made to develop a symmetrical, normal physique in the many instead of a highly specialized human machine in a few. The adoption of the Swedish system of physical training is earnestly recommended for use not only at the Naval Academy but throughout the entire service. . . . This system of physical training leads to a well-rounded-out development, alertness, and agility, particularly desirable in a naval military organization. Since the system was put into use at the Naval Academy the previous tendency of the first and second classes of midshipmen to retrograde in strength and weight has not only been checked, but an actual gain has been made. . . ." He regards as the ideal to be striven for "the muscular development of the entire personnel to a higher but rational standard, rather than the production, from material already fit, of a comparatively few specialists, which from a service utilitarian point is useless, if not actually harmful."

A "White List" for Stocks?

The "Survey" raises an interesting question, a question which comes as an inevitable corollary to the growing sense of social responsibility. It is not a new question entirely, but largely an extension of an old principle to a modern issue. "What," asks the "Survey," "are the duties of the small investor to the public?" It must be granted, of course, that the small investor, as an individual, can have little or no share in the active management of the great corporation to which he has intrusted his savings with hope of financial return. Is he therefore relieved from all moral responsibility for the action of that corporation towards its employees and towards the public at large? In the parallel case of the absentee landlord, enlightened opinion has already answered this second question in the negative. Acting with the principle there illustrated in view, many conscientious men and women decline to trade with stores which sell sweat-shop goods, or whose treatment of their employees falls below a certain humanitarian standard. In this latter instance the hand of the individual citizen is powerfully strengthened by the investigations of the Consumers' League. The "Survey" suggests that a similar organization might be formed for the protection of the small investor. Such an Investors' League, acting in co-operation with the National Child Labor Commission, the American Association for Labor Legislation, and the various State Bureaus of Factory Inspection, might prove of equal worth in the battle for the betterment of social conditions. The formation of such an organization would probably have little immediate effect, but it would certainly eventually prove a step, and a long step, in the right direction. For many years the work of an Investors' League would largely consist in research and publicity. Indeed, it is hardly possible to conceive of a League energetic enough to exhaust either of the fields for labor much prior to the millennium. Perhaps even before that day we may see a "Social" ticker established in every broker's office reeling off some such news as this: "Ga. Leg. passes Nat. Child Labor Law. Directions. I. L. agree to list all Ga. Cotton Mfrs'. Stock." Or, perhaps, we may find such headlines as this in our morning papers:

FLURRY IN STEEL
12-HOUR DAY ABOLISHED
PREFERRED JUMPS 20 POINTS

Certainly a "White List" of Investments is as desirable as it is possible.

The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church

The first Wednesday in October will witness the gathering, in New York City, of bishops and lay and clerical delegates for the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America and the territories beyond the seas. The proceedings will be opened by a solemn

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and stately service in the great unfinished Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the Bishop of Massachusetts being the chosen preacher. Twenty-three years have passed since this body last met in New York. The place of meeting was then St. George's Church. The lay and clerical deputies of the coming Convention will be housed in the Synod Hall, a noble Gothic building mainly erected by the munificence of two devoted laymen, long delegates to the Convention—J. Pierpont Morgan and W. Bayard Cutting—neither of whom has lived to see the completion of the structure. The General Convention is the supreme governing body of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It meets triennially. By the terms of the Constitution adopted in 1789 it is divided into two component parts—the House of Bishops and the House of Deputies. The former, as its name suggests, consists of all the members of the Episcopate. The membership of the latter is equally divided between clergy and laity. Every diocese is entitled to four deputies of each order, and each Missionary District sends one clergyman and one layman with restricted voting privileges. Foreign Missionary Districts have the right of representation, but not the power to vote. Thus the sixty-eight dioceses will send 544 delegates. Add to this the 44 from the Missionary Districts and the total vote will be 588. This unwieldy body makes effective legislation most difficult, but no way has yet been found to reduce the representation. The twenty-three years which have elapsed since the General Convention last met in New York have witnessed a marked growth in the strength and influence of the Episcopal Church. The then forty-eight dioceses have grown to sixty-eight, the ten Missionary Districts have increased to twenty-three, and there has been a proportionate increase both in clergy and communicants. The increase is most marked in the domestic and foreign missionary field. The three foreign missionary Bishops have grown to nine, to which must be added the Philippine Islands, Porto Rico, and Honolulu, and the end of missionary advance is not yet in sight. The forthcoming Convention will be one of great importance, but the leadership of the great men who are gone will be greatly missed. In the House of Bishops the place so long and so honorably occupied by Bishop Doane will be vacant. At the last New York Convention Phillips Brooks and William R. Huntington sat side by side in the House of Deputies and Morgan Dix represented his diocese. So far their places have not been filled.

Questions of Importance

It is not difficult to forecast some questions of vital import to Christendom which will come up for consideration. The most heralded and least important one is the proposal to amend the corporate name of the Church so as to eliminate the word Protestant, and, if found possible, substitute the word Catholic. This matter has been before every Convention since 1874, but for years was not taken seriously. It emanates from a small and comparatively unimportant group of ultra-ritualistic dioceses in the Middle West. During the past three years the campaign in favor of this change has been carried on with ability and persistence and greatly aided by the vigorous editorials in "The Living Church." A few months ago the prospects of success were bright, it being an open secret that a majority of the Bishops favored the suggestion. Now all signs point to the fact that its advocates have shouted before the battle was won. Since the memorable Ritual controversy of 1868–74, high and low churchmen have dwelt together in godly union and concord, but the sleeping lion of Protestantism has been roused. The statement of Lord Halifax that the Anglican Church ought to repent of the English Reformation in sackcloth and ashes has touched into a new life the dormant spirit of the descendants of the Reformers. The more sober advocates of the change would now prefer not to press the issue; but the extremists will fight to a finish. The general feeling is, however, that too much prominence has been given to this subject, and it is safe to prophesy that the name of the Church will not be changed in 1913.

Other Possible Action

This agitation has brought again to the front a serious proposal to amend the Constitution. It is proposed to reduce the number of deputies and to alter the basis of representation. At present the body is much too large for wise legislation, but whether or not dioceses will vote to reduce their representation remains to be seen. The basis of representation is in need of a radical change. A small diocese like Lexington, with 22 clergy and 3,387 communicants, has exactly the

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same voting power as the diocese of New York, with 412 clergy and 86,259 communicants. A just and equitable scheme of proportionate representation is sooner or later inevitable. Further action on the attitude of the Church towards the marriage of divorced persons is probable. As the Canon Law now stands, a minister is prohibited from officiating at such a marriage; but the canon does not apply to the innocent party in a divorce for adultery. Even in such case the minister is not compelled to officiate, and he can do so in the case only by the consent of the Bishop and after the court's decree has been verified. A strong effort will be made to eliminate this exception and to prohibit the remarriage of any divorced person by the use of the Church service. The alarming increase of divorce and the consequent peril to the stability of family life will be contributing causes to this action. One other matter of great moment will come before the Convention—the attitude of the Episcopal Church towards the problem of the reunion of the Churches. Among both laity and clergy there is a growingly acute sense of the sin of our "unhappy divisions." Laymen especially are impatient over the splitting of ecclesiastical hairs; they are sensible of the economic waste of many church systems. They feel that the pressure of the world demands the unification of the Church. This found expression at the last General Convention in the appointment of a Commission charged with the duty of promoting a World Conference on Faith and Order, and the first report of that body is eagerly awaited. Already the proposal has been most favorably received, and has evoked, in some influential quarters, unlooked-for sympathy. Cardinal Gibbons has "expressed friendly interest." There is no disposition to minimize differences, but there is in evidence already sympathy with the spirit expressed in Whittier's words:

"O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name and sign,
We hear thy voice, we own thy sway,
We test our lives by thine."

It will be interesting to see whether or not the Convention will grapple with the real issue. The hindrance to reunion is ecclesiastical rather than theological; a question of order rather than faith. Hitherto the Episcopal Church has clung to the historic Episcopate and the threefold order of the Christian ministry. By its requirement of the reordination of ministers entering her ranks from other—save Roman—communions, she has virtually denied the validity of their ministerial orders. This is the crux of the whole problem. Obviously, those communions will not assent to any terms which stamp their orders as invalid. To do so would be to deny the hand of God in their history. How that problem will be solved time alone will show. Meanwhile, if the forthcoming Convention moves but one step forward in the direction of essential Christian unity, it will not have met in vain.

Progress Among Brahmins

A Conference of Brahmins, attended by more than a thousand delegates, recently held in one of the leading cities of the Punjab to consider the present conditions of one of the oldest, largest, and most rigidly conservative body of religionists in the world, and to suggest methods and means of bettering those conditions, adopted resolutions of an almost revolutionary character. An American scholar, who knew India well, once said that there were friends of his in the Brahmin caste who were so far advanced in the discipline of thought and life to which many of them subject themselves in order to escape from the limitations of mortality, that they had lost all interest in mundane matters, and were so devoid of curiosity that if the physical universe were visibly undergoing the final change in its evolution they would not go out of doors to see suns going out in universal conflagration and the heavens rolling up like a garment! The Brahmin of a certain rank has regarded his fellows as owing him a living and has depended on the gifts of the pious for his support. This Conference declared that Brahmins should, as soon as possible, earn their own living. The system of castes, which has been like an iron bar across the path of progress in India, not only divides the people of the country at large but subdivides the Brahmins themselves. The Conference declared that no authority for these sub-castes can be found in the shastras, the sacred books of the Hindus, and that members of these sub-castes should marry among themselves. The Conference also declared that the first duty of Brahmins is to obtain education; that an end should be put to the prevailing waste of money in the elaboration of wedding and funeral ceremonies; that Brahmins should help and protect widows of their own order who need aid, provide for the education of poor boys, and establish

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dormitories for students. The presiding officer of the Conference urged that dairies be opened for the purpose of securing pure milk and butter, and that, while Brahmins shall earn their living by agriculture and trade, they must be truthful and honest, and maintain the highest standard of moral character and purity of mind. So the oldest East turns from absorption in contemplation to develop the habit of practical service, and begins to discern the divine education of dealing with the things of time and sense instead of endeavoring to escape from them.

Hammurabi Again

The Museum of the University of Pennsylvania lately announced an archæological discovery of great interest. This is the finding of a tablet containing some of the missing laws from the code of King Hammurabi, who ruled Babylonia at the period about 2100 B.C. Hammurabi was called "King of Babylon and Akkad and Lord of the Four Quarters of the Earth." The code of Hammurabi is said to be the oldest collection of laws and precepts extant; it is similar to the laws of Moses. Most of the laws on this particular tablet, as deciphered and reported, refer to financial transactions, and one in particular contains the germ from which perhaps sprang all the bankrupt laws of the last four thousand years. The law says: "If a man has borrowed grain or money from a merchant, and has neither grain nor money to pay back, but has movable goods, he shall give whatever he has to the merchant, in the presence of witnesses, according as . . . [words are missing here]—the merchant shall not refuse; he must accept." Another law dealing with interest says: "If the merchant lend grain upon interest, he shall take one-fifth of a ker of grain for each ker as interest. If he lend money upon interest, he shall take a sixth and six grains of silver for each shekel as interest." This would have required borrowers to pay interest at the rate of twenty per cent. Another law provided that if a merchant charged compound interest he should lose as a forfeit the principal and six times the amount of interest. The borrower who had been robbed and had nothing with which to repay was, according to this code, compelled to go to the temple and take oath to his losses; when he had shown that he had given up all that he had, he was permitted his freedom. The importance of this law is seen in the fact that from early times down to the Norman conquest of Great Britain it was customary for the creditor to seize the body of the debtor either for a time or in perpetuity. Up to this time only one of probably three very large and bulky clay tablets that contained the full text of Hammurabi's code has been found, says Dr. Arno Poebel in the latest number of the University of Pennsylvania's "Museum Journal." Though it is very much broken, it remains a great treasure, since it supplements a part of what is lacking in the code preserved in the Louvre at Paris, supplying some laws concerning the merchant and his under men.

Grammar and Courtesy

Grammar is conspicuously absent from many of the directions posted in public places, and the notification to chauffeurs to "Go slow" is so often seen that it has ceased to provoke comment. When one comes upon the suggestion to "Go slowly" it really awakens a momentary suspicion of its correctness. It is said that signs in public places in the neighborhood of Boston are uniformly grammatical; an evidence that the capital of New England still pays some attention to the English language. The absence of politeness in directions to the public is still more noticeable, and the absence of the word "please," which a well-mannered person always uses in giving directions to servants, is lack of courtesy significant of lack of respect for the public. Municipalities, which exist for the welfare of the people, direct the taxpayers to "Keep off the grass" or to "Shut the gate;" indeed, the community is exceptionally well treated which is not ordered to "Keep out." The abrupt direction "Pay here," or "Pay on entering," or "Have your fare ready," or "Keep off the platform," sets an example which the conductor follows when he commands the passengers to "Move forward." It is interesting to note the results of an appeal to the public made by the City Electric Bureau of Tokyo for suggestions as to the proper form of requesting passengers to move to the middle of the street car. Out of more than 2,700 forms of address submitted the following have been adopted and will be used by conductors, in Japanese of course: "Those not getting off, to the middle, please," "The middle is more comfortable," "I'm sorry, but all move on by one strap." To these suggestions, reported by the "Independent,"

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are added others which have not been adopted but which show how much human nature the East and the West have in common: "There's a pretty girl about the middle of the car," "No tickets collected from the middle of the car."

THE IMPEACHMENT OF WILLIAM SULZER

Though formerly himself a member of Tammany Hall, trained in Tammany methods, William Sulzer, soon after he became Governor of New York last January, became involved in a bitter and open conflict with that mighty political organization. The State Legislature, controlled by Tammany, defied the Governor, ignored his appeals to the people on behalf of a genuine reform of the methods of nominating candidates for public office, passed a bill which it knew he would veto, and refused to pass a bill for direct nominations on behalf of which Governor Sulzer secured wide non-partisan support. Now the lower house of this Tammany-controlled Legislature, under the direction of the Tammany boss, in whose eyes William Sulzer is a renegade as well as a professed enemy of machine methods of nomination, has impeached Governor Sulzer for "willful and corrupt misconduct in his said office, and for high crimes and misdemeanors."

In the articles of impeachment Governor Sulzer is accused of making a false statement and a false affidavit in rendering an account of his campaign receipts and expenditures, of bribing witnesses, practicing fraud, and using threats with intent of preventing a legislative committee from getting the testimony of certain witnesses concerning campaign expenditures, of being guilty of larceny in appropriating for his own use in speculating in stocks money contributed for the expenses of his election, and of promising and threatening to use his power as Governor for the purpose of affecting the votes of legislators, and for the purpose of affecting the prices of securities in the Stock Exchange.

In view of this impeachment, it is important that the American people, all of whom ought to be concerned at the bringing of such a charge against the Governor of the largest State in the Union, should keep certain facts in mind.

What is impeachment? The action of the lower house of the New York Legislature in drawing up articles of impeachment is not a conviction of Governor Sulzer. It corresponds to the indictment by a Grand Jury. The rule that a man is to be considered innocent until he is proved guilty applies to a man under indictment as truly as to any unindicted citizen. It equally applies to a Governor who is accused by articles of impeachment. The word impeachment has been sometimes loosely, and incorrectly, applied to conviction upon impeachment. There is some reason for believing that this is its meaning in one section of the New York State Constitution. Because of this ambiguity, a Court decision will be necessary to settle the question whether the duties of the Governor still devolve upon Mr. Sulzer, or have been automatically transferred by the impeachment to Mr. Glynn, the Lieutenant-Governor. Whatever doubt there may be as to the meaning of the word, there is no doubt as to the fact. Governor Sulzer has not been convicted by the Assembly of New York; he has been formally accused. This distinction between accusation and conviction is elementary, and would seem not to need emphasis; but it always does need emphasis at times like this. People who wish to be fair-minded will not accept these charges as proofs of guilt, but will suspend judgment until the case is tried.

What of Tammany? The sight of Tammany Hall, open enemy of all political reform, bringing such charges against William Sulzer, avowed advocate of the reform of election methods, and specifically of the expenditure of money in political campaigns, is artistically grotesque. Its incongruity is so nearly complete as to be fairly satisfying. We recall nothing in the political history of America that surpasses it in audacious irony. Nevertheless, this does not make Mr. Sulzer any the less guilty, if he is guilty; or any the more innocent, if he is innocent. The manner in which the impeachment was brought about is quite as much a reproach to the State of New York as the impeachment itself; but the facts alleged on which the impeachment is based are such as to have made inevitable some action by which Mr. Sulzer should give an accounting to the people of the State. If the people find that as an alternative to William Sulzer, impeached, they will have to accept Charles F. Murphy, boss of Tammany Hall, that is their own fault. This is a quandary of the people's own creating. It was they who elected William Sulzer Governor; and it was they who put Tammany in control of

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the Legislature. The people of the State of New York cannot shift the burden of the present situation to any other shoulders. That burden rests squarely on their own. If New York does not profit by this experience, other States may.

"Technical" defenses. It is not known what Mr. Sulzer will say in his own defense. It has been intimated, however, that there is to be said on his behalf: first, that, as regards the charges concerning campaign contributions, the Legislature has no power to impeach him, because these charges pertain to acts committed before he was Governor; second, that the impeachment proceedings are not valid, inasmuch as they were undertaken by the Legislature in extraordinary session, when it is constitutionally empowered to act only on subjects recommended to it by the Governor. These lines of defense have been dubbed technical. They are not. As a matter of essential justice, every man has a right to resist by every lawful means what he believes to be the effort of any court to exercise over him powers to which it is not legally entitled, or to try him for acts for which he is not accountable to that court. It is not only his right, but his duty, to resist when the proposed action involves not only himself personally but a public office of which he is custodian. In reply to these arguments of the defense, it is said, on the one hand, that the Constitution places no limit on the nature of the offense for which a Governor may be impeached; and, on the other hand, that though the *legislative* acts of a Legislature during an extraordinary session are limited to those recommended by the Governor, the *judicial* acts of the Legislature are not so limited. We neither assert nor deny that there is merit in these two lines of defense; but if it should be proved that there is merit in them, it could not be truly maintained that Mr. Sulzer profited by a technicality. It is not only important that the case of William Sulzer be adjudicated in an orderly manner; it is even more important that the office of Governor should not in an unlawful manner be deprived of any of the prerogatives which it has derived from the will of the people.

Sulzer and his policies. Whatever the outcome of the impeachment of Governor Sulzer may be, whether it results in his acquittal, or in his conviction, or in the abandonment of the proceedings, it should not be confused with the question of the merits of William Sulzer's policies as Governor. Whether Mr. Sulzer is guilty or innocent of what is charged against him, the merits or defects of the direct primaries he advocated remain exactly the same. There are many people who, for their own political or selfish purposes, will endeavor to make the impeachment of Governor Sulzer serve as an argument against Governor Sulzer's plan for enabling the party voters to select their own party candidates for office. These people will deceive only the unthinking. If Governor Sulzer's plan for direct nominations is a bad plan, that does not indicate in the least that Governor Sulzer is in any respect guilty of the charges against him. That is plain. It is equally plain that, even though William Sulzer has been accused of high crimes and misdemeanors, that does not in the least indicate that his measure for direct nominations was not one well adapted to the State and very desirable.

With these facts remembered, the people of the United States, and particularly of New York, should await the further proceedings against Governor Sulzer with as open a mind as they can command.

THE CITY MANAGER PLAN

For the second time a flood disaster has started an important new departure in American municipal government. It was a flood which in 1900 washed into Galveston the famous Galveston Commission Plan, which has now been duplicated in about three hundred cities and towns, including major cities like New Orleans, St. Paul, Denver, and Oakland.

Now Dayton, Ohio, recovering from its flood, has instituted another new type of government, which is certain to be widely copied. The new charter, adopted August 12 by an enthusiastic majority, vests the government of Dayton in a Council of five men, giving the same short ballot that is the basic merit of the Galveston plan. This Council will hire from anywhere in the country a City Manager who will hold office at the Council's pleasure. Under the continuous direction and oversight of this representative board, the city manager will direct all departments except the schools and courts. The city manager's salary is not specified in the charter, but is left to the discretion of the Council, and it is expected that Dayton will be prepared to pay a good, big salary for a first-class trained chief executive.

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In a number of ways this charter is superior to the Galveston-Des Moines commission plan. In the latter each member of the council or commission assumes individual supervision of a city department, such as "finance," "public safety," or "parks and public property." Each commissioner therefore acts in a dual capacity—as a member of the board and as a department head. The commission, using its own members as agents for the execution of municipal policies, repeatedly finds it necessary to order by a majority vote the doing of certain things to which the commissioner who must execute that order is opposed. The commission thus is compelled to work through an unsympathetic agent who is not amenable to discipline.

Another difficulty in the commission plan comes from interdepartment log-rolling. A commissioner desirous of getting his own way in his own department will refrain from criticism of the conduct of other departments or will assent to the proposals of other commissioners as a price for their assent to his own. In the case of San Diego, California, this has gone so far as practically to create seven city governments. In Passaic, New Jersey, Wichita, Kansas, and elsewhere, it has even been assumed that this was the intention of the plan, and commissioners have resented the control of the commission. Good team-work is difficult under these conditions, and the stories of friction which are reported from commission-governed cities are usually traceable to this feature of the plan.

The attempt in the commission plan to induce the people to choose men of suitable administrative training and capacity, who will be competent to direct a modern city department, has not been successful. Switchmen, barbers, and laborers, who earned perhaps $700 a year in private life, have been briskly elevated to positions that called for men of the type who could earn $5,000 a year.

The interest of the people is almost wholly in representation. They want "their kind" of men at the City Hall. The labor element, for instance, insist upon electing spokesmen of their own sort, and the result is the selection of a board which is a fair mirror of the population, including men from every rank and station. Needless to say, such popular representatives may be excellent as spokesmen for their constituents, but as executive officers they are bound to fail, for lack of education and training. The administration of a modern city is expert business—something more than common sense and honesty is required. But executive ability is not obtainable through the processes of popular election. Indeed, to put upon the ballot offices which require technical training for their administration is an interference with the free expression of democracy. In effect the Galveston-Des Moines charter says to the people, "Restrict your choices to men who are competent to earn high salaries at technical and executive work; men who are competent to organize and direct a considerable force of public servants; men, in fact, who are of the class that wears kid gloves and is accustomed to work in an office." In the commission-governed cities the people have gayly kicked over this requirement, and, excellent as the commission governments are in the promptness of their obedience to public opinion as distinguished from boss opinion, they have made no signal contribution to the science of city management.

These faults of the commission plan have been pointed out for some time in academic circles. The National Municipal League criticised these features in a report issued two years ago in which it characterized the commission plan as a transitional, and not an ultimate, form of city government.

The Dayton charter, which attaches the city manager feature to the commission plan, answers every one of these criticisms. In Dayton the people will be free to select their representatives from all ranks of the community, regardless of special training or administrative skill, for the commission or council will have no executive duties whatever. No city department need be at the mercy of the amateurishness of some novice drawn from the ranks of the citizenship. A fairly permanent civil service, headed by a manager who is also comparatively permanent, will give expert obedience to the demands of the representative body. It will be a stable, single-headed administrative establishment instead of the transient, five-headed administration in the commission plan. The members of council will have no temptation to play favorites among the departments, and the unity of government from top to bottom will be complete.

The city manager plan of Dayton, like the commission plan, is not, strictly, a device for getting cheaper or more efficient government. Rather, it is a device for securing

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democratic government. The Dayton charter organizes a government that will yield more sensitively to the impulses of real public opinion than any other type known in America. Responsibility is unmistakably defined, and the powers of government are so simply arranged that every citizen can know exactly the person to credit or blame. When the people of Dayton under this charter proceed to secure the kind of government they want, it is safe to say that it will be a better kind of government than that which the politicians have heretofore chosen to give them.

While Dayton, with a population of 115,000, is the first important city in America to adopt this plan, credit must be given to Sumter, South Carolina, a town of 8,000 population, for blazing the way. The plan has been in operation there since January, and the City Manager, Mr. M. M. Worthington, was engaged by the Commission after the town had advertised for its first manager and sifted out 150 applications from municipal engineers who applied from all parts of the country. Mr. Worthington was not a resident of Sumter, and had been an engineer in the employ of the Southern Railway.

Hickory and Morgantown, North Carolina, have followed Sumter in the adoption of this plan. Elyria and Youngstown, Ohio, rejected the city manager plan in July. Sandusky and Springfield, Ohio, are to vote on the question of its adoption within a few weeks. Several charter commissions in other parts of the country are expected to report city manager charters during the next few months.

The city manager plan is universally applicable by reason of its flexibility. The council can be large in large cities and small in small ones. It may be elected at large, as in Dayton, or by districts, or by proportional representation, provided care is taken to keep the short ballot. It is adjustable to a village like Hickory, or to New York and Chicago. Private corporations, of course, are all built on the same ground plan regardless of their size or purpose. School boards, with their professional superintendents, furnish another parallel.

Suggestive to the imagination is the idea that as this plan spreads city management may develop into a fine profession, such as it is under the same plan in Prussia, where trained Burgomeisters who succeed in small cities are summoned at increased salaries to larger ones, with Munich and Berlin as the highest goal of their ambitions.

AN OPEN LETTER

In order to get rid of monopoly, you desire to break up all great industrial combinations and restore competition. Your critics call you too radical: I think you are too conservative. You call yourself progressive; I think you are a reactionary.

Do not throw this paper down with a Pshaw! Read what follows, and reflect upon it.

The primitive man is a pure individualist. The North American Indian is not troubled with industrial combinations. Each individual Indian does all forms of work for himself: he raises corn, catches fish, hunts game, builds his wigwam, constructs his canoe, manufactures his bow and arrows, converts the skin of the wild beast he has slain into a garment, blazes his trail through the forest, carries his baggage on his back, or gives it to his squaw to carry. He is farmer, fisherman, butcher, house-builder, boat-builder, manufacturer, tailor, road-maker, common carrier. He has no labor problem, unless, occasionally, his wife or children furnish him with one.

But gradually man learns that he can do more for himself by doing for his fellow-man; more by combination than in isolation. The progress of development is very slow; but with it comes an exchange of industrial products. One man builds the hut, another the boat, a third constructs the bows and arrows, a fourth becomes a tailor, a fifth a farmer. Man has learned to combine with his fellow-man and to interchange with him the products of his work. But he still works at his trade as an individual. In my boyhood, in the remote districts of Maine, the farmer built his house, raised his horses and his sheep, took the wool to the carding mill, but brought it back for his wife to spin and sometimes to weave in a hand-loom into homespun garments. And the wife and mother was frequently milliner and dressmaker and sometimes tailor. The stage-coach was the passenger train; the carter the freight train.

The next step in industrial development after an interchange of specific products of individual industry was combination in the production of the specific articles. The power-loom took the place of the hand-loom, the spinning-jenny of the household spinning-wheel. The railway took the place of the stage-coach. One man managed the engine, another collected the fares, others kept the roadbed in order. It took three men to build a house—a mason

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to lay the foundation and build the chimneys, a carpenter to rear the wooden superstructure, a painter to paint it when completed.

Much has been said about the revolution wrought in industry by the discovery of machinery. But the discovery of machinery would have been comparatively ineffectual if it had not been accompanied by the discovery of division of labor and co-operation in industry. This division of labor and co-operation in industry would have been impossible had it not been accompanied by a higher state of intellectual and moral development. Industrial independence is characteristic of the primitive man; industrial interdependence of the civilized community. This industrial interdependence, this ability of men to combine for the common welfare, enables me to sit down to dinner at a table made in Grand Rapids, with china brought from Germany and silver plate from Meriden, Connecticut, and to eat fish brought from the Columbia River, meat brought from Argentina, bread baked from flour brought from Minneapolis, with oranges brought from California and coffee from Porto Rico for dessert, in a room lighted by coal oil brought from Texas. And, as a result, I can give myself wholly to my chosen task of writing an article for you to read with serious or amused interest, as it may chance to strike you.

What limit shall we put on this development of man; on his power and his right to combine and co-operate for the common welfare?

No limit. Absolutely none.

No combination is too big, if it is operating honestly and efficiently for the public welfare and is subject to public control. No one any longer objects to the Post-Office, which is operated by a combination of ninety million stockholders.

Dismiss from your mind, if you can, the notion that there are any persons in this country who wish to regulate monopoly. Those who possess monopoly wish to retain it without regulation. Those who do not possess monopoly wish to destroy it. The question between us is not *whether* we shall destroy monopoly, but *how* we shall destroy it.

The Supreme Court of the United States has defined monopoly. It is a combination which has power to fix prices, limit output, and deteriorate quality; and, we add, to determine the terms and conditions of employment for the workers. You propose to break up such combinations whenever they exist, and you have a notion that somehow it is possible to prevent their formation, though no definite plan for accomplishing this result has yet been formulated. We propose to prevent any combination from obtaining the power which makes it a monopoly. Whenever a combination gets strong enough to arouse a reasonable suspicion that it may acquire this power, we would transfer the power to the Government, and allow the combination to go on doing its work, but subject to the power of Government to fix prices, regulate output, standardize quality, and regulate labor conditions.

Both experiments have been tried.

The country has tried to stop the oil monopoly and the tobacco monopoly by breaking up the Standard Oil combination and the American Tobacco combination, and no one believes that it has succeeded.

But this country is regulating the prices of transportation both by the railways and the express companies; it has standardized food products, and the makers and traders of goods have adopted the Government standards; it is beginning, both by Federal and by State laws, to regulate labor conditions, and has gone far enough to prove that this can be effectively done; and if prices are made fair and quality adequate to the consumer, and wages and conditions equable to the employee, the question of output can probably be left to regulate itself.

Whenever the people conclude that they can carry on an industry for themselves better than it can be carried on for them by private enterprise, there is no reason why they should not undertake it. Thus recently the people have added Postal Savings Banks and Parcel Post to the Post-Office system. But there is also no reason why they should not leave an industry in private hands under Government supervision whenever that method works well. The history of our banking system has demonstrated that a great private industry can be made more profitable, both to those engaged in it and to the general public, under Government supervision than without such supervision. The history of our railways is beginning to convince some of the ablest railway managers that that is true of the Nation's highways as of its currency. No wonder that great business managers are beginning to believe that

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the principle can be extended to other industries.

We cannot go back to the older order if we would; we would not if we could. Industrial interdependence is better than industrial independence. Combination and co-operation are better than isolation and competition. The way to destroy monopoly is not to destroy combination, but to take from combination the power which makes it a monopoly. No combination is too great which is rendering equal, efficient, and economical service to the people. Government should aid such combinations to render such service when they are willing; it should compel them to render such service when they are unwilling. When it can neither induce nor compel such service, then it should undertake the service itself. Disorganization of industry is not a remedy for industrial injustice.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

TO A GRADUATING CLASS

Three college classmates, after a long separation, met on an island in the Pacific Ocean. After a dinner, delicious with tropical fruits, they sat on a high terrace with the Pacific at their feet. The sea was calm, the moon at the full, and the Southern Cross hung just above the far horizon, while "the league-long rollers" broke in lines of shining foam across the shallows that ran far out from the beach. There were great clusters of brilliant flowers, and there were palms and camphor trees, with wide-spreading banyan trees at a little distance. It was a night of magical beauty; so still, so full of light, so unlike our familiar landscape or sky, that there was a little touch of sadness in it. All beauty that appeals to the imagination gives one the sense of the incompleteness of life and a hunger for beauty which is not the creation of seasons and places, but is the perfection of enduring realities.

They talked long and late; for they had been many years out of college and knew the careers of many men. Old faces came back to them and old songs rang in their ears. They saw again how school and college classes are caught up by the currents of life the moment they separate and are swept far apart. They counted the successes and failures of their classmates; they remembered their early promise and saw how for some the bright morning had found its fulfillment in the high, clear noon; how for others the sky had clouded and the light faded. In every career they saw great changes of condition; vicissitudes full of dramatic interest. And as they sat there they realized how fast the world had swept along in its mysterious course, what vast changes had taken place, how the Old East, long slumbering, had awakened and was throbbing with new life. Looking back, and noting the transformation that had taken place, they saw clearly that we are living in one of those periods of rapid change that come from time to time and leave a deep and lasting impress behind them.

And as they recalled the stories of a large group of men whom they knew, they realized how much stability and perseverance are matters of character and how little they depend on outward conditions. Everything changes except that indestructible thing we call character; everything changes except the steadfastness of purpose that makes us masters of circumstances, not their victims, and gives us peace and quietness of spirit in the very center of turmoil and agitation.

Your lives have fallen on a restless age and you will live in a stormy time. Society has come again to one of those periods in which it modifies its institutions and reorganizes itself. You will hear many people bewailing the flight of the good old times and expressing apprehension of the future. Men used to think of the earth as created and finished in a week; they have learned that, after no one knows how many million years, it is still changing and unfolding. When Dante wrote his great poem he thought of a universe fixed within the boundaries of sharply defined dimensions, a great, stable, external order; and the men of his time thought of society as permanently ordered and arranged. Dante's vision of the moral relation between what a man does and what he becomes, between a man's inward nature and the conditions which gradually give that nature outward shape—his symbolism, in a word—is as true to-day as it was in his time; but no man can now hold the view of the universe which he and the men of his age held.

To that fixed and finished universe has succeeded a growing and unfolding universe. To the safety which lay in imperishable things has succeeded the safety which lies in the immutable will of God gradually unfolding itself through many changes, for "God fulfills himself in many ways." That which

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is permanent in the world is not the form of things, but the power and purpose of God working behind all things and fulfilling itself in all things. We are to find our peace, not in the permanence of the conditions which surround us, but in our capacity for growth. Not all the changes will be fortunate; in the vast movement some good things are always left behind; but much more is gained than lost. In a time of change the world is not so comfortable for the few whose conditions are easy; but it grows more comfortable for the many whose conditions are hard. If people tell you it is a noisier, more restless world, remember that it is a world in which there is more justice, kindness, and helpfulness than there used to be. If you have a clear purpose and pursue it, you will have the only peace which the world has ever given any one in any age. Get your sense of safety from the law of growth which makes the world a living miracle and life a searching education for future happiness and activity. We no longer think of heaven as a state of stationary bliss, but as a sublime progression towards the infinite perfection, an upward path which ascends the heights of being in ways past our imagining. The newest and most spiritual philosophy teaches reverently that even the life of God grows more and more sublime as his purpose in the creation of the universe unfolds itself.

Into this field we may not go; but your strength and peace and happiness must come from faith in a great and permanent power and purpose behind all changes; from the belief that the life of the world is not in its perishing body, but in the spirit which creates it anew every moment, and that the law of society is the law of change, and that change is growth. The world is full of men and women who are finding and carrying peace wherever they go; who, like the birds that cross one's path far out at sea, rest securely on the wings that are made, not only for flight, but for quiet poise and security over the restless waters.

When one looks into your face and foresees what life will bring you, what experiences await you, how widely you will be separated, those who care most for you will hope that you will have the common purpose that will keep you together across half the world, and the faith that will free you from fear and give you peace and happiness in a changing age.

THE SALVATION ARMY

My attention has been called to a plan of the Salvation Army to organize, with buildings in both Chicago and New York, a training institute for the workers of the Salvation Army which they propose to call a "University of Humanity." Knowing something about the general work of the Salvation Army and believing in it as I have observed it, I have asked a close friend of mine—a well-known physician—to look into the specific plan and report to me his judgment regarding it. My friend is a visiting physician to one of the big city hospitals into which the derelicts of humanity drift in large numbers, and his experience with this class of people is far greater than the average. After a thorough examination of the project, he indorses it as a probable agency for great good for both men and women who cannot be reached in any other way. I am glad to quote from his personal letter to me:

In the minds of most people the Salvation Army is an organization that preaches religion to the people and gives Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners to the hungry. They do not know or stop to think that behind these manifestations of activity there is an organization which has become a great civilizing force. Besides doing its religious work, the Salvation Army has various industrial homes for men; and its work among the drunkards and discouraged failures that drift into big cities; its work among the fallen women of the town; its successful endeavors to look after, feed, and take care of many of its protegés until they can get on their feet and take care of themselves—all this requires trained workers of many varied abilities. Its organization has become so big that it finds it must take its own workers and train them for the special work it has to do. No one else does this work; therefore no one trains anybody else to do it. It must train its executives to run the machinery of its organization; it must train its active workers to appreciate the necessity of struggling patiently with a humanity which is without hope and often resentful; it must train those who are especially adapted to work in religious instruction. In short, it has come to the conclusion that to carry out the ideals of the late General Booth it must found a University of Humanity to develop and teach the workers to carry on the work which he conceived and brought to such success.

There is no question as to the value of the Salvation Army. It works among the people and the classes which no one else touches. It comes in contact with and helps large masses of humanity that the churches are estranged from or do not reach. A Committee of One Hundred has been formed of men and women in this town of all creeds who approve of this scheme. This Committee wishes to raise funds necessary for the building and endowment of the proposed University of Humanity. I have talked with

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officers of the Salvation Army and with members of this Committee of One Hundred, and heartily approve of the plan. I hope you will give it your approval also.

The little bands of devoted men and women in uniform who hold religious services on the streets of all our large towns and cities can give the casual passer-by only the faintest notion of the great constructive work which the Salvation Army is doing.

Doubtless most people in considering the advance of civilization think only of its highest ideals and forget the average development of the mass of that civilization. In thinking of the Greek civilization they think only of the great tragedies of the poets, or of the beauty of Greek art, or of the immortal philosophy of Plato and Socrates, forgetting the absolute indifference the Greeks had to the rest of mankind or even to the inhabitants of another city than their own, and the calm condemnation to slavery, or even slaughter, of their captives, forgetting also that the whole brilliant Hellenic civilization rested on slavery. And so of all civilizations—we consider only their highest ideals in judging their development; and we are apt to measure American civilization to-day by the highest intellectual achievements and the greatest material developments of our people. It is difficult to turn and bend our ideas low enough to reach the forgotten mass below the average, the subnormal lump of humanity that is all but lost in the struggle upward.

It is this mass which the Salvation Army is trying to leaven; and the Salvation Army has proved itself to be one of the surest leavens with which we can help to raise the mass. It gives to the individuals comprising this mass a hope that they are not entirely condemned to despairing destitution and destruction. It brings self-respect through its industrial work by training body and soul to useful labor; it extends a hand to those overwhelmed with a sense of sin and degradation and gives to them an enlivening hope which makes them realize that there is still regeneration in endeavor—substituting this hope for a black despair regarding the present and the future.

This is the work to which the proposed "University of Humanity" will be dedicated. No one, however much he may like to associate the word "university" with intellectual brilliance and scholarly attainments, will if he is a really wise and just man, care to criticise the name chosen for this reclamation school of the Salvation Army, provided only that he will consider the wonderful opportunity which it presents for teaching that greatest of all lessons—the lesson of self-respect.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

THE SECRET OF GENIUS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

"I said, Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom. But there is a spirit in man: and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding. Great men are not always wise: neither do the aged understand judgment."—Job xxxii., 7–9.

THERE is a spirit in man, and this spirit in man is linked, by a chain that is almost indissoluble, to the eternal and infinite Spirit; and the infinite Spirit reflects itself in the human spirit, utters itself in the human spirit, inspires life in the human spirit. This is the secret of all true greatness. The great men of the nineteenth century are not different in the source of their greatness from the great men of the first century of our era or of the fourteenth century before Christ.

The true scientist is the one who in the unity of nature discerns God, and science is coming to know more of him. We do not create powers, we find them; they are divine powers, and we lay hold on them, use them, and bring them into our service. As we understand God and obey God we are served by God. Art in all its various forms has this divine unity, and through all artists this divine voice speaks and this divine glory manifests itself. There are laws of harmony in music, which existed before the musician discovered them; laws of harmony in art, which antedate all painting and sculpture. The artist does not invent; he discovers. The musician does not create; he finds. His music must be according to musical laws that existed before ever he learned in the cradle to hear sweet sounds; his art creations must

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be obedient to art laws that existed before ever the mountains were sculptured in forms of grandeur or the hills tapestried with velvet and embroidered with flowers—or he is no musician, no artist.

Have you ever played the game in which you spell out the word with a dozen letters each on a little card; then mix up and hand them to your friend, and he takes those letters, and out of them tries to spell the word that was in your mind before? So God plays with us. Each artist picks out a certain letter. Raphael puts his letter down, Thorwaldsen his, Church or Inness his; and so one artist after another, and one school after another, put their letters down; and when it is all down, and not before, we shall know what perfect beauty is. For beauty is the divine ideal, and all schools of artists are but spelling it out; and every great artist is a revelation of God to this dull earth of ours.

So with music. Men debate with one another whether this, or that, or another music shall be the music of the future. Puerile debates! God summons the artists, and they take their places—Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schumann, Wagner, Liszt—all one great orchestra; there is even a place for Berlioz, with his clanging cymbals and his kettledrum. And out of all their utterances the music that is in the heart of God speaks. Each musician interprets one throb of God's heart, and then he goes on his way; and we have learned one thought of God, and that is all.

The great statesman is one who sees divine law, because divine law is written in him. God has spoken something he could hear, and he has heard it, and then he contrives how to speak it unto men in laws; not in music, not with the brush and pencil, not with the spoken word, but in wrought-out institutions. We find out what laws are and proclaim them. Liberty, the permission of every man to do as he pleases! So the anarchist says; but the anarchist is mistaken. Liberty is taking away every obstacle that prevents men from doing the will of God. So far humanity has been struggling on to righteousness in spite of obstacles that men with their despotisms have put in the way. Whether the law be made by a single-headed despot called a Czar, or by a hydra-headed despot called Democracy, makes no difference; if the law hampers and hinders free men, it is against the divine, because the divine is in man, and God is calling man, and every man must be free to fly to God, and all men in one great flock, as the ducks fly south when the summer calls them from the winter-wrapped earth. That is liberty.

So the great prophet is one in whom God speaks, whether that prophet speaks in the Hebrew tongue or the English tongue, in the first century or the nineteenth century. If he be a prophet, he is a prophet of God, and God is speaking in him and through him. I do not mean that every teacher that lives is what we call a religious teacher, but I do mean that when we say "the divine Dante" or "the divine Shakespeare" we express a truth deeper than we are wont to think. The voice of Dante and the voice of Shakespeare are in very truth the divine voice speaking through human life. What is Wordsworth's message? God. God in the long panorama of nature. What is Browning's message? Browning, who lives not in the fields, nor by the brooks, but in the haunts of men and in the hearts of men—what is his message? It is still the same message—God. God in Andrea del Sarto, the artist; God in Abt Vogler, the organist; God in St. John dying in the desert; God in Christmas epiphanics, whether in the crudities of the conventicle or in the ceremonials of St. Peter's; God in human hearts.

No prophet has the whole story to tell, any more than any artist or musician has the whole story to tell. Each man gives his message and goes his way. It is true now, and through all the ages will be true, that we prophesy in part, for we know in part. Augustine comes, and he has but one word to say—Law; but it is the law of God; Calvin has but one word—Sovereignty, but it is the sovereignty of God; Luther has but one word—Hope, but it is hope in God; Wesley has but one word—Liberty, but it is liberty in God; Henry Ward Beecher but one word—Love, but it is the love of God; Phillips Brooks but one word—Life, but it is the life of God. And whether it be Moses or Elijah or David or Isaiah or Paul or Calvin or Augustine or Luther or Wesley or Henry Ward Beecher, it is God that gives the message.

Among all the gifts God ever gives his children there is none like that of a great and good man; for in the great and good man a glimpse of God himself is given, and we learn what love is in its largeness and in its infinitude from the glimpse of love which these reflections, these satellites, of divinity give to us.

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THE PUBLIC THE CRIMINAL'S PARTNER

BY GEORGE S. DOUGHERTY

SECOND DEPUTY POLICE COMMISSIONER, CITY OF NEW YORK

GEORGE S. DOUGHERTY

George S. Dougherty, the author of the following article, is Second Deputy Commissioner of Police of New York City. This office he has held since May, 1911. In this position Mr. Dougherty has distinguished himself in many important criminal cases, his skill as a detective resulting in the apprehension of numerous notorious offenders of the law. Before his appointment as Deputy Commissioner he had had a wide experience in detective work as superintendent of the Pinkerton National Detective Association; during his long connection with this agency he figured in many famous cases. Mr. Dougherty was born in Pennsylvania forty-eight years ago; for a time he was engaged in newspaper work, and the clear, straightforward style in which he tells about conditions in New York City shows that he has not forgotten the lessons learned in his first occupation. The Deputy Commissioner does not in personal appearance resemble the type of detective made familiar in the pictures of Sherlock Holmes; he looks rather like a matter-of-fact business man; he wastes no words and disposes of the multitude of matters that come to his desk with the despatch that characterizes the executive head of a corporation.

The pictures which illustrate this article were suggested by Mr. Dougherty, and were specially made for The Outlook, under the direction of a member of his personal staff, by a prominent moving picture concern. In the first one, a street car was hired and members of the moving picture stock company were posed to act the parts, in so far as they can be pictorially represented. The crowded platform, the "stall" who jostles the victim as he tries to get on the car, the "jerver" who gets the passenger's "leather," are graphically portrayed. In real life the act of picking a pocket is done so quickly and deftly that the "jerver's" hands could not be seen. The pictures showing the sweat-shop workers and the interior of the department store were made in the large rotunda of the moving picture company, which is arranged for the presenting of a large variety of scenes, exactly as in the case of a first-class theater. A dry goods store was specially fitted up for the occasion, with many additional "shoppers" besides those who appear in the picture as reproduced. The sweat-shop scene was also specially made by the motion picture company for The Outlook, while the picture of the attempt to steal the truck was posed for in a city street by special arrangement. The elaborate facilities for presenting all kinds of scenes which are at the command of a large moving picture concern suggest possibilities in the way of periodical illustration which may have important developments in the future.—THE EDITORS.

IF the public would cease to co-operate with the criminal, crime could be reduced to a minimum within a single year. It is the people, and not the police, who are responsible for most of the wrong-doing in the country. Not that the public consciously promotes crime—it would resent such a suggestion—but it vastly contributes to it by its negligence.

There are two kinds of negligence: criminal negligence and negligence that *makes* criminals! Rank indifference to the life or the property of others is criminal. For instance, of the 15,633 fires that happened in Greater New York last year, 3,577 were marked by the Commissioner "caused by carelessness with matches, cigars, and cigarettes." Some two years ago a shiftless creature threw a cigarette butt into a pile of waste, and 143 girls paid for the act with their lives. That was the Triangle Shirt Waist holocaust. Not a great while after, an ignorant cellarman threw a match into a *waste-paper* basket in a little *wooden* office off the kitchen of the Café Savarin about midnight, and the great Equitable building, worth millions, went up in smoke. By this act the financial center of the country was demoralized for days until it was found that the securities in the safe deposit vaults had escaped harm.

During the year 1912, out of a large num-

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ber of deaths, no fewer than 3,691 were entered on the books of the Board of Health of New York as "due to accident and negligence." The criminal quality of the negligence here is shown in the toll that death took in children. Of the 461 persons burned to death in "small accidents" 130 were male and 107 female children under five, while 54 boys and 25 girls of that tender age were killed by vehicles in the streets.

But why do parents permit little children to play in crowded streets? The answer is, there are 50,000 black rooms—rooms that have neither direct light nor air—in New York in which families of three to eight persons live. Really, the streets are less dangerous! This is not parental negligence, but negligence on the part of the community—*criminal* negligence!

The negligence which encourages the mature criminal and makes the new one is that which puts temptation in the way and gives opportunity—a combination peculiarly fertile of crime. Such negligence is just what the professional crook banks on, for he knows it better than any one else; and it is also the bait held out to the vast number of susceptible persons who have never yet done a technical wrong.

Let us briefly survey the field in which the seeds of our negligence fall. To begin with, take the professional crook, the finished product of the underworld. This gentleman is very lazy. He doesn't steal because he wants to *steal*, but because he doesn't want to work. He is not spurred on by a spirit of adventure, because there is nothing adventurous about him. He is the least imaginative, the cheapest, the most sordid creature to be found. Fiction-writers have tried to make the underworld picturesque. It is not so. Its people are uneducated—filthy in mind and person. Their talk is either shop or carousing, and is of the most brutal and vulgar kind. The thief would resent being called romantic. He would consider it a form of weakness, as he does chivalry. He prides himself on the very meanness of his acts. His ethics compared with those of the honest man are a minus quantity. He glories in living on women, and he cunningly boasts how he has sacrificed the one who has fed and protected him when the safety of his own skin demanded it. His rendezvous is the dive, where every one either flatters him or plays upon his fear.

The crook has three things to think of: to keep out of jail, to get the goods, and to dispose of them. To these he devotes all his waking thoughts when he is sober, and the public by its negligence does its best to promote his efforts. In the getting of the goods and disposing of them he becomes a specialist. He can shift from one branch to another as exigency demands. But each has to be learned; there's a difference between stealing and getting rid of diamonds and doing the same with silks. The crook is as dishonest with himself as he is with others. If he could reason sanely, he wouldn't be a crook. He refuses to realize the enormous odds that are piling up against him as his career progresses. He holds the belief that he can keep on getting something for nothing, and continue to get away with it, which is proof of a crank in the brain. People often say, "If he'd only devote to legitimate work the time and energy that he devotes to crime, what a success he'd make of it!" I doubt it. The men who are qualified for great work generally do it. People also talk about honor among thieves. But why go among thieves for honor? I've never found any there. The idea is a paradox.

Therefore, why tempt a man of this kind? The sight of a fat pocketbook is apt to awaken envy in the most honest of us. But the majority of us have too good a mental, if not a moral, balance to entertain anything but a "proper and legal" means of separating the owner from his wad. The gentleman of the underworld is impatient of the surer and safer method of the business man. He must have results—drastically got if need be—but results. He is obsessed by opportunity. If the man with the fat wallet gets away, he may never see him again. The obsession is fatal. The man with the fat wallet sticks it in his hip pocket and proceeds to board a Thirty-fourth Street car at the corner of one of the busy avenues. Ever since he was a little boy the business man has read of money being taken from the hip pocket—but the lightning will never strike him, of course not! And the crook knows just how he feels. The clean-cut, stern-faced Central Office man in the crowd knows that ninety-five per cent of the money lost by men is taken from their hip pockets while they are using both hands to board a car or hanging onto a strap with one hand and holding up a newspaper with the other. That's why he—the Central Office man—is in that particular crowd. The crook can't take his eyes from the wallet—his

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PHOTOGRAPH BY FILOT FILMS CORPORATION NEW YORK

THE CARELESS CITIZEN LOSES HIS "LEATHER"

"Ninety-five per cent of the money lost by men is taken from their hip pockets"

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fingers itch for it. He approaches the victim, pushing through the crowd; he reaches for the wad—and the law gets him. The owner of the fat wallet thanks the detective for saving his money, thanks him for his warning to keep it in a safer place, and then absent-mindedly again sticks it into his hip pocket, conspicuously ready for the next crook to pluck.

When the mature crook is gone, we must have somebody to take his place—there is danger of his race dying out. To be sure, he has children of his own, and these he trains in the ways of crookedness. Yet even they will not supply the deficit that death and the law are making in his ranks. But negligence is sowing the seed in other soil constantly. And this soil is very fertile.

As to the potential crook, he is everywhere; no class of society is free from him. But he obtains in largest numbers among the hungry thousands, ill-clad, half-starved people, people who have but a mild solution of garbage in their veins instead of red blood, which makes for small moral stamina. Instead of protecting such as these for their own sakes and for the sake of the community, we are constantly tempting them to do wrong. Rather than making crime difficult and dangerous, we are making it easy and safe.

In one year 14,657 children were arraigned in the juvenile courts of Greater New York. Many of these youngsters were arrested for trivial offenses, playing ball in the streets and the like, but 1,124 were charged with larceny as a misdemeanor, 302 were charged with larceny as a felony, and two were charged with manslaughter. In 3,827 cases the parents were charged with improper guardianship. It is estimated by those who make a study of juvenile delinquency that 60 per cent of the whole trouble was due to parental negligence. There are three delinquents in the Child's Court—the child, the parent, and the community. When one thinks of those 50,000 "black rooms" in which families work, where in some cases five persons get only ten cents for every 720 roses bound into garlands by them, where they all eat and sleep, where moral and physical disease is bred, it is easy to pass the blame on to the community. Really, it is amazing, considering the negligence on the part of the public, not that there are so many criminals, but that there are so few!

In the matter of promoting crime through negligence women are by a long way the worst offenders. The manager of one of the great department stores of New York recently told me that he considered female customers careless in the ratio of ten to one. In this store an average of twenty-five articles, of greater or smaller value, and one purse, containing money from small change up to hundreds of dollars, are found every day. The character of the articles abandoned often indicated, the manager said, the most inconceivable thoughtlessness. One day a young woman brought in a very small child and became so engrossed in shopping that the baby strayed from her side and was gone two hours before she missed it. Then a search was instituted, and the little one was found in the "lost articles" department. Another manager said that he considered the negligence of the women shoppers a menace to the morality of cash-girls, and that he had found that some of his younger saleswomen had become thieves and shoplifters from observing how easy it was to "get the goods." In commenting on the amazing negligence of people he cited the case of a young woman who had left a bank book containing four one-hundred-dollar bills on a counter. Her address being in the book, they got her on the 'phone and learned that she had that day withdrawn the money to pay for an operation and hospital expenses. It is quite likely that the anticipation of the dreaded event had driven everything else from her head. But even the shock of losing the money failed to make the young woman careful. She sent a colored telephone boy to the store for the money without any letter or means of identification—simply his word. The manager refused to turn the bank book and its contents over to the boy, on the ground that he might have overheard the talk over the 'phone and come there on his own hook to get the money and run away. The young woman was very angry. She thought the manager's attitude very unreasonable, and told him so in forcible language over the 'phone.

A vicious quality creeps into negligence often in the form of a disposition carelessly to blame others, regardless of consequences. Not long ago a lady dropped a $10,000 pearl necklace on the floor of one of our great shops. It was picked up by a floor-walker and turned over to the proprietor, who watched the papers carefully. Presently, as expected, the loss was advertised and the store people communicated with the owner of the necklace, who chanced to be a Chicago

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society woman. She had missed the necklace while on the street, but, being afraid to let her husband know of her carelessness, had charged one of the chambermaids of the hotel in which they were stopping with the theft. A rigid investigation was made, but without results.

The happy sequel to this incident was that the owner of the necklace gave the floor-walker a reward of $250, the exact amount of a mortgage on his little home in the suburbs, which he'd been put to great straits to pay off. She also apologized to the chambermaid and made her a handsome present.

Another case of vicious carelessness was that of a society woman who, accompanied by her husband, went to the station-master at one of our great depots and claimed that she had left a diamond ring valued at $1,000 in the washroom. She described the incident most circumstantially. She had taken the ring off and laid it on the right-hand side of the washbowl. This particular detail had impressed itself upon her because she had had to move it away from the soap-dish. She distinctly remembered that there was no one else in the room at the time but the attendant, and her she charged with having appropriated the ring. The station-master protested that he had every confidence in the attendant, who had in the course of twenty years' service turned in thousands upon thousands of dollars' worth of abandoned jewelry. Nevertheless he investigated. But nothing developed, and after a time the lady called upon the station-master and confessed that she had lost a large sum of money at bridge, had pawned the ring to pay for it, and had used the aforesaid ruse to throw her husband off the scent.

"But didn't you consider the attendant?" asked the station-master with great indignation.

"Why," exclaimed the woman, with great astonishment, "I never thought of that!"

"Well," said he, looking at her severely, "I suspected there was something crooked about it and I never told her."

Women when complaining of losses in railway cars always declare positively that they were the very last ones to leave, and consequently the valuable must have been picked up and kept by one of the trainmen or sweepers. A society woman, the wife of a New York banker, claimed that coming in from New Jersey she had dropped a valuable diamond brooch from her neck. She solemnly avowed to the general passenger agent that no one was in the car when she and her woman companion quitted it. Therefore one of the company's employees must have picked it up. A search was made without result, and the agent wrote the lady that he had every confidence in his people and that she must have dropped the brooch elsewhere. At this she wrote him a very insulting and abusive letter and threatened to sue the company. He paid no attention to this, and a month later received another letter from the lady. In it she expressed great shame and humiliation at the way she had treated him, and proceeded to explain the loss and recovery of the brooch. It transpired that she and her companion were not the last ones in the car. It seems that a young man who was engaged to the daughter of a neighbor in the little resort in which she was spending the summer had occupied the seat behind her. He knew her well by sight. He saw the brooch fall to the floor, and picked it up and held it until such a time as a reward should be offered. She had advertised the reward and no questions, and he had promptly turned the brooch over to her. Certainly a nice young man to have for a son-in-law!

This woman had a more fortunate escape from the effects of her careless accusation than did another woman who went to a department store not long ago and ordered a vacuum cleaner sent to her house with a demonstrator. The girl who took the order had a brother who was selling vacuum cleaners on commission for an outside house. Instead of booking the order, she kept it and turned it over to him, which was disloyal, of course. The young man took the cleaner to the customer's house and proceeded to show off its various merits. While doing this he complained that in some way he had wounded his finger, and the lady of the house went out of the room to fetch bandages.

The young man finished his demonstration and took his leave. But no sooner had he gone than the lady discovered that a diamond brooch which she claimed to be worth $2,500 had disappeared. She at once 'phoned the department store and charged the young man with having taken her jewel. The manager investigated and found that no demonstrator had gone from that store to the lady's house. The salesgirl was examined, and confessed that she had switched the order. From her they learned her brother's address, the customer had him arrested as the thief, and he

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PHOTOGRAPH BY PILOT FILMS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

THE CARELESS CIGARETTE-SMOKER MAY START A "TRIANGLE" FIRE

Of the 15,633 fires in Greater New York last year, more than one-third were caused by carelessness with matches, cigars, and cigarettes

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was locked up for several days. Then the lady found her brooch under a bureau where it had fallen! The young man was released and began an action for damages. The absurd part is that the jewel was found to be worth only a very small fraction of what its owner claimed, and she is in for considerable damages practically for nothing.

Women by their carelessness often lead, or rather drive, servants astray in homes or hotels. The psychology of it is that the servant is always more or less suspected, and knows it; there is a constant suggestion of wrongdoing which has a tendency to break down moral inhibition. Often servants are not treated as human beings, their self-respect is impaired, and a spirit of resentment is aroused, followed by a curiously illogical resolve to have the game as well as the name. At the psychological moment jewels are left unguarded. Jane may have been a good girl for many years. But the Jane of yesterday may not be the Jane of to-day. Her father or her brother or her lover may have got into trouble. She may be in the sorest of straits for money to help him—and, lo, a negligent mistress supplies the opportunity!

The habit among women of carrying money loosely is to blame for more theft than almost any other agent. The deadly handbag is the cause of most of this kind of crookedness. Over on the East Side of New York even poor women push their way through the throngs with gaping handbags dangling at their wrists, exposing loose change or purses on the inside. This has developed vast numbers of amateur pickpockets among children who had never thought to steal until the opportunity was so grossly forced upon them. One tried it and found it easy and told his playmate, and he tried it—and the thing spread like wildfire. Stealing became a habit; and from picking purses from these bags they aspired to more difficult jobs with bigger rewards, and first thing we knew we had a host of adroit pickpockets to deal with.

This habit on the part of female shoppers has created a very formidable class of young women pickpockets who prey upon the more respectable element in the great shopping centers. The shopper loves to go to her bank and get a bunch of crisp yellowbacks before starting on the rounds of the stores. Who knows?—the female crook may have an account in the same bank. She's there on business of her own, but when she spies out a woman with an especially big roll she follows her. The woman with the yellowbacks makes straight for the swirling crowd round a bargain counter, and on her heels come the two girl thieves, for they usually operate in pairs. One gets on her left and steps on her toes or pushes her roughly, while her companion on the right opens the foolish bag, takes out the roll, and closes it. The woman discovers her loss and gives the alarm, and one of the crooks points down the aisle and says, "I saw her crowding you—that big woman with the plush hat."

Two of these girls were caught operating the other day. In the pocket of one, nineteen years old, was found $1,343 in valuables. Her large hand satchel contained more than twenty pocketbooks, in which was a total of $605 in cash. This girl had an account in three banks. She confessed that she had spent some time in the penitentiary and had resolved to lead a straight life, but that the temptation of the bags, stuffed, unguarded, and dangling before her eyes, was too great.

On a certain morning last month a young man went up to a woman on the street near Riverside Drive and asked for a nickel to get a cup of coffee. He claimed he hadn't eaten for twenty-four hours. The impulsive woman opened her purse, displaying a roll of bills, and the young man snatched it and darted down the street. Then the woman remembered that he was an evil-looking young man. She looked for the patrolman on the beat, but none was in sight. The young man had observed that fact before he had accosted her.

The crook was wise. He wanted that pocketbook, but he didn't intend to run the risk of jail for nothing. To snatch the book and run, only to find that he had risked his liberty for a few cents, was not his particular lay. So in a tactful way he asked the lady to show him if she were worth robbing, and she very promptly did so.

This is only a sample of what the police are up against in trying to protect the public. There are about nine thousand patrolmen in this great city of five and a quarter millions of people, and they expect us to be everywhere at once. Only the crooks know that we can't be! If the public would only help the police by exercising a small bit of vigilance, the crooks would disappear from our streets, if not from our cellars. The host of pickpockets that is gathered in by the police every year would fade away if women ceased carrying their purses in the deadly little hand-

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bag and if men would tuck their wads in their watch pockets or carry their wallets inside their waistcoats and wear guards on their stickpins and watches. This is some trouble, to be sure, but it's necessary. When I urged upon a friend the other day the need of caution, he said, "I'd rather spend the money to buy a new coat than constantly guard this one. It costs me time, vigilance, and anxiety, and keeps my mind from more important things." But that isn't negligence —it's arithmetic!

It's disgusting to see men and women in a great crowded shopping thoroughfare like Thirty-fourth Street fairly pushing their valuables at you, wearing watches in outside pockets or on sleeves. To punish pickpockets for taking property thus held out to them is like holding meat up to a dog and then kicking him for grabbing at it; or it's like turning a lot of ravenous boys into a field of cherry trees with the ripe, luscious fruit hanging low and begging to be plucked. The police are forever eradicating these pests—but the public unconsciously is behind them—the pests, not the police!

It's a wonder that the matinée girl has not made a thief of every box office man in New York. She gets on line with the idea that he's going to hold back the best seats on her. She is angry and more or less hysterical when she reaches the window and is ready to quarrel with the ticket-seller. Yes, as she feared, there's nothing left but the twelfth row. After the usual argument, she grabs her ticket and leaves the window, mad to the roots of her hair—and the ticket-seller calls her back and gets his revenge. "You've left your change, madam," he says sweetly, handing her eight dollars or eighteen dollars—for girls of this class very often have big bills—and she grabs it and turns away, angrier still at this added humiliation.

Occasionally women stand gossiping with one another while they hold up the line, and then move away, forgetting their change. Obviously a man who was crooked in the box office could not last long, because the loss of a considerable amount of change is quickly noticed and easily traced.

But women are not the only offenders in this way. Men in their hurry are constantly leaving change. A certain cigar company having three hundred stores in Greater New York reports a hundred cases a day of customers abandoning amounts of change all the way from twenty cents to twenty dollars. In cases where the amount is considerable it is almost invariably called for. But, nevertheless, the public has been constantly giving opportunity to the salesmen to become thieves at small risk.

The chance to steal where large amounts are negligently abandoned is not so great as where small change is overlooked. At one time or another, every one of us leaves a nickel or a dime at the window of the ticket-seller on the "Sub" or the "L." There are many subways and elevated roads in the United States, and hundreds of ticket-sellers at whose windows small change is neglected. Yet I am told that such moneys are rarely turned in at the treasurer's offices. Probably they are absorbed in transit. To a man with a big family and small wages a nickel counts!

I know one man who became a thief just from the start he got at a railway ticket window. People used to rush off, forgetting their change—only a nickel, perhaps, or a dime, not worth going back for. At first he used to call them back, he told me; then he saw how careless they were, and after a while he didn't care. He got to pocketing their change. But this wasn't getting it fast enough. He thought that, as they were so careless, he could "put it over" on them right along, and he began to short-change them systematically during rush hours. He got bolder and bolder in this, till complaints began to drift in. The company set a watch and caught him. The contributory negligence of the public had made a thief of this man.

In every one of New York's seventy first-class theaters, valuables are found every night, such as fur pieces, eye-glasses, chatelaine bags, jewel-studded combs, and purses, the latter often containing hundreds of dollars. During a season of one hundred and twenty performances at the Metropolitan Opera-House no fewer than 728 articles of value were found, ranging all the way from a set of false teeth to an immensely valuable pearl necklace. This number takes no account of hundreds of handkerchiefs, single gloves, and the like, but it does include one hundred and fifty pairs of valuable opera-glasses. The list for a single day is about as follows: diamond scarf-pin, gold eye-glasses, opera bag, black gloves, and the like. Under one seat was found a lady's bag containing a kimono, breakfast cap, comb and brush, bottle of whisky, and a box of cigarettes. In a seat in the gallery was a package containing

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two cans of pork and beans and a baby's nursing-bottle. Occasionally a man's tall hat is found, and gold cigarette-cases are common. Most of these articles, being found in boxes or chairs of subscribers, are easily traced.

A glance down the page of the book that is kept by the custodian of these valuables would amaze one—almost nothing but gold, gold, gold, diamonds, diamonds, diamonds! Surely, a fortune could be realized if the attachés were dishonest. But, as a matter of fact, fully 95 per cent of these valuables are returned to their owners.

At the Grand Central Station, through which from 35,000 to 40,000 persons enter the city every day, two men are kept busy receiving, classifying, and delivering articles abandoned in the trains. Among articles left in the trains of this company last year were several pairs of crutches and a wooden leg. For sheer negligence, this puts the item of the abandoned false teeth in the Metropolitan into cold storage. To such an extent are umbrellas abandoned that the custodian made the remark that he could invariably tell by looking over his book of receipts whether a certain day was rainy or fair from the number of umbrellas brought in.

On the Jersey Central, which brings 20,000 passengers a day into New York, 5,000 articles were left in car seats last year. There were overcoats, dress suit cases, golf sticks, and several hats every day—which is very remarkable. Others left chickens, parrots, melons, muffs, mechanics' kits, and in many cases shoes that the wearers had discarded to ease their feet and had walked away without them—which was even more negligent than leaving their hats. Most of these articles betrayed the sex of their owners—the size of rubbers showed it without a doubt, but eye-glasses and umbrellas were of neuter gender. The commuter was indicated by packages containing such things as bread, butter, eggs, lard, pickles, and cans of bug powder.

At the lost and found department of the elevated road and subway in New York an average of 40,000 abandoned articles are taken care of every year.

Recently the older chauffeurs of New York City organized under the name of The Gasoline Engineers' Protective Association, their purpose, according to a resolution adopted, being "to eliminate joy-riding and drunkenness and to put the profession on such a plane that the chauffeur will not be discriminated against because of his calling."

What a commentary on the status of a vast army of skilled workmen—"discriminated against because of his calling."

Yet it is absolutely justified. There are probably seventy-five thousand of these men in Greater New York, the majority of them of good character, yet all more or less under the ban of suspicion because of the acts of a by no means small minority.

The negligence of the machine owner and the public has developed the greatest definite field of criminal operations ever known in America. Nor in any field has specialization in crime developed the efficiency that it has in this. So tempting is it, in fact, that many who were crooks before they entered it have come in, and many have developed crookedness from the inside because of the opportunities found there.

There are four classes of automobile crooks—the chauffeur who robs his employer right and left; the man who steals the machine; the sneak thief who pilfers the accessories from the car; and the taxi driver who cheats us in the matter of fares, steals whatever belongings we may leave behind, often robs drunken fares, and occasionally carries unprotected women to lonesome places and relieves them of all they've got.

And this is all directly due to negligence! The owner is negligent, either directly in leaving unguarded a machine, or in retaining in his employ, as he too often does, a chauffeur whom he knows to be dishonest or a drunkard or a dope fiend.

We wonder why an owner keeps a chauffeur whom he knows to be dishonest. It happens usually with the first machine; then he (the owner) becomes sophisticated. Usually he has made a lot of money in some up-State town. The neighbors have machines. They are all regarded as expensive toys, yet an indispensable mark of social standing. Our friend's wife must keep up with the neighbors. Very good. He gets a car. He has heard that other men have been grafted on, but this is a necessary evil, he concludes. So he submits to it. This is where his negligence comes in. He doesn't take the trouble to determine that he needn't submit to it. The chauffeur comes to him with good references and seems to fill every need. He keeps the machine in first-class shape, makes good mileage, and avoids collisions. Immediately he arrives, the chauffeur locates the repair

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PHOTOGRAPH BY PILOT FILMS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

THE CARELESS TRUCKMAN MAY EXPECT TO LOSE HIS GOODS

The thief watches his opportunity to drive off with the truck while the truckman is delivering part of his load

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people and the supply people and arranges with them for a "rake-off." When the bills come in, the owner grins and bears it. He is willing to be "done." It's a mark of his standing in the eyes of his chauffeur as a man and a sport. But after he has had one or two machines he learns to audit bills carefully and so changes drivers frequently, for these gentlemen will not stay with men who are "mean" about expenses.

So easy has this game become that if a chauffeur were a good sport he wouldn't take the graft!

The chauffeur himself by his criminal negligence becomes a promoter of crime in others. He does things with the machine that no old-fashioned coachman would have dreamed of doing with his employer's rig. Joy-riding was carried to such an outrageous extent that partial reforms were brought about. Many garage managers were warned not to let the cars go out without orders from the owners. This restricted the chauffeur's opportunities somewhat. Obviously he could not use the machine while his owner was making a call, for he didn't know at what moment he might return. But the definite hours of the theater and opera gave him a chance. From the rising to the falling of the curtain is "his" time. He picks up girls or meets some that he knows and whisks away up Jerome Avenue or somewhere else where numerous cafés and combination dance halls or cabarets obtain. He leaves the machine outside at the mercy of whoever happens by. These cars are strung along for blocks, unguarded for a couple of hours at least. And the sneak thief, knowing the negligence of the grafting chauffeur, proceeds himself to prey upon the thief "higher up." A pair of nippers and a screw-driver are all the tools he needs. He may clip off tires worth anywhere from $50 to $150, or unscrew and appropriate a $125 magneto or a $100 speedometer with perfect ease and safety, and carry them off to his own waiting car and then to the fences, where he disposes of them for fully sixty per cent of their face value.

There are about forty companies in New York who write insurance on automobiles, and they lose an average of eight machines a year each. The insurance policy covers theft of machine, fire, transportation, and pilferage of tires, tools, and other accessories, in amounts of over $25, and where the theft has been done by others than those employed by the owner. The moral risk is everything in insuring a machine. A company would insure an auto owned by Cornelius Vanderbilt or John Claflin right up to the face value, where they would insure it for only half its value for some restaurant-keeper, bartender, or other person of uncertain responsibility.

The majority of cars are stolen in the daytime in front of the big cafés in crowded districts. There is nothing easier for a man dressed as a chauffeur than to step into an unguarded machine and pull out. But it takes a mechanician familiar with the makes of all machines to do this with anything like the necessary assurance. On the other hand, accessories that are stolen are taken from the cars at night. The reasons for this are obvious: any one clipping a chain from an extra tire or unscrewing a magneto would be instantly caught.

The man who steals the car drives to a regular "fence," where they at once proceed to change its appearance. The body, its most distinguishing feature, if a limousine, is exchanged for a touring, or *vice versa*, for the chassis will take any kind of a top. Then the factory number, stamped in the bed of the engine, is chiseled out and all other marks of identification removed.

So negligent are we that we do not take the trouble to inform ourselves as to the proper fares a taxi driver should charge, and even when we know he is robbing us we are too cowardly or too indifferent to protest, or we haven't the time or are too lazy to have him take us to the police station to settle the matter. Of course he knows this and banks on it. And yet we complain of crooks being in the business of driving taxis!

Most amazing negligence is commonly shown by the truckman who hauls bale goods. He pulls up at the curb with a $10,000 load of silks, and, picking up a package worth $50 or $100, goes up to some loft to make a delivery, leaving the balance of his valuable cargo to take care of itself. It is no coincidence that the thief is on the spot when the driver leaves his truck unprotected. This crook who specializes in silk and other bale goods was near the warerooms when the goods were loaded onto the truck and has followed them like a sleuth until the opportunity came. He is dressed like an ordinary truckman. He watches the driver mount the stairs until he is out of sight, then he calmly comes out of the building, casts away his cigarette, mounts the truck in the most nonchalant manner in the world, and drives away

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either to the fence or to meet his pal who may be lurking in some by-street with an auto.

Understand, a very large majority of the great wholesale houses do not own their own horses and wagons, but contract their carrying business out to truckmen. Where such business is heavy enough, the truckman prints the merchant's name on a certain number of his vehicles, which is a good advertisement.

It used to be that these trucking contractors could insure not only their rigs against theft, but the goods they were handling as well. The insurance companies at the same time would insure the merchant against loss and thus collect a double premium. To get even with the company whose rates were pretty high the truckman hired a cheap class of drivers, many of whom were themselves thieves or stood in with the "specialists." This practice resulted in so many losses of goods from trucks that the companies refused to insure contracting truckmen against the loss of goods carried by them, but continued to insure the merchant against the loss of such goods. When a loss was sustained, the insurance company paid the merchant and then fell back on the truckman, who was responsible for the goods as a common carrier. This action on the part of the insurance companies naturally made the contractor less negligent in the matter of men he engaged as drivers. But even so, the theft of rigs through the neglect of truckmen continued and grew to such an extent, and so many losses were sustained by the insurance companies, that they advanced the rates in a short time from 2½ to 7 per cent, practically a prohibitive figure. One great trucking concern in New York has 700 rigs. It is fair to assume that an average value is $700. Of course single rigs may be much less, but double rigs with splendid horses are worth much more than twice $700. Obviously, then, it would cost this company 7 per cent on $490,000, or $34,300 a year, to insure its equipment. Small owners, however, such as grocers, laundrymen, and the like, having only one or two rigs, continue to insure, even at this high rate.

No doubt being covered by insurance promotes negligence and more. For instance, some years ago dealers in silks and linens and other valuable fabrics used to occupy ground floor spaces on Greene Street or Mercer Street—a regular colony of them. Now they have moved to the sky-scraping structures on Fourth Avenue; instead of being on the ground floor, they may be on the tenth or fifteenth. This fact has opened up possibilities to the ingenious crook. The merchant's door opens and in comes a man wearing a regular expressman's cap. "Anything for Adams or the American?" he asks.

They deliver three bales of silk to him. He takes it away, and that's the last they hear of it. The clerk has neglected to look out of the window to see whether an "Adams" or an "American" wagon is at the curb. Probably from that height he couldn't tell anyway, and he certainly won't go all the way down stairs to investigate. Besides, *they are insured!*—that's why he won't take the trouble. The crook knows this, and banks on it.

But insurance doesn't always protect. A house that had lost goods to a fake expressman called up the insurance company and wanted to know what they were going to do about it. The secretary of the company investigated and then told the manager of the house that as they had not delivered the goods to a *common carrier*, as per agreement, the insurance company could do nothing for them. Of course they had no recourse against the express company, since these were not responsible for the crooks who masqueraded as their employees.

The other day a friend of mine negotiated for the renting of a furnished house.

Said the lady of the house, who knew my friend well, "We leave everything as you see it—linen, silverware, and all."

"But," protested my friend, who knew the silverware to be very valuable, "I don't care to take the responsibility of this silver. You can take it away."

"Don't worry," said the lady.

My friend looked at her in astonishment, and she explained. "We used to worry about it. We used to take it upstairs every night and lock it up in the safe; but we don't any more. We just leave it right here. You see, we've had it insured against burglary!"

Another curious result of insurance is this: The companies have taken to offering a reward of $300 for the recovery of stolen automobiles insured by them, and there is no doubt that many machines are stolen for no other purpose than to obtain this.

Diamonds are the goal of the most ambitious crooks. These bring the greatest price, are the most portable, and can be disposed of at nearer to their real value than any other class of goods. It is constantly a

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PHOTOGRAPH BY PILOT FILMS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

THE CARELESS SHOPPER TEMPTS CHILDREN TO CRIME

"The habit among women of carrying money loosely is to blame for more theft than almost any other agent"

game of wits between the jeweler and the crook. The one knows that the other is after the diamonds, and he tries to safeguard against that gentleman's machinations. But the crook knows that there is a very great profit in jewelry, that one sale may net the merchant enough to pay his expenses for a long period—and he banks on this for a certain margin of risk that the dealer will take.

Four men drift casually into a jeweler's store on upper Third Avenue. The one to enter first engages the attention of the watchmaker in the window, dickering over the repairs to a cheap watch, another engages the shopkeeper's wife in a transaction over bric-à-brac at the other end of the store, while the third, a very distinguished-looking man, presently strolls in and asks to see

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some unmounted diamonds. This game is as old as the hills, yet the jeweler falls for it right along. Sometimes, to inspire confidence, the distinguished stranger is accompanied by a man, bare-headed and in his shirt-sleeves. The bare-headed man says to the merchant, "You know me—my shop's four doors above." The jeweler doesn't know him, but the ruse works. The tray of diamonds is brought out and the distinguished stranger picks up one of the beauties, and even though the merchant's eyes never leave his hands, so great is his art as a prestidigitator that he either substitutes a paste diamond or a genuine stone of inferior quality or smaller weight. The latter is generally the case, since paste is easily detected by an expert, and could not be successfully substituted except under the most favorable conditions. This process is called "penny-weighting."

The companies who insure jewelers constantly warn them never to take their eyes from a jewel in the hands of a customer, and never to turn away from the tray on the counter unless they have a mirror behind them in which they can watch it. The jeweler is particularly warned against putting a tray of rings on the counter unless all the rows are filled, since it is difficult to note a missing ring from broken rows.

Notwithstanding his experience and his warning, the jeweler will take a risk for the sake of the money there is in it. But his most unreasonable negligence is where he leaves his store unlighted at night, or locates his safe behind a partition, or puts his wallet of diamonds in his inside coat pocket and then, followed by the "sneak," boards a car, does the strap-hanging act, and leaves his valuables unguarded.

Jewelers take great chances in displaying immensely valuable stocks in windows with just the thickness of a glass between the precious stones and the thief. In fact, from the 15th of September last to the 5th of January—the great holiday gift season—a regular epidemic of window smashing occurred in Chicago. The crooks would simply steal a car, one of them being an expert driver; then, when the police were out of the way, would dash up to a window, smash it, grab the loot, make a getaway, and then abandon the car.

Jewelers have sustained heavy losses through the negligence of drummers. For instance, on one occasion such a one sent his trunk worth $20,000 away on the wagon of an expressman whom he did not know—and never saw it again. Later it turned out that the expressman "specialized" in jewelry. A drummer's trunk may be worth from $30,000 to $50,000. It's worth taking pains to get. The specialist will follow it from town to town, seeking for a chance to "switch" checks in the baggage-room or "sneak" it in a hotel. Not long ago a jewelry drummer left a grip with $7,000 worth of jewelry in it with the head porter of a hotel, while he went with another grip to meet buyers. When he came back it was gone.

And so the drummer has been warned by the insurance companies never to leave a trunk in a baggage-room over night; always to see to it that it goes on the same train with its owner; never to put a grip on the floor in a jewelry store while he is displaying valuables from another on the counter or elsewhere. Above all things, he is warned against talking—talking shop to any one but the men with whom he is sent to do business. Talking is a fatal propensity in any case. It leads to much crime. Here's an example:

A little shoemaker from Naples had located on the East Side of New York. Here he had worked and saved from day to day until he had accumulated a thousand dollars. With this he intended going back to Italy, buying a little hillside farm, and being happy the rest of his life. But his great happiness made the little shoemaker garrulous. He told his plans to his assistant, a Sicilian. The assistant went to his boon companions, told them of the shoemaker's savings, and the little Neapolitan received a demand for the $1,000 under pain of death. The gang got the money, and the cobbler continues to work and save with the hillside farm ten years further away.

An officer of a fidelity company told me the other day that he estimated that sixty per cent of the defalcations by cashiers, clerks, and others in positions of trust are due to the negligent methods of those who employ them. The bank that doesn't require frequent accountings from its clerks issues an invitation to "help yourself," and is quite as guilty as the thief.

The negligent business house allows a clerk to sign checks, or it doesn't insist upon frequent balancing of the books, or it allows the same man both to send out bills and receive payment, or there is an absence of audits—

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all of which the bookkeeper knows and *takes chances*.

Expert accountants claim that if employers did their duty towards their clerks their criminal careers would be checked in their incipiency and their defalcations reduced to a minimum. There is a false idea that bonding a man necessarily protects his employer. The idea of a firm in bonding an employee is principally to get the benefit of the investigation of the man by the insurance company and of the subsequent supervision of him. But the bond itself is small protection. For instance, a bank in a small Massachusetts town had its cashier bonded for $20,000, and in the course of a few years he got away with $600,000. In this case the previous investigation may have been all right, but the subsequent supervision was not effective. In fact, the man was getting a salary of not more than $2,000 a year and was living at the rate of $25,000. All his neighbors remembered this—once he was caught. The negligence here lay not only with the board of directors but with the community. If, once the man had begun to splurge, some one had put a flea in the ear of the directors, that particular town would have been half a million dollars the richer.

There is a notorious lack of vigilance in the management of charitable and fraternal societies and building loan associations, since in these the treasurers are always personally known to everybody. It is a common thing, when an officer of such an organization goes wrong, to find that the auditing committee has been notoriously lax in its methods. In many cases no one even takes the trouble to call at the banks occasionally to see if the balances are as stated.

A few months ago the treasurer of a building loan association in a town just outside of Boston was found to be $5,000 short in his accounts, which was just the amount of his bond. The officers wrote on to the fidelity company; stated that they had examined their treasurer's books, but could not find how the shortage had occurred; believed the man to be all right, and asked the company to continue on his bond. But this was refused, on the ground that the man was either dishonest or so lax in his methods that the result would be the same, so far as the insurance company was concerned. So they paid the loss on the bond and let it go at that. Notwithstanding this refusal and warning, the treasurer got another bonding company to insure him, was retained in his position, and within two years was found to be $7,500 short—another case of rank negligence!

In respect to carelessness of employers, a criminal court judge said to me a short time ago: "There is scarcely a day passes when a case does not come before me in which the complaining witness is not more deserving of punishment than the defendant."

An example of the rankest negligence is that of the well-to-do man who gets drunk and reduces himself to a helpless mass. He not only becomes a burden to the police, but is easy prey for the jackals of society who prey upon just such persons. He either curries favor with strangers or he frequents the resorts where denizens of the underworld *hang out*.

The thief who specializes in drunks is perhaps the most loathsome crook of all—but he is not the meanest. The meanest one is he who trades on the gullibility and negligence of people of small means, such as clergymen, school-teachers, and the general run of depositors in savings banks. One would scarcely expect to find carelessness among people who have had to sweat blood for the pennies they save, yet it is there to an inconceivable degree. The crook knows it, and he victimizes them through the medium of fake oil or mining stocks and the like. The curious thing is, they fall for his play again and again. He offers his stock at a few cents a share, and the people take the gambler's chance that some day one of these long shots will turn out a winner. They can't realize that it's absolutely a brace game. Nor will they take warning. As a matter of fact, a good many of the great savings banks have invited their depositors to confer with their officers before making any investments, and this with no other motive than to save them from loss through just this kind of swindling. But it is doubtful if this avails much.

Cowardice no less than negligence is responsible for the continued existence of the highwayman. As a matter of fact, that gentleman is a great bluff. In case one is held up by a highwayman the best thing is to resist him. If you do, in ninety-eight cases out of a hundred he'll run away. Always remember that this man wants your money and not your blood. It is of the greatest importance to him that he avoid violence. He may use his gun to threaten, and if he discharges it, it is only to intimidate. Shooting will create an alarm which the thief dreads

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above all things, and bloodshed will increase any possible sentence against him by many years. A curious fact is that a highwayman will run away under resistance from a woman much quicker than from a man. She not only has more nerve, but is more terrible in her fighting than the male of the species. Joseph Taylor, the head of the auto bandits, who was recently arrested with his crew in this city, and who always operated at the point of a pistol, told me that it was his absolute order to his men that if anybody offered resistance, not to shoot, but to back away.

A little calmness in the presence of a burglar is often very effective. The best thing to do with such a one who enters your house at night time is not to show fear, but to reason with him. Treat him like a human being. You might say to him, "Some of those articles belong to my wife and can't be duplicated. They were given to her by her mother or sister, and have small value except to her. Leave them alone and I will give you money instead." Or you might say, "Yours is a nerve-taxing business—you've got to be keyed up all the time—now I've got some good old rye down in the dining-room—let's go down and have some." Such talk is very disconcerting to a burglar—in fact, any talk is. He doesn't know at what moment it may attract attention. He wants silence. In most cases, such perfect calmness will result in the retreat of the man without spoils, or at least with only a small part of the plunder he came to get.

A friend of mine asked one of these men, "How did you come to pick out my place? I don't want to criticise your work, but I'd just like to know. Did anybody put you on?" This led to general talk, and they finally went downstairs and had a drink.

But it's very easy to force an intruder to shoot by a sudden alarm, a shriek, a rush for the telephone, or an assault that must be suppressed by the use of the gun.

The question is, Can the public be trained to be vigilant? Can it be made to see that the great antidote to crime is reasonable caution—the exercise of a little energy? Does exploitation pay?

We are arresting pickpockets on the cross-town cars and elsewhere all the time, and giving the widest publicity. Ever since I was a little boy I've read about the green goods game, and for the last twenty years the exploits of wire-tappers have been chronicled week by week and month by month. The curious thing about this phase of it is that the men who are victimized are themselves crooks in intent, if not in act, and should have more vigilance.

One large house in Chicago had its window smashed and property stolen three times within a month, yet the manager wouldn't hire a special officer to stand outside on guard. Another jeweler in the same city was the victim of "pennyweighters" three times within three months. If men won't learn from their own experience, what will they learn from the experience of others?

Only a few days after the Equitable fire I was in the office of a friend of mine downtown. He had only one room and employed no help. He was talking about the great fire, the fearful loss of property, and loudly censuring the fellow who'd thrown the fatal match. He held up a paper which he'd been reading and pointed to some vivid pictures taken at the fire. Then he locked his desk, lighted a cigar, tossed the charred match into the waste-paper basket, and, as we went out, locked the door. Before we got to the elevator my friend remembered that he had left something behind and returned to get it. As we opened the door we were greeted with a cloud of smoke. The basket was ablaze and flames had already caught the lower side of the wooden desk. We quickly put the fire out.

Will people never learn?

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THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD BURDON HALDANE

GREAT BRITAIN'S LORD CHANCELLOR

BY ROBERT DONALD

VISCOUNT HALDANE, who is visiting Montreal to attend the Conference of the American Bar Association in September, is the highest officer of state in England. One of the busiest men in England and also one of the ablest, he has attained pre-eminence in five careers, as lawyer, politician, scholar, educationalist, and diplomatist. While he was occupied in one position, there was always at the back of the public mind the consciousness that his talents were being squandered; for he was so eminently fitted for other spheres of activity.

Officially, the Lord Chancellor is one of the great bulwarks of the King and Constitution, and only on very rare occasions is he granted a special dispensation to leave the country. He is the keeper of the Great Seal, which is of even more importance than the King's Scepter. It has to be affixed to Acts of Parliament, of necessity in the Lord Chancellor's presence, and to other documents conveying the ultimate expression of the will of the sovereign.

So great and important are the functions and powers of the Lord Chancellor that it is difficult to describe them in a few words. He exercises considerable patronage in appointing ministers of the State Church. He is the head of the legal profession, and in that capacity is responsible for the selection of the Judges of the High Court, for the appointment of Justices of the Peace—the unpaid magistrates who preside at petty sessions and in police courts to administer

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justice. He issues writs for election of members to serve in the House of Commons, and he presides over the House of Lords, wearing, on this occasion, a wig and official robes, and sitting on what is called the Woolsack, a wide crimson ottoman stuffed with wool, a memento of the time when wool was the staple trade of England. He wears knee-breeches, black silk hose, and low shoes with silver buckles. Behind him, on the Woolsack, is placed the Sachet of the Great Seal, symbol of his power and authority. This Woolsack, which stands at some distance from the end of the Chamber, in front of the King's Throne, looks more comfortable than it really is; for it has no back and there is no desk in front of it.

While the Lord Chancellor occupies the Chair, or rather the Woolsack, in the House of Lords, he has no real authority over the procedure or deliberations. There is no similarity between his position and that of the Speaker of the House of Commons. When several peers rise simultaneously, he cannot select one to speak. He has no more right to call attention to irrelevancies in discussion than has any other member. The Lords, being very quiet and harmless legislators, observe due decorum in debate. The House meets at odd hours, never has long sittings, discusses matters in an easy and informal way, and has an elastic code of procedure which it does not seem to be any particular person's business to enforce. The interest in the functions of the Second Chamber has not been great for many years, and has, for the time being, practically disappeared.

As the head of the legal profession, the Lord Chancellor presides over the House of Lords when it sits as the Supreme Court of Appeal from the Courts of Justice of the Kingdom. The judicial members of the House, who, for practical purposes, form this highest Court of Appeal, possess a profound knowledge of the law and of all legal decisions. Their judgments are of momentous importance, as they are final; in this sense the Court can never be wrong, as its judgments cannot be reversed.

This highest legal tribunal meets in a solemn, serene, and tranquil atmosphere. In the center of the House of Lords, with its twelve beautiful, lofty stained-glass windows through which the light glints on statues, situated in niches around the Chamber, of the barons who compelled King John to sign Magna Charta, the Law Lords sit at small desks and are dressed as ordinary mortals, without the encumbrance of wig or gown. The lawyers pleading in the Court wear their wigs and robes, and discuss cases at great length in a quiet, conversational way.

Lord Haldane is the chief member of a still higher Court, which interprets the Constitutions of the British Empire beyond the seas and settles disputes between Dominions, States, and Provinces. This is the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, a body which is an enigma to many who are unfamiliar with the Constitutional law of Great Britain. Not much of romance is apparent from the title of the Committee, and yet the procedure has not its equal anywhere else in the world. In Downing Street, off Whitehall, where are the official residences of the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the chief party Whip of the Government, there is a gloomy-looking building, over the portals of which the words "Privy Council" are inscribed in white letters. Here the Council sits when the King is in London; but its meetings are held wherever the King happens to be, on land or sea, and although it consists of considerably more than two hundred members, chosen from the Empire's most distinguished men, three members are sufficient to form a quorum, so that the traveling difficulty is not so formidable, after all. At one time, the Council, which dates back substantially to the Norman period, possessed immense powers and interfered continually with affairs of justice. It was, in fact, useful to the Crown as a vehicle for straining Royal prerogative to the utmost. Nowadays it practically confines its activities to the granting of Charters and making of Orders. But it is the Judicial Committee that is the sanctum sanctorum; it is the mainspring of empire, the "power behind the throne." Here, in this dingy house, it holds the greatest Court in the world, having jurisdiction over four hundred million souls. Lord Chancellor Haldane presides, with several eminent judges to assist him. Seated unwigged and without their robes of office, at small desks in a bare and cheerless apartment from which the emblematic significance and dignity which surround the Judges in the Royal Courts of Justice are entirely absent, they hold the legal balance even between all the states and races within the far-flung world empire.

Probably a Canadian barrister will be arguing an appeal case from Bengal or Toronto,

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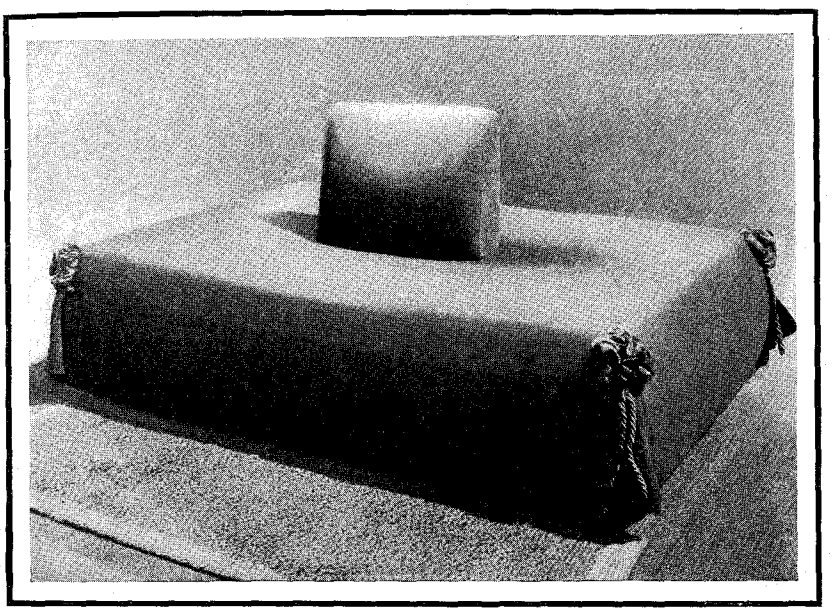
and a sprinkling of Chinese, Hindus, Boers, or Egyptians who are interested in the result will form the spectators. Occasionally a stray member of the general public will enter from the street out of curiosity, for the Court is public; but its deliberations are more important than they are exciting, and do not appeal to the average man. The verdicts of consular courts, prize courts, ecclesiastical courts, and admiralty courts may be set aside by the Committee, and its powers are well-nigh unlimited.

Lord Haldane discharges his duties on the Committee much in the same way as one of his brilliant predecessors, concerning whom he recently uttered the following eulogy:

> He never failed to endeavor to interpret the law according to the spirit of the jurisprudence of the colony from which the appeal came. If it was a Cape appeal, he was a Roman-Dutch lawyer; if it was an Indian case of adoption, he entered into the religious reasons for the rule to be applied; if it was a Quebec case of arbitration or a case of substitution under the old French code, or a Jersey appeal about the custom of Normandy, it was the same.

Even now I have mentioned only *some* of the duties which fall to Lord Haldane, or which he willingly assumes. He is a leading member of the Cabinet, and is interested in many public and political questions outside his official duties. He receives a salary of $50,000 a year, which is double the amount paid to the Prime Minister, through whom he receives his appointment. He is allowed a pension of $25,000 a year when his party goes out of office; but in consideration of this pension he continues to act as Law Lord.

Richard Burdon Haldane—syllabically Hall-dane—was born fifty-seven years ago in Edinburgh, and is a member of an old Scottish family. He received his early training at Edinburgh Academy and Edinburgh University, and, call it prophetic instinct or what you will, his young fellow-students at once found for him a nickname, that of "the Lord Chancellor," an office for which he was destined nearly forty years later.



THE WOOLSACK

The official seat of the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords; it stands in front of the King's throne

While most of his contemporaries were struggling with the Greek Lexicon, he was presiding over the Philomathic and Philosophic Societies, and the seeds of his learning were already blossoming into sturdy saplings. From Edinburgh he went to Göttingen, where he absorbed with his Teutonic training an admiration for German institutions and ideals that has well served, not him only, but the British people at large.

On leaving university life, flushed with the honors which the four Scottish Universities for Philosophy heaped upon him when he was only twenty years of age, he entered the law in England and quickly gained a lucrative practice. As a lawyer he exuded an atmos-

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phere of convincing, vigorous mental superiority, philosophical rectitude, and urbanity which enabled him to bring learned judges to his view.

While he was working at the Chancery Bar, with a practice that endowed him with a very large income, he found time to translate, in collaboration with a friend, Schopenhauer's "World as Will and Idea." He also collaborated with Professor Seth in publishing "Essays in Philosophical Criticism," while his other literary work included the "Life of Adam Smith" and "Education and Empire." But the empire over which his intellect ranged was not all of this world, as witness his "Pathway to Reality," which formed the subject of his famous Gifford Lectures at St. Andrews, and in which he set himself to answer the question: "How, in the commencement of the twentieth century, ought we to conceive God?" For Religion is the elder sister of Philosophy, and Lord Haldane's mind is broad enough for both.

In 1885 he was elected to the House of Commons as Liberal member for the Scottish constituency of Haddingtonshire. He was transferred to the House of Lords in 1911, not because he had any personal craving to be a peer, although he may have had an ambition to be Lord Chancellor. He was sent to the Lords because the Government Front Bench stood sorely in need of strengthening.

He had represented the same constituency in the House of Commons for twenty-five years. He belonged to the Liberal-Imperial school, wherein his endless range of knowledge and almost superhuman capacity for hard work and hard thinking distinguished him as a man apart, destined for great achievements and high honors. His ideals have been always in close harmony with those of Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, of whom he has been a lifelong friend.

Lord Haldane has been always a commanding figure in political life, and an intellectual giant. He is acknowledged to be the most erudite man in the British Parliament. "No one," said a political cynic, "could possibly be as wise as Lord Haldane looks." And yet the Lord Chancellor of England not only does look clever, he is as learned as he looks. He combines an enthusiasm for popular causes with a passion for philosophy and scholarship. He is a born optimist. "He is always cheerful, never worries, and works incessantly," said Lord Haldane's mother of him not very long since. In other words, he has the stimulative agents of mental and physical fitness which are the God-given attributes of the man in public life. He has a Napoleonic cast of features, but his mental resemblance to the Little Corporal begins and ends with his genius for organization. A man of his commanding presence might be supposed to possess a voice like the Bull of Bashan, but it is soft and soothing as zephyr breezes. His argumentative facility halts not, neither does it stumble. He divides a speech into sections and sub-sections and sub-sub-sections, and deserts the main channel of his argument to meander on and on along some new tributary, to return, however, with unfailing accuracy to his main theme. In outlining a great scheme he will give each member of his audience the impression that the one thing needful to his perfect happiness is that individual's approval—that his sole reason for laying bare his mind with transparent frankness and simplicity is to secure that approval; and where is he in whose breast the milk of human kindness has so dried up that he can withhold the sympathy that is so unostentatiously invited? It is a cheerful, optimistic, sympathetic personality.

Lord Haldane's greatest achievement is his record as Minister of War. When, in December, 1905, on the eve of the first great Liberal triumph, the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman sent for him and suggested one or two offices, Mr. Haldane—as he then was—replied that there was one office about which he knew very little, but which he would like to have on account of the fascinating problems which it presented. "What is that?" inquired Sir Henry. "The War Office," answered Mr. Haldane. The Prime Minister was astonished, but pleased. "No one will touch it with a pole," he said, and there and then Mr. Haldane became the willing horse. He took upon his shoulders a stupendous task. War Office administration, under the previous Conservative Government, had become synonymous with inefficiency and bungling. It had sunk to its lowest depths when Mr. Brodrick—now Viscount Midleton—was War Minister and Lord Roberts Commander-in-Chief, just after the South African War. It was run by obsolete methods; the old Volunteer system had broken down; "graft" existed during and immediately after the war; new phantom army corps were created on paper; the War Office had become the despair of statesmen.

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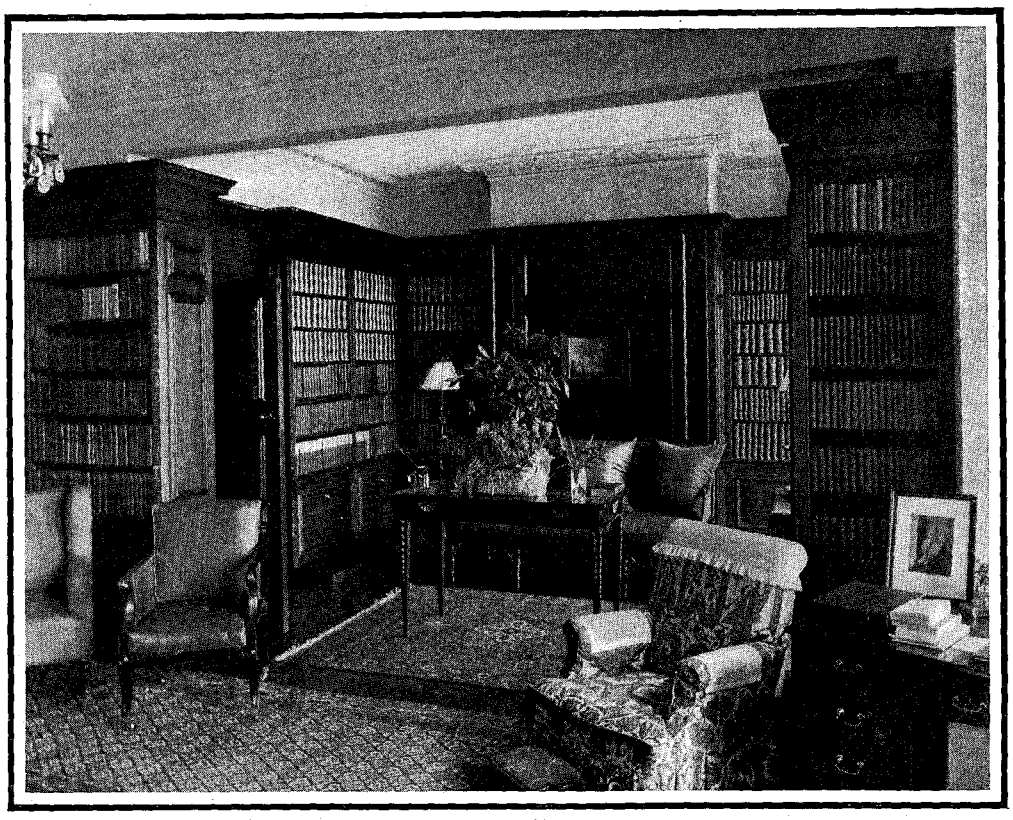

LORD HALDANE'S LIBRARY

Although a lawyer, Haldane showed before long that he was a brilliant organizer; he revolutionized every department of the War Office. It was immediately acknowledged that there never had been so able a War Minister; and, when, after six years, he quit the office, he left it more efficient than it had ever been.

Lord Haldane started on a well-defined plan of reorganization so far as the forces were concerned. He held that the first line of defense for a country so peculiarly situated as Great Britain was the navy. His plan, therefore, was to provide out of the regular army an expeditionary force for over-sea service larger than anything that the country had hitherto been capable of sending forth at short notice, while this army was also to be adapted for recruiting, in time of war, Britain's Indian dependency and other outposts of empire. He did not intend to denude Britain; his object was to provide for home defense a Citizen Army—to bring into proper cohesion all the old-time military forces, the Regulars, the Militia, the Yeomanry, and the Volunteers. It meant the ending of the volunteer force, which became the popular "Territorials" under County Associations. Coincident with greater efficiency, Lord Haldane aimed at reduced expenditure on what was practically a new army. And, having matured his scheme and set the machinery in motion, he did not spare himself in bringing personally to the notice of every man in the country his new policy. For months he spoke almost daily at public meetings, appealing to the good sense and patriotism of his countrymen to make the Territorial Force a success. This Citizen Army, properly organized and rendered efficient, was to be the answer to the Conscriptionists. "If I were a Frenchman or a German," said Lord Haldane a few weeks ago, "I should accept the notion of a nation in arms and the entire manhood of the country compulsorily trained to defense, because I should feel that it was impossible without that to resist the enemy who might come over the imaginary land frontier and conquer my country. But we live in an island, and put our faith in the command of the sea."

Many British military experts are of opinion

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that Lord Haldane's triumph in the reform of the Regular Army was greater even than his success in creating an entirely new fighting machine in the personnel of the Territorials.

Apart from having perfected the expeditionary force and created the Territorials, he instituted the General Staff in 1906, a body of distinguished officers to whom has been delegated a voice in the business management of the army, along with the work of training in peace and leading in war. He initiated the Officers' Training Corps, while the Technical and National Reserves, in connection with whom he transmitted to private citizens some of his own energy and enthusiasm, are also products of the last six years. The Cadet organization, in addition, took a new form, which received the approbation of King Edward VII a short time before his death.

The Army Estimates for 1912–1913 furnish eloquent testimony to the economies introduced by Lord Haldane during the six years that he was Minister of War. They amount to $139,300,000, and represent a saving of about $10,000,000 as compared with the last financial year of the last Conservative Government. He combined economy with efficiency.

The War Minister was a marvel as a business man. Before he assumed command the War Office was a tangle of red tape. The officials occupied a large part of their time in writing to each other from adjoining rooms; it took days and sometimes weeks to obtain a decision. Lord Haldane soon abolished all these bad traditions. He set the example himself by being accessible to every one who had any call to see him. When differences of opinion on policy arose between officials or officers, he had them before him and settled matters at once. He carried through big transactions with a rapidity which astonished those accustomed to old routine methods. The British War Minister has a prodigious amount of work to do in normal times in the way of conferences, correspondence, official functions, etc., besides which he has to pass most of the day in Parliament. Lord Haldane is one of those extraordinary men who do a lot of work without even appearing to be busy. When a visitor called upon him at the War Office he was found sitting at the head of a big table, smoking a cigar, without a scrap of paper before him; the table was clean; one basket might contain a bundle of letters to sign, another a series of official documents; newspapers lay in orderly array on another table, but the Minister was apparently doing nothing. He talked to you in a quiet, leisurely way and promptly finished the business you had to do with him.

Lord Haldane is a man with a well-trained mind and a gift for method and organization. All the time that he was at the War Office he found time not only to do his share of work as a member of the Cabinet and to deliver more speeches than his colleagues, but he was Chairman of a Royal Commission on University Education. He has a passion for education. An educational reformer before he is an army reformer, his view is that moral power, and not brute force, commands predominance in the world; that armaments will tend to diminish and ultimately to become extinct; and that the appallingly increased effectiveness of the means of destruction to which the advancing science of war is yearly adding, and the accompanying increase in the burden of cost, are progressingly cogent arguments against the force of arms. Lord Haldane's scheme of improved educational facilities has for its object the formation of tastes rather than the mere communication of knowledge, and he would have democracy insist on equality of opportunity as something that should be within the reach of every youth and maiden. He loses no chance which offers to preach the gospel of Civic Universities, and he has been instrumental in stimulating and encouraging the foundation of a number of new university colleges. To him also belongs the credit of a British Charlottenburg—a high technical school. His great ambition as an educational reformer is to see public education in England democratized so that the best training will be available for the poorest children, and that the ladder between the common or elementary school and the university will be complete. He feels that the Liberal Government, of which he is a member, has failed to deal adequately with education, and he is the real author of a new Reform Bill about to be introduced and the inspirer of the policy which it represents. I would not be surprised if, should the Liberals continue in office for many more years, Lord Haldane stepped down from the august and mighty office of Lord Chancellor and became Minister of Education.

Since he has been a member of Mr. Asquith's Cabinet, Lord Haldane has taken a keen interest in foreign policy. The weak spot in British foreign policy in recent years

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NATURE MONTH BY MONTH

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL

SEPTEMBER—THE RIPENING MONTH

AN English poet has written,

"The sultry summer past, September comes,
Soft twilight of the slow declining year."

But this will not do at all for our American September. The flame of summer has by no means died down—often it flares high before the month closes. Only the longer coolness of the dark hours gives the month much distinction from August, and, weary of the heat, we welcome the occasional chilly breeze or rain from the North, as suggestive of bracing days to come. The outdoor world seems likewise worn and faded. All the streams are sluggish and half empty, their fishes dull in hue. Hillsides and meadows are mottled with brown, and where a fortnight ago stood a field of waving gold one sees only grizzly stubble, with whirling flocks of sparrows, or shore-larks, and quail, calling anxiously. The foliage in the woods and along the roads is dusty, droops a little, and sprinkles the ground with crumpled, insect-bitten leaves whenever a wind shakes the tree-tops.

Their falling lets in the ripening sunlight, and more and more reveals the products of a busy season's work—a wealth of fruits, red, golden, black and white, burdening the tree boughs and glistening among vines and herbage. Heaps of ripe apples dapple the green-sward of the orchard; and "peaches with downy cheeks, wearing the blush of mellow ripeness, are drooping voluptuously from their slender boughs," as Wilson Flagg depicts it.

Animal life responds to the quieting influences of the aging summer as it adorns itself with purple and gold. The furry mammals are shedding their hair in ragged patches, among which are slowly growing the new and warmer coats for which trappers are waiting. The autumnal molting of the birds is also at hand. The fledglings, now fully grown, are putting off childish ways and clothes, and getting new suits more or less like those of their parents. Sometimes, in mature birds, the change is more apparent than real, due to wearing away of the colored tips of the feathers; but it is often true and striking, as in the cases of the scarlet tanager, bobolink, goldfinch, and others, which lose their gay nuptial dress and put on a traveling suit of soberer hue.

All the wood-folk are making haste to grow fat—especially woodchucks, which do not neglect the good things our gardens provide whenever there is a hole in the fence; and they, and the skunks and chipmunks, are digging the deep burrows to which they will presently retire. Now, too, as the corn develops into its sweet, milky stage, the 'coons, old and young, come to feed on the juicy kernels—stealing from the woods by moonlight, watching for dogs and men, dodging among the shadows, racing across the lights, and with eager whimpering stripping the husks from the coveted ears. The milky corn is climbed and nibbled by mice and squirrels too, but they go by daylight.

The characteristic feature of the month in the naturalist's eyes, however, is the southward return of the birds. The domestic duties which urged them to hasten northward in the spring are completed, and back they come to their winter haunts in the South. Restlessness to depart seems to stir them as soon as they have seen that the family eggs are hatched and the young are becoming able to travel. Again we notice unfamiliar sorts last seen in May, and their coming seems to excite our resident birds to take to the long road. Snipe and shore-birds gather in chattering bands and dart away in the dusk to marshes not threatened by frost; the woodland songsters flit cautiously from copse to copse; ducks and geese cleave their way through the twilight to fresh feeding-places; and the marshes are clouded with vast flocks of blackbirds, swallows, and the like, congregating to fly southward in company.

In this gregarious tendency the autumnal migration differs very strikingly from the spring flight. The birds always seem at this season less hurried than in spring, loafing along by day—for food is still abundant—and making their journeys mainly after dark.

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has been a certain misunderstanding with Germany arising partly from naval rivalry. Last year Lord Haldane went on a mission to Berlin and began a new policy leading to mutual confidence and trust between England and Germany. That policy has been quietly but steadily developed since Lord Haldane's memorable visit. No one is better fitted to represent England in these friendly negotiations. German statesmen admire him, and know that he knows their character and the institutions of their country better than any other Englishman. He approaches German statesmen with an intelligent appreciation and sympathy. He is on friendly terms with the Kaiser and the Kaiser's chief Ministers. This friendship with the Emperor William and the veneration in which he holds German philosophers are shown in Lord Haldane's house in Queen Anne's Gate, overlooking St. James's Park, where a portrait of the Emperor, who has lunched here when on a visit to London, occupies the place of honor. Here are also hung portraits of his mentors, Hegel, Goethe, Schiller, Voltaire, and so forth, while the literature which crowds the bookshelves in his library is largely German. The German Emperor recently accepted five thousand copies of Lord Haldane's book, "Universities and Public Life," for distribution among the school libraries of the Real-Gymnasia in the German Empire. On the occasion of one of his recent visits to Berlin, Lord Haldane was presented by the Emperor with a bronze bust of his Majesty and a graciously worded autograph letter. In all that has taken place between England and Germany since Lord Haldane opened the door for a better understanding he has played an important part, and as a result the future is full of promise both for the friendship between the British and German Empire and for the peace of Europe.

When, in 1912, Lord Haldane vacated the War Office for the Woolsack, he could not take his heart from the army, although there were aspects of the Lord Chancellorship which appealed to him. He remains a member of the Committee of Imperial Defense, and continues to give the country the benefit of his views on the Army and Imperial Defense. One of the last reforms which he carried out before leaving the War Office was the creation of a joint naval and war staff, bringing the two great defense departments into closer co-operation.

Lord Haldane, who is a bachelor, lives in Queen Anne's Gate, a quaint old-fashioned street near the Houses of Parliament, and overlooking St. James's Park. It is a street which is in process of transition and is being taken possession of by architects, engineers, and official offices. At one end of it stands the new administrative mansion of the Anglo-American Oil Company—the British branch of the Standard Oil Trust.

LOVELINESS

BY MADISON CAWEIN

How good it is, when overwrought,
To seek the woods and find a thought
That to the soul's receptive sense
Delivers dreams as evidence
Of truths for which man long has sought!
Truths that no vulture years contrive
To rob the soul of, holding it
To all the glory infinite
Of beauty that shall aye survive.

Still shall it lure us. Year by year,
Addressing now the spirit ear
With thoughts, and now the spirit eye
With visions that like gods go by,
Filling the mind with bliss and fear,
In spite of Science' scoff, that mocks
The Loveliness of old, nor minds
The ancient myths, gone with the winds,
The soul still finds 'midst woods and rocks.

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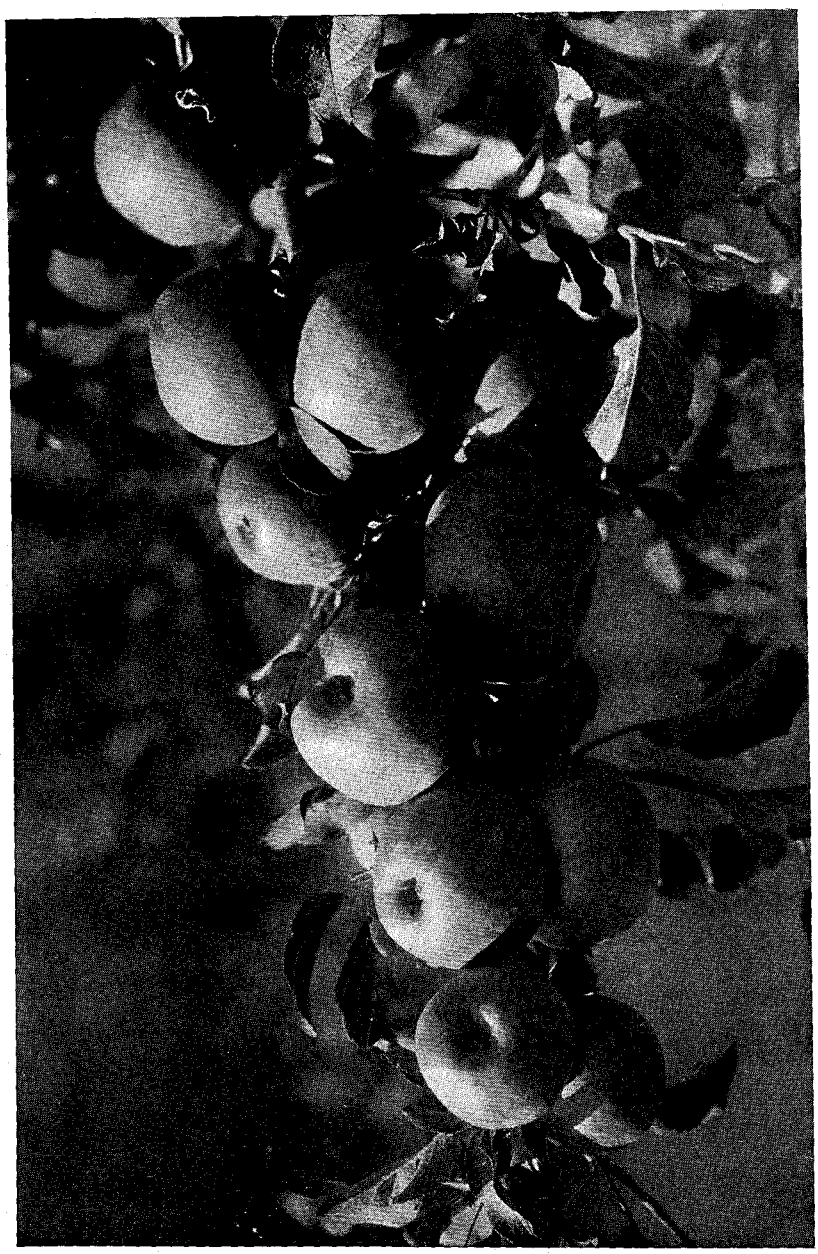

"A WEALTH OF FRUITS, RED, GOLDEN, BLACK AND WHITE, BURDENING THE TREE BOUGHS"

In clear nights, and especially when the moon shines, they rise to a high plane and bear straight away on their course; but when the nights are dark and misty, as often happens toward the end of the month, they skim low over the trees and houses, feeling their way along, and often getting confused and scattered. Then it is that they knock at high windows or swarm about lighthouses, attracted by the glow. On such nights no one who is out in a quiet, open place, where the chatter of the katydids and tree-frogs does not fill his ears, can fail to hear in the gloom above him the almost incessant voices of passing birds, calling to one another in the effort to keep together. It is one of the pleasures of the early autumn to listen to these anxious little aviators, winging their way to the tropics.

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"SURE—I'LL COME"

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AMERICANIZING PAOLO

BY ADRIANA SPADONI

WITH DRAWINGS BY WLADYSLAW BENDA

THE THIRD AND LAST STORY OF ITALIAN LIFE IN AMERICA

"THEM last medallions ain't set in right." The forelady looked at Teresa Soracco, and there was more than dissatisfaction with the medallions in her eyes.

"I guess there ain't much the matter with them medallions."

"When I say they ain't right, they ain't. See?" The forelady's thin lips set.

"All right. Put it up to Barney. I'm willin'." Before the other could stop her Teresa had beckoned to the young foreman, and he was coming quickly down between the long lines of whirring machines.

"She says they ain't in right." Teresa looked up softly from under her thick black lashes. "What's the matter with 'em? No other forelady ever said my work was bum, an' I been here four years."

Barney Farrol's blue eyes glanced hastily over the work and then settled on the throbbing spot at the base of Teresa's round, brown throat.

"They look all right to me. What's the matter with them?" He turned to the girl standing aside, watching him with cold, hard eyes.

"If *that* kind of work satisfies you—nothing. You're boss." A fine red ran under the forelady's white, freckled skin. Her lips parted, but she turned and walked away without saying anything. "Damn wop!" she muttered. "Any one can get a man that goes for him like that."

Teresa Soracco looked after her with a smile. The smile broadened, she shrugged and turned to the pile of garments beside her. As she did so she caught sight of Paolo Scorti's face. For a moment she sat, half turned, held by the blazing anger in Paolo's eyes. Then she looked back and up at Barney Farrol, still standing beside her.

"I guess I'll look for another shop. I'm tired of her pickin' on me." Teresa's red lips quivered.

"Oh, I say, kid, don't get miffed for a thing like that." Barney Farrol's hand rested for a moment on Teresa's shoulder. "It's hot, and I guess she's tired. You're the best operator in the shop."

"Well—ain't it hot for me too? I ain't goin' to stand for it."

"Sure. I'll fix it. She won't pick on *you* no more, believe me."

"If she does, I'm quittin', see?" Teresa fitted the work under the foot. The machine whirred.

"I say, kid!"

The machine whirred on.

"Tessie!"

"Well?" Teresa threw the finished nightgown on its pile.

"Would—you—care about going to a dance some night? There's a swell one at Hinman's, on Sixth Avenue, to morrow."

Teresa turned. Her eyes passed over the cutting-table and Paolo. He was still standing rigid, his jaw set, his face black with anger. She smiled straight into Barney Farrol's eyes. "Sure—I'll come."

"Good." Teresa was bent over her machine again, but Barney Farrol stood for a moment looking down at the tiny black curls that clung about her ears. Then he went.

The long hot afternoon dragged to a close. The machines roared. The electric fans whirled the suffocating air. Paolo Scorti worked with his back to Teresa. His hands were cold, and from time to time they trembled violently. But the blood roared in his ears louder than the whirring belts of the machines. He had seen. Teresa Soracco had smiled into the eyes of a man. And this man had touched her, twice put his hand on the thin, open lace of her waist. When the gong sounded at five-thirty, Paolo took his hat and coat and was on the street before the first elevator emptied its load.

Teresa Soracco and Filomena Ricardi came down in the third trip. As they stepped out on the sidewalk Filomena looked about nervously with her little red-rimmed eyes.

"He is not here. What hast thou done, wicked one? For the first time he waits not to walk with us."

"*Bene!*" Teresa shrugged her indifference. "He can go where he likes. There are others."

Filomena shook her head. "No, no; thou cannot make so with a man."

"Bah! This is not Italy. No man shall say to me, 'Do this, do that,' like Amadeo says to Carmela and she runs like a dog."

Filomena slipped her hand into Teresa's

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arms. "But his face was black like the blackness above Vesuvio when the boss talked with thee."

"So." Teresa nodded her complete satisfaction. "And what color, then, will it be when he hears that to-morrow night I go with the boss to a dance?"

"Holy Mary, Mother of Jesus, save us!" Filomena's hand dropped from Teresa's arm. "Thou wilt not do that!"

"Most surely will I do so. Dost think I will grow old, bent all day above a machine and at night over the cursed coats, till the eyes fall out on the face, to look only at the needles and the face of that frog Pepe?"

Filomena sighed. "Truly, he cannot stand before the glass with Paolo, but he has a good business and he hopes soon to buy a house on Grand Street."

"He may buy twenty houses. He has the face of a frog."

Filomena's little red eyes saddened. She shrugged her thin shoulders submissively. "*Ecco!* Thou art young and pretty, Teresa. But there are many girls in New York who—"

Teresa turned quickly. "*Amiga mia*," she whispered. "Wilt do a favor for me—a great favor—and I will return it to thee in *any* way thou wilt."

"Thou knowest, little one—if it is possible."

"*Cara*, to-morrow night I will tell the father that thou art sick and that I stay with thee. In this way only can I go to the dance."

"Holy Virgin, but that is not possible! Thou knowest—"

"*Carissima*, do this for me, and I will make it that thou shalt be godmother to the little Carlino. Pepe will be the godfather."

The sallow girl blushed. "He will not—"

Teresa laughed. "It is for thee to say. He looks for a wife."

Filomena did not answer, but Teresa felt the fingers trembling on her arm. They walked on silently. When they came to the door of the tenement where Teresa lived, they stopped.

"Well? Thou wilt do what I ask, Filomena *mia?* Thou wilt not refuse?"

"*Bene.* I will do it. Thou couldst beg the heart from the devil, little pigeon."

Teresa threw her arms about the other's neck and kissed her. "Remember also," she whispered, "he has a fine business and looks to buy a house on Grand Street." Laughing, she vanished into the blackness of the long hall.

Filomena walked on, thoughtful, through the crowded street cluttered with babies and shrieking women and brawling hucksters. As she passed the bakeshop of Il Sorcio, the Mouse, she met Paolo hurrying in. At his "*Buona sera*" Filomena's heart beat quickly. The little red eyes were soft as she looked after him.

"If he—" Filomena sighed. She was not envious. It was so useless. She went on to the three small rooms on the top floor where she and her old grandmother lived alone—two good, ugly women without a man.

As Paolo came quickly into the little room behind the shop Il Sorcio looked up from the corner of the table where he was eating his supper.

"*Bene, bene*, thou art just in time! Such a fine spaghetti thou hast never eaten. Sit! Sit!" He pushed another fork and the saucepan of spaghetti across the table. Paolo drew up a chair. Mechanically he plunged the fork into the soft mass, twisted a little on his fork, and raised the fork to his lips. Then he threw the fork of twisted spaghetti on the floor and pushed back his chair.

"By the blood of San Gennaro," he burst out, like a rocket, "I will kill her!"

Il Sorcio swallowed his spaghetti, took a mouthful of wine, and wiped his mustache on the back of his hand.

"So. Thou art in love."

Paolo glared. "I am in hell. One thousand devils eat my heart. I—" Paolo's voice broke. He covered his face with his hands. "She is beautiful—so beautiful! The eyes like stars and the throat like the breast of a dove."

Il Sorcio pushed the spaghetti nearer. "I will believe as thou sayest, but the eyes will not be more dull nor the throat less like the breast of the dove because thou dost not eat this fine spaghetti. Come."

But Paolo got up and began walking about the small room.

"*Madonna mia, Madre de Dio*, I will kill that boss, that Irish! Chained like a dog, I see him come close. He talks. She laughs into his eyes. He puts the hands on her." Little drops of dampness broke out on Paolo's forehead. With his hands he tried to crush the pictures in his throbbing brain. "Twice to-day he puts the hands so. He feels the skin through the lace, and I—by my hope of paradise, I will kill him!"

"So. So. Most surely thou must kill

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him!" Il Sorcio pulled the ragged end of his gray mustache in thought. "Thou hast been in this country three months. Already thou art tired to take every Saturday eighteen good dollars. *Ecco!* It is better to make shoes for the State till they put thee into a chair and kill thee with a bolt of lightning." Il Sorcio laughed. "And for a girl who three months ago was like a rock at the bottom of the sea to thee! Who is this witch who lights the fire in thy heart, my son?"

"Teresa," Paolo whispered it reverently, "Teresa Soracco."

"Holy saints!" Il Sorcio rocked with mirth. "The Soracco! She who makes the rich Pepe run like a dog at the end of a string. And now thee."

Paolo whirled on him. "Pepe?"

"*Ecco!* Who else? Is he not rich? Art asleep that thou knowest not what the world says? But she waits. She plays like a cat with a mouse. She is an American, thy loved one, with the heart of ice. Deep in the heart she has shame of our people. She waits for an American with a fine house in Harlem, far away from Mott Street."

Paolo sat down heavily. His trembling hands made pitiful gestures of repulsion, beating back the words of Pepe as if they were blows. "It—is—not—true. She is good."

"*Ecco!*" Il Sorcio poured another glass of thin, sour wine. Then he laid his hand kindly on Paolo's arm. "Listen. Many come, as thou, to talk to the Mouse, because he is old and has seen much. *Bene.* Then listen when I tell thee that if in the shell of thy head thou hast sense as much as a dried pea, thou wilt say to her, 'Go marry with Pepe. With an American.' And thou wilt look for a wife among those who have been not so long in this cursed country where the children laugh at the parents and the girls say to the men, 'In this way shalt thou do.' *Ecco!* There is the Ricardi. She is good. She learns not yet the wickedness of America."

"The—Ricardi—with the—face of a horse!"

"*Bene.* In three, four, five years it is the same, the face of a horse, a goat, an angel. I who am old say these things of much knowledge."

"Enough." Paolo jumped up. He stood over the old man. His hand beat the truth of his statements. His eyes blazed. "To-night I go to the house of Soracco. No longer do I play this game of child. With the fire of my love I burn from her brain this wickedness of America. I will marry with Teresa Soracco—or—I will cut the throat."

"*Bene.*" Il Sorcio shrugged indifferently. "To marry or to cut the throat—it is the same. But the throat is thine."

Long after Paolo had gone Il Sorcio sat, smiling into space. At last he emptied the bottle into his glass. "To youth," he said, softly, and sighed as he wiped his mustache on his sleeve.

Paolo's heart beat so that he could hear it as he stood waiting for the door to open. As he entered the kitchen he saw only a confused blur and felt that he was walking through a thick fog.

"Good-evening. Thou art a stranger. In a moment we finish this hand." Tomasso Soracco looked up from the table where he and Pepe sat playing cards. Paolo's throat tightened.

"Continue. No ceremony, please. I come only for a moment." Paolo crossed to the corner where Maria Soracco sat steadily sewing, a great pile of unfinished coats on the floor beside her.

"As always, you work, Signora."

Maria Soracco's tired eyes smiled at Paolo. "It takes much to live." She nodded to the corner where three small children sat playing with some scraps of bright paper. Paolo's eyes drifted with apparent carelessness about the kitchen, back to the pile of coats. "And the Signorina Teresa is too tired at night, she cannot help?"

"Most surely she helps, always, two, three hours, when there is work. But to-night the best friend, Filomena Ricardi, is sick. She stays with her,"

"Fil-o-men-a Ricardi—is sick?"

Maria Soracco folded a finished coat and began on another. "So, for two days she keeps the bed. She is not strong. I remember in the old country the mother of this one was always sick. Those with the faces so long and yellow are weak in the heart."

The spool he was fingering dropped from Paolo's hands. Stupidly he watched it roll away under the stove. His head whirled. He felt himself spinning dizzily through space. His heart was beating in his throat to escape. Dimly he saw Maria Soracco bending toward him. "Thou art ill. Thy face is red like fire."

Paolo heard himself laugh, something lifted him to his feet.

"It is nothing. A little—congestion—in

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the head. To-day the shop was *inferno*. With a little sleep—it will go."

She had lied to her people. There could be but one reason. She was with the boss. Somewhere out in the warm, dark night they were alone. Like the American girls he saw late at night on the streets, she was somewhere, walking close to the other, her hand in his, laughing up with her wonderful eyes, chattering the English he, Paolo, could not speak.

"*Madonna mia*, grant that I live through this night!" Paolo stopped in the middle of the crowded street and pressed his cold fingers on his eyes. But the pictures burned through the lids.

Il Sorcio was right. She was an American. She had a heart of ice. She had made a fool of the fat, stupid Pepe. She would have fooled him too. She laughed at the standards of her people. She slipped away in the night, like a cheap woman of the streets, to be alone with a man of another race. Friends called to Paolo as he passed. He went on without hearing. At last he came to Washington Square, where he had come with Il Sorcio the first Sunday he was in America. It was crowded. Paolo threw himself on the ground and buried his face in the cool grass. Children ran close to him, shrieking in play. Women laughed and chatted above the babies asleep in their arms. Men shouted in argument. With his face in the grass, Paolo saw the shy girls with soft, expectant eyes who sat together on the benches watching the young man pass and repass. And he saw the hot love in the men's eyes searching out the girls. The summer night was heavy with passion. It ran like fire over Paolo's quivering nerves, while under him the cool, quiet earth seemed to mock him in its unchanging peace.

He got up and began walking again, away from the cool grass and the men and women calling silently to each other. As he turned into Sixth Avenue and began walking north gradually a little peace came to him. The rattle of the cars, the thunder of the elevated, soothed him strangely. It was as if something beside himself was being shaken and torn by a power stronger than itself. Girls in thin dresses with powdered faces passed. They looked into his face boldly, with their pale American eyes. For the first time since he had come to New York Paolo wished that he could talk English. This was the race that Teresa loved above her own. She spoke their language. She understood their ways. She wanted to live among them always. To-night she was off alone, like one of the bold girls who passed with one of their men. And he, like a fool, must wander about alone. A wave of fury swept over him. He stood still. His dark eyes searched hungrily. Two tall girls were coming towards him. One was very pale, with hair like fire and eyes like dead ashes. They sauntered by. The taller girl looked back and stopped.

"Kind of lonely standin' round by yourself, ain't it?" she drawled, sleepily.

"Sure." It was the one word Paolo knew.

The shorter girl laughed. "Oh, come on. He's a guinea." She pulled her companion by the arm. Paolo's hand went out quickly to stop her.

"Well, he's one good-lookin' wop, all right." The tall girl freed herself. "Maybe he'll be good for a cream. I'm melted." She smiled at Paolo with her dead eyes. He stood looking at her helplessly. From the windows of the hall above came the soft shuffle of many feet and the blaring notes of a waltz. Suddenly Paolo pointed up. He would dance furiously in the hot night with this pale, cold girl and forget Teresa for a little.

"Sure." The heavy lids half closed over the girl's ashlike eye. Her slim body undulated with the rhythm. "Sure, I'd die dancin'." She shook off her companion. "Run along, Nellie. Me and the guinea has a date." The short girl turned angrily. "If I couldn't get a bid from a white man, I'd stay home." Then she laughed and went. Paolo and the pale girl went up the stairs.

It was crowded. Couple after couple glided by, their whole bodies swaying sensuously to the music. The men, in their shirt-sleeves, held their partners close. The thin dresses of the girls clung damply. Some of them lay listlessly in their partners' arms, as if, overcome by the heat and the dreamy rhythm, they no longer moved by their own volition. Paolo put his arm about the pale girl and stood for a moment waiting to swing into time. As he stood, slowly in the circling stream Barney Farrol and Teresa waltzed toward him. Her head was down, Paolo could not see her face. Barney bent over her, talking. They reversed. Barney's body hid her. They came on toward Paolo.

The pale girl looked heavily at Paolo. "What's got yuh? You're shakin' like a leaf? Sombody give yuh the Evil Eye?"

Before any one could stop him, Paolo was

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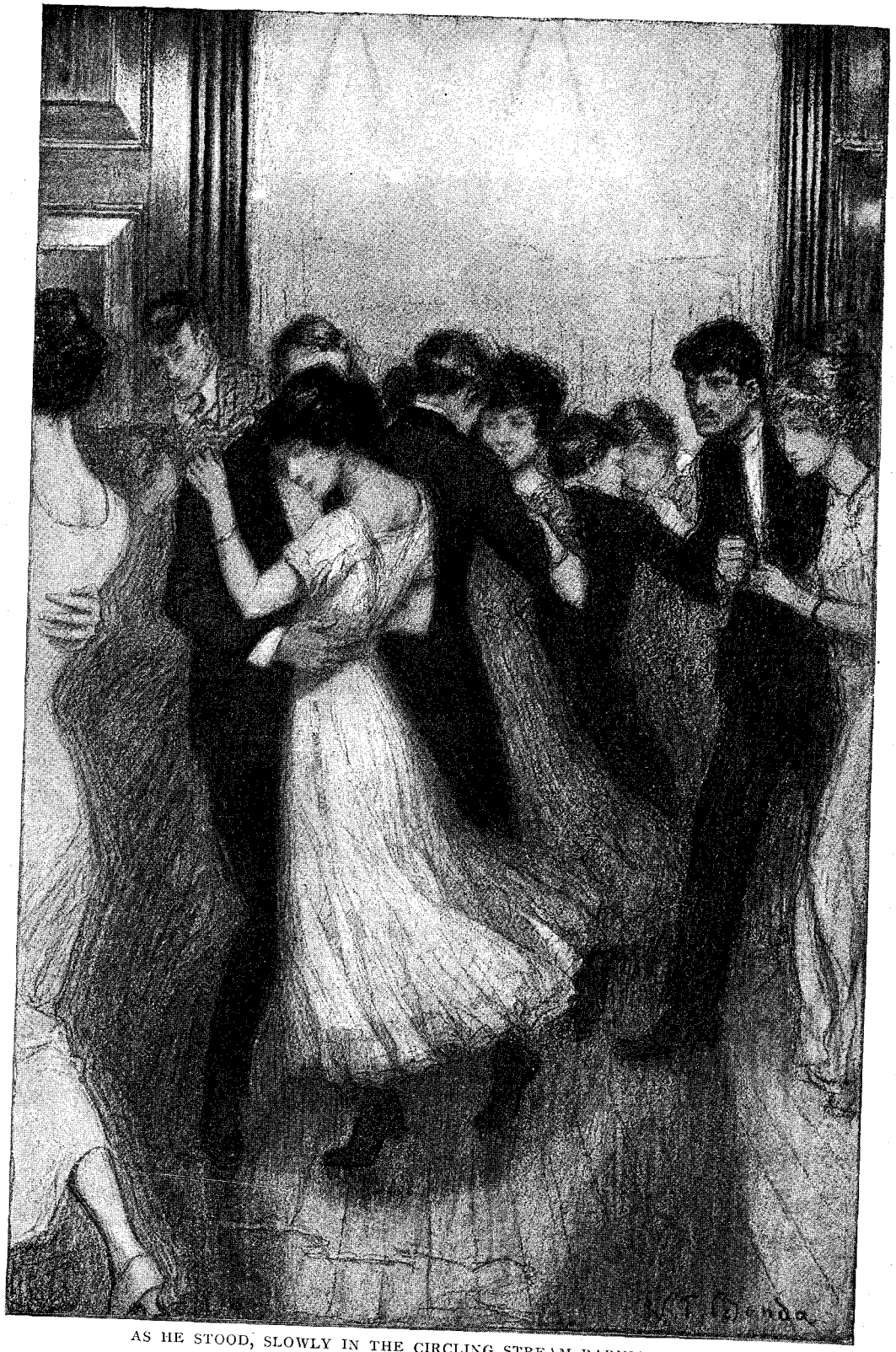

AS HE STOOD, SLOWLY IN THE CIRCLING STREAM BARNEY FARROL AND TERESA WALTZED TOWARD HIM

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across the floor. His hands gripped Barney Farrol's throat. His knee was in the middle of Barney Farrol's back! They went down together. For a moment the music blared on and those at the far end of the hall danced. Then a girl screamed. The waltz died with a screech. A dense mass packed itself about the two men on the floor. Some one rushed to the window and blew a police whistle. But no one dared to touch Paolo. With the feel of the other under his hands Paolo went mad. His eyes glared in his white face. Again and again he beat Barney Farrol's head on the polished floor.

Suddenly he was jerked backwards. Teresa's smooth arms were fast about his neck. "Paolo, Paolo!" she called. "Thou art mad. Stop! Thou art mistaken." She held him close. Her breath came hot on his cheek. He turned and looked at her as if she were a stranger. "Paolo!" she pleaded. Her voice quivered; he felt her trembling.

"Thou—thou—" Before the look in his eyes Teresa shrank back. In the tense stillness she heard his breathing, loud and whistling between his teeth. "By the Holy Mother, thou art wrong! He is nothing to me. I swear it! No more than the dirt on the street."

"To dance—so—in the arms of that—devil." Paolo rose suddenly and stood over the shrinking girl. "When he hears it, thy father will kill thee, and—I—could kill—thee now." His clenched hands moved above her head. Men reached out to hold him. But Teresa's arms went wide in complete abandonment to his will. "Kill me, Paolo," she whispered. "For—now—thou wilt—never love me—never!" She hid her face in her arms and sobbed.

Barney Farrol rose slowly to his feet. The heavy step of a policeman sounded on the stairs. Paolo brushed his hand twice across his eyes as if he brushed away a film. Then he bent and forced Teresa's arms from her face. She looked up into his eyes. Her lips trembled.

"It—was—thee—always."

Paolo's arms tightened about her. They were alone in the silent, watching crowd. The policeman reached through and touched Barney Farrol's shoulder. "What's the charge?" "Loving a mighty nice girl that loves him, I guess," Barney answered, slowly, rubbing his throat and the back of his head. Then he laughed as he led the deafening applause. Teresa's face flamed. She slipped from Paolo's clasp.

"Let us go—*caro*," she whispered. The crowd parted and they went, Paolo a little in advance. They passed close to the pale girl, standing alone. Her lips curled. "Got yours cut out all right, woppy." But Teresa did not hear. She was looking at the back of Paolo's head with soft, bright eyes.

They walked silently away from the lights. On a dark street Teresa's fingers closed timidly over Paolo's.

"Thou—wilt forgive me, *caro?* Thou—wert—so—slow—and I—loved thee from—the first day."

In the shadow of the black hallway into which he drew her quickly Paolo looked into her eyes. "I love thee," he whispered, hotly, as he kissed her hair and lips and eyes. "I am mad with love of thee. To-morrow I go to the father—"

Teresa's arm slipped up about his neck. Her cheek lay close to his.

"The father—wishes—that I marry—with Pepe. Perhaps he—will not—"

"By the body of God," cried Paolo, angrily, "this is not Italy. Here a man cannot say to the woman, 'Thou shalt marry this man whether thou wilt or not!' Thou wilt marry with me, whether he likes or not. *Ecco!*"

"*Ecco!*" whispered Teresa, smiling quietly into Paolo's coat. "Thy will is mine, *caro*, from—now—always."

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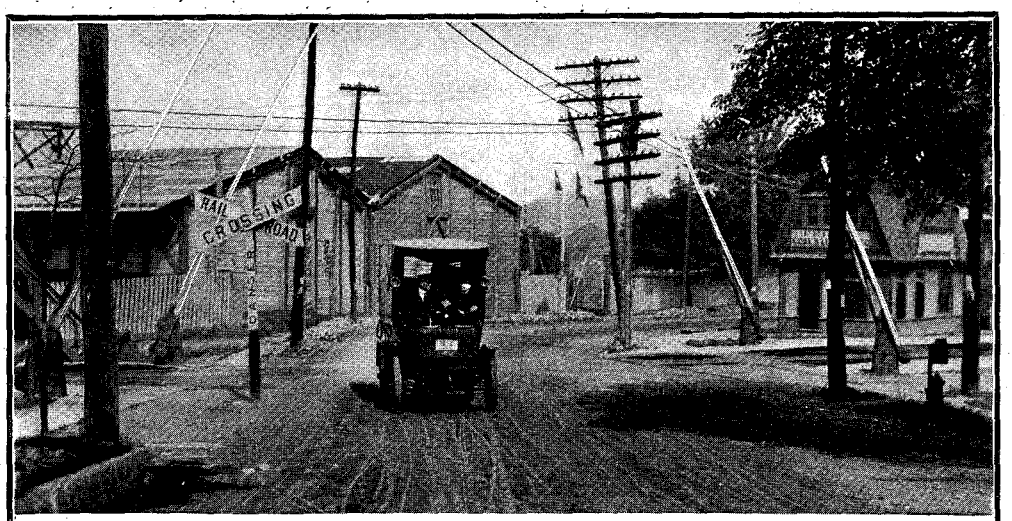

STOP, LOOK, LISTEN

BY FRANK V. WHITING

"It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortune of others."

SAGE advice, surely, to persons about to pass from a place of safety to one of real danger—from the comparative security of a paved city street or a dusty highway to and upon a railway track or tracks, over which, rushing at high speed, great locomotives, hauling heavy trains, covering not infrequently ninety feet a second, may appear at the most unexpected times. Usually, to the traveler on the highway, a collision with a train at a grade crossing is an unexpected and surprising event.

Under the law of the State of Pennsylvania, ordinary care required on the part of the traveler on the highway is that he shall not only look and listen, but he must stop and then look and listen, and he must stop where it will avail him—stop where he can look to a purpose. The courts have even gone so far as to hold that when the view is obstructed the traveler must get out of his vehicle and lead his horse across the tracks. This, no doubt, represents the extreme of care, the highest degree of care.

How many times in the past thirty days have you, Mr. Driver, driven your conveyance upon a railway track without stopping and making certain that the way was clear? How many times have you satisfied yourself with a hasty look and not even slackened your speed? How many times have you "just taken a chance" and trusted in your luck to get you across in safety?

A full page of the Monday morning newspapers issued in New York City is hardly sufficient space in which to chronicle the deaths due to automobile accidents on the previous day. A recent issue of the New York "Times" on one page reported no less than eleven deaths from the use of automobiles. With the tremendous increase in the number of automobiles used we find a constant increase in automobile accidents at railway grade crossings. They occur with sickening regularity, and it is not entirely out of consideration for those crossing that attention is called to this class of accidents, but there is an additional danger that a heavy automobile might cause a serious passenger train wreck. The automobilist has absolute and certain control of his machine. At a reasonably safe speed, approaching a track, it can be stopped within a few feet. First make certain that no train is approaching, and then proceed. In Michigan recently seven persons were killed in an automobile accident, being struck by a train while attempting to cross the tracks—standing corn obstructed

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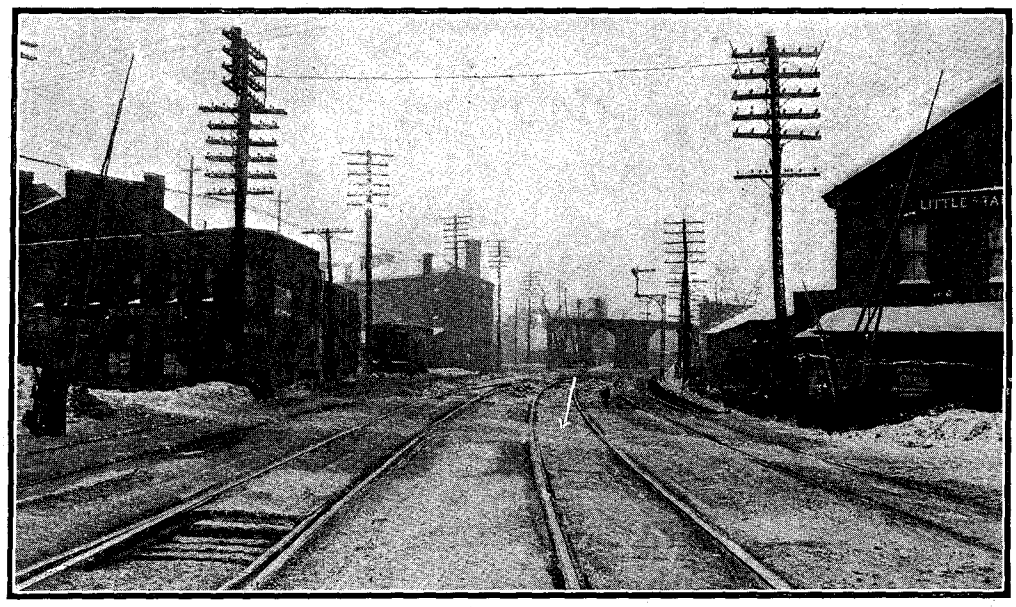
the chauffeur's view somewhat up to the right of way line—yet a little care would have avoided this accident.

I do not contend that all crossing accidents occur without fault upon the part of a railway company or its employees. Accidents on crossings protected by gates are not infrequently due to the failure of gatemen to lower the gates upon the approach of a train, or by raising them after the passage of one train while another is approaching. Sometimes the speed of an approaching train is misjudged, and the gates are not lowered soon enough. Gates are usually erected at



A YOUNG MAN WHILE WALKING ACROSS TRACKS AT THIS CROSSING WAS STRUCK BY A TRAIN AND KILLED

The crossing gates were lowered; he lived near by and knew the conditions, but failed to exercise even a little care

crossings where train and vehicular traffic is dense. Generally, at such crossings, the view of approaching trains is obstructed, so that we rarely find accidents of this kind contributed to by carelessness on the part of those who are struck while occupying a conveyance of some kind. At some places, however, the view of an approaching train is not obstructed, and even with the "gates up" accidents may be avoided by care on the part of the traveler. Many accidents at crossings protected by gates occur to pedestrians who ignore the fact that the gates are being lowered, who walk around the ends, or deliberately crawl under the gates.

Persons who come upon a railway crossing in defiance of a warning, either by word of mouth from a crossing flagman or when the gates are down, are, under the instruction of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, classified as "trespassers," "being struck or run over by engine or car at highway crossings."

Passengers, trainmen, switch-tenders, crossing-tenders, and watchmen, trackmen, and other employees on duty, employees not on duty, other persons not trespassing, and trespassers, are the classes covered by the Inter-State Commerce Commission reports.

For the two years ending June 30, 1912, the record of persons being struck or run over by engine or car at highway grade crossings was as follows:

	Killed.	Injured.
Passengers	1	3
Employees on duty	21	40
Employees not on duty	13	17
Other persons not trespassing	1,705	4,618
Trespassers	284	262
Total	2,024	4,940

While these statistics in no way attempt to fix responsibility, it is obvious at a glance that as to fatal accidents at least 14 per cent were in fault, being classed as trespassers.

About one-third of the accidents on crossings occur to pedestrians. It seems strange that so many persons find themselves unable to cross a space of at the most ten feet in

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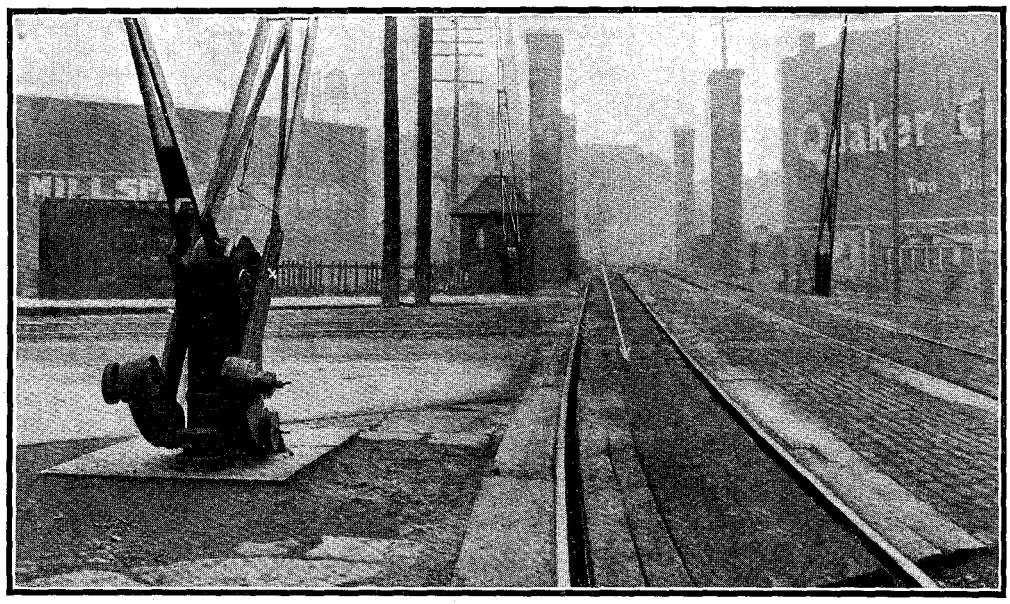
safety. A train running at a speed of 60 miles per hour covers 88 feet in a second; a man walking three miles per hour covers a trifle less than 4½ feet in a second. In other words, the man is walking one-twentieth of the speed at which the train is approaching. When the train is 400 feet away from the "point of contact," the man is 20 feet away. When the man is 10 feet away, the train is 200 feet. There are very few crossings that do not permit a view of 200 feet toward an approaching train when within ten feet of the track. The pedestrian can stop instantly. But pedestrians are frequently struck by trains running at a much slower rate of speed. Multiplicity of tracks and trains at a crossing increase the hazard materially. Occasionally a pedestrian is caught unawares and without fault on his part: the view may be obstructed and crossing signals omitted; the headlight of an engine may not be burning; a car may be suddenly shifted over a crossing; a standing train may be backed without warning.

How can you explain an accident to a pedestrian at a crossing where the view is clear? He may be absorbed in watching another train. He may be absent-minded, thinking of a debt he owes, of his home or wife or child, of the job he has just found or lost, of the house he is building; or he may be building air castles which tumble into ruins with his hopes and ambition when severely injured. He may be drunk; a thousand and one things may be the cause, but there is only one preventive, and that is care, *care*, CARE! Let the traveler on the highway get a new habit, a good habit, and that is the safety habit.

Failure to give crossing signals not infrequently is the cause of such accidents, yet no one who has been struck by a train while crossing a railway track ever heard the bell or whistle of a locomotive sounded!—although some have been honest enough to say, "The bell did not ring until the engine reached the crossing," or "The whistle was blown just as I was struck, but not before." Some years ago the writer was riding over the right-hand cylinder of an observation engine approaching a highway crossing at not less than a mile a minute, when, at from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet from the crossing, he saw a one-horse buckboard driven toward the track disappear behind a grain elevator, the driver, with his head down, looking neither to the right nor to the left—an emergency application of the brakes, and then a fatal crash. The "crossing whistle," two long and two short blasts, had been given for this crossing not once, but twice, and twenty-three out of twenty-four witnesses



WITH CROSSING GATES LOWERED, A MAN WALKED ON TO THE TRACK AND WAS KILLED BY A TRAIN

If he had waited two or three minutes he would have avoided this accident

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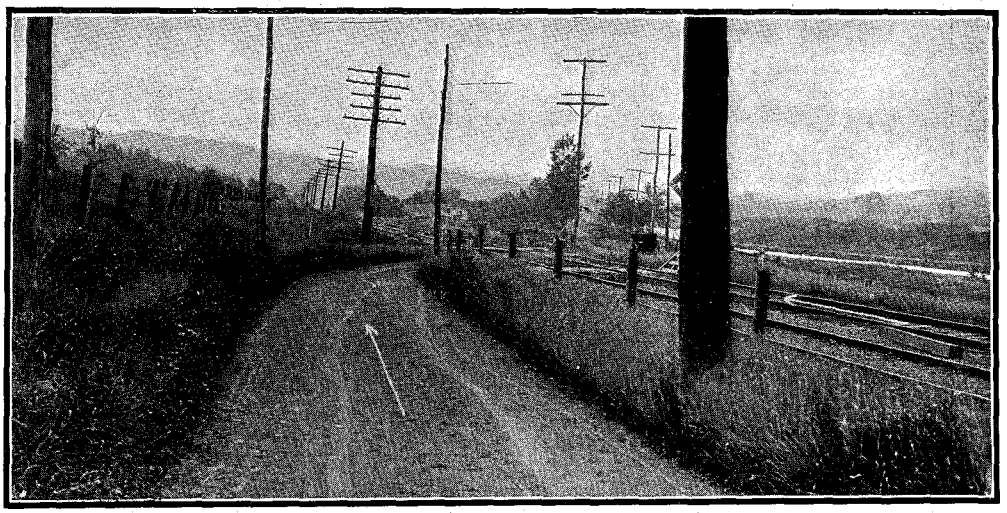
whose names were immediately taken heard those whistles.

It is an every-day happening for engineers to apply the brakes in emergency to avoid striking vehicles on crossings. In fact, the writer has been on engines that have been brought to a stop without persons on the tracks realizing their danger until called to by word of mouth.

Owing to the fallibility of the human mind, engineers are often unjustly blamed for alleged failure to give crossing signals. Many persons fail to sense the sound of bell or whistle, and then say, "If they had been sounded, I would have heard them." How many of you readers heard your clock strike the most recent hour? Once in a while witnesses may be honestly mistaken, even in favor of a railway company.



A MAN WAS SERIOUSLY INJURED WHILE TROTTING HORSES OVER THIS CROSSING
He admitted that he had not looked to see if a train was approaching

Some years ago at W——, a team, with a wagon occupied by two men, was struck by a limited train. Two reputable farmers, "who set their clocks by that train," gave statements to the effect that they were about to enter their barn when their attention was attracted to the train by the "crossing whistle." And yet—and yet—the whistle was not sounded for the crossing, nor others in the vicinity. The whistle valve had broken, and the engineer had thrown off a message at the preceding station asking the division superintendent for instructions as to whether he should proceed or not!

Within the last two years at least, the public has become conscious of the need of accident prevention, sentiment has rapidly materialized, co-operation on all sides has been the rallying cry. The railways, ever mindful of the necessity for constant vigilance in regard to the safety of the public, their passengers and employees, as well as others either rightfully or wrongfully upon their premises, have evinced renewed interest and activity, and consequently have taken the matter up on broader lines than heretofore; safety departments, in charge of men especially fitted for such service, with corps of assistants, have been created; committees of safety, including all grades of officers and men, have been organized. We have found here at least common ground for employer and employee, where officers and men meet and confer for the common welfare, the preservation of life and limb. Some means must be found to reach the public to bring home to them the lessons to be learned from the misfortunes of others; they must realize the dangers—they must exercise the care. Remember that it pays in this matter to be the apt pupil and not the unfortunate example.

On June 30, 1911, there were 8,780 places in the State of New York where public highways crossed steam railway tracks at grade; 6,497 of these crossings were unprotected · 2,283 were protected as follows:

391 by gates and flagmen.
373 by gates.
941 by flagmen.
548 by crossing alarm bell.
30 by derailing devices.

During the year ending June 30, 1911, in New York State, 116 persons were

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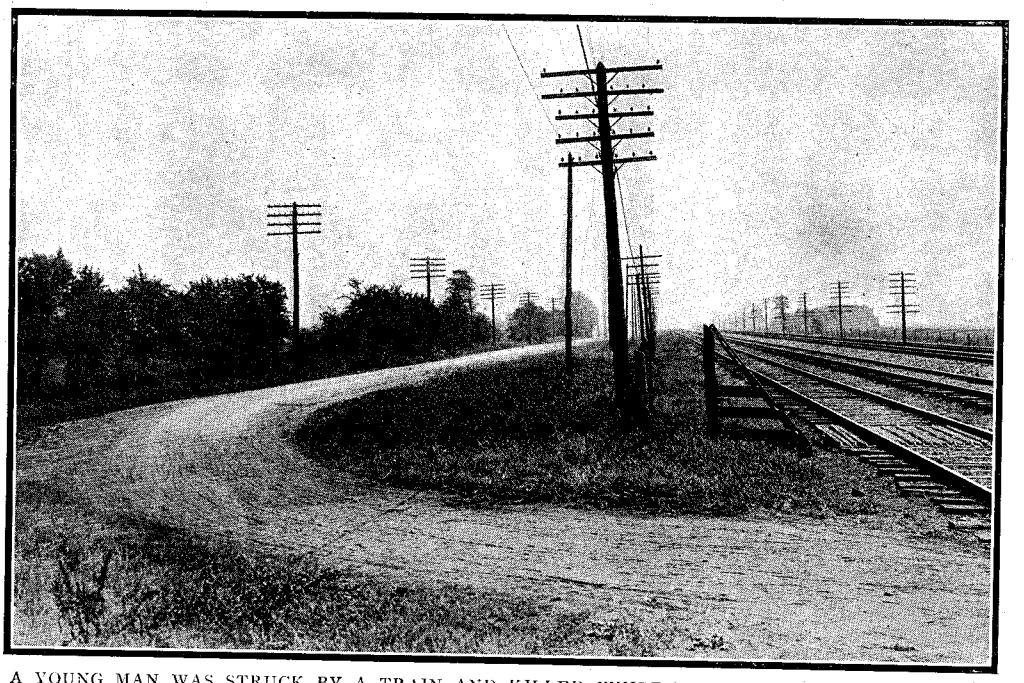
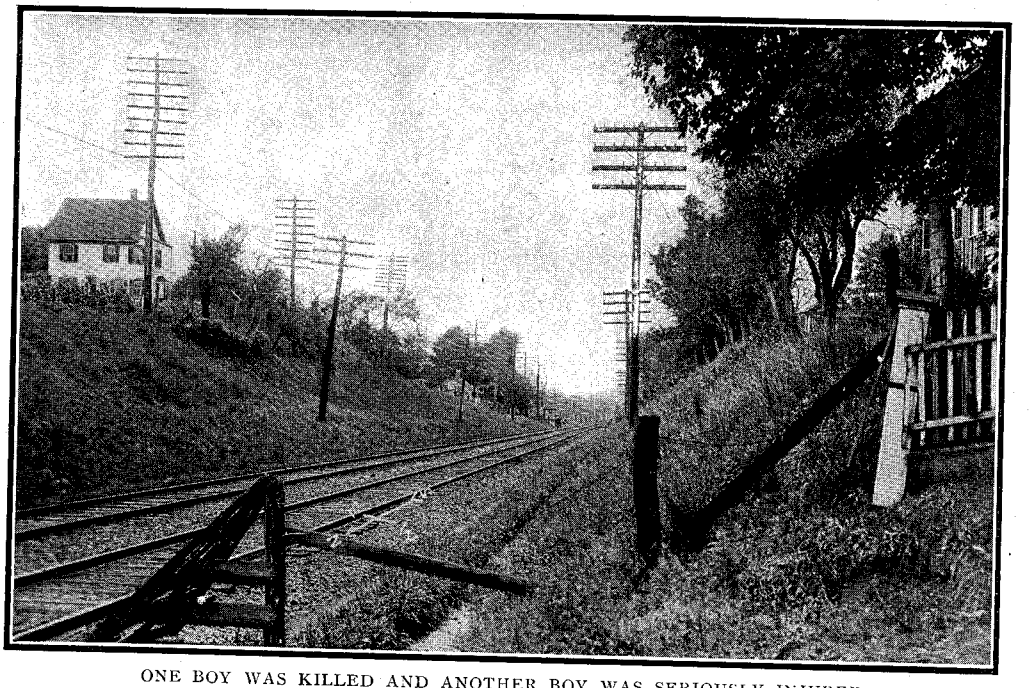


A YOUNG MAN WAS STRUCK BY A TRAIN AND KILLED WHILE DRIVING OVER THIS CROSSING

He was evidently asleep; weather clear, daylight



ONE BOY WAS KILLED AND ANOTHER BOY WAS SERIOUSLY INJURED WHILE DRIVING OVER THIS CROSSING

A train can be seen thirty feet from the track; the boys failed to stop, look, or listen

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killed and 223 injured at railway grade crossings.

Using as a basis the number of accidents at crossings on one of the principal roads in the country, for the eighteen months ending December 31, 1912, we find the following interesting statistics. (These proportions cover all accidents at crossings and are not limited to those caused by engines or cars.)

Thirty out of one hundred persons killed or injured were on foot—pedestrians.

Fifty-seven out of each hundred killed were pedestrians.

Fifteen out of each hundred killed or injured were riding in automobiles.

Fifty-five out of each hundred were riding in or using other conveyances.

Only five out of each hundred were under twelve years of age.

Only about one-half of one per cent of the fatalities were to children under twelve years of age.

Sixty-two of each hundred had an unobstructed view of approaching trains.

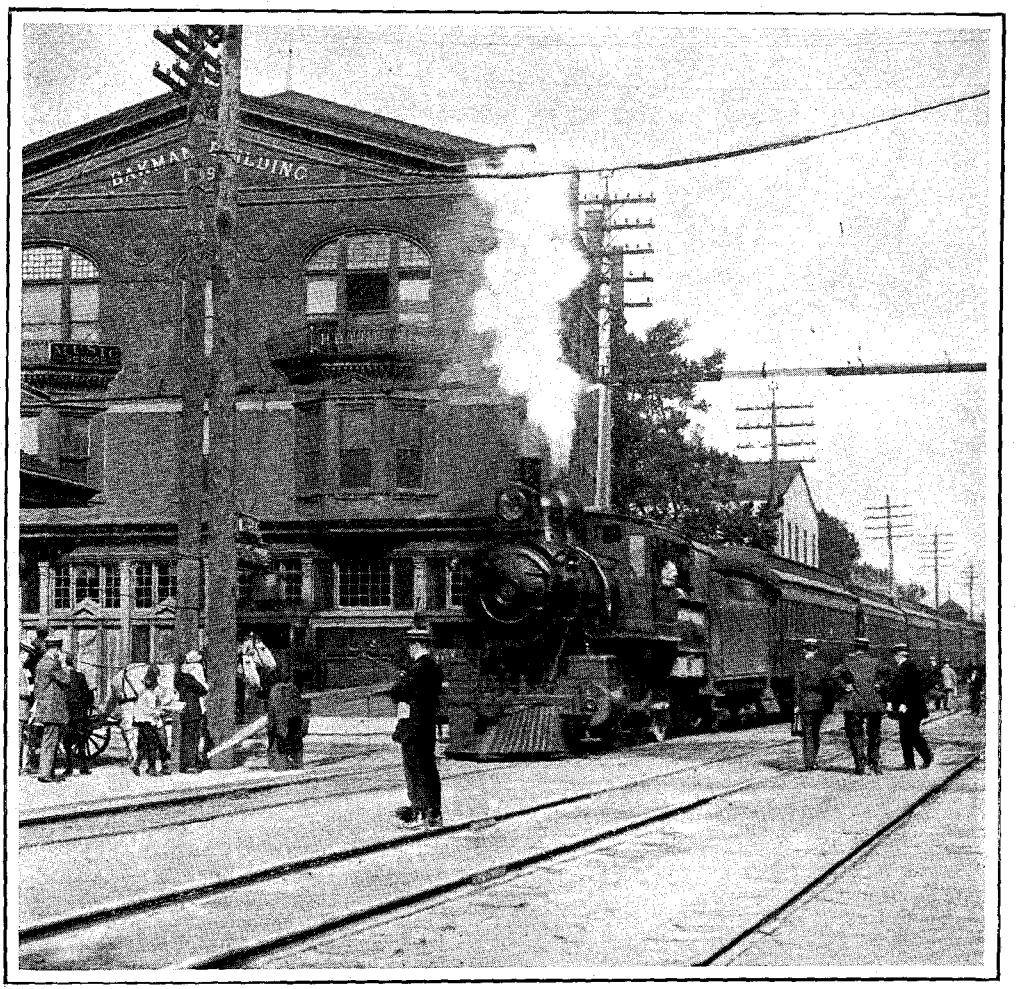
Twenty-six out of each hundred had a partially obstructed view.

Twelve out of each hundred had an obstructed view.

Fifty-eight out of each hundred were either at fault themselves or were injured through the fault of the person with whom they were driving.

Forty-three persons out of each hundred fatally injured were struck while using crossings unprotected by flagman or otherwise. In other words, while protected crossings are not as numerous as unprotected ones, yet numerically as well as comparatively more persons are killed at protected crossings.

Persons are injured at highway crossings in many ways other than being struck by trains. For instance, over thirteen out of each hundred on account of horses being frightened; three on account of defective planking in roadway or sidewalk; slightly over three are struck by gates that are being



CROSSING TRACKS AGAINST THE RULES WHEN THE GATES ARE DOWN

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raised or lowered. The fact is that about forty out of every hundred persons killed or injured at highway crossings are not struck by trains or engines, although over ninety-three per cent of the fatalities are due to such cause.

The abolishment of grade crossings may be necessary in order to eliminate accidents at crossings, but experience shows that even in municipalities where elevation of tracks has been done on a large scale and at great expense accidents to persons still continue, only, for convenience and distinction, we designate the unfortunates as "trespassers" instead of "travelers on the highway."

I maintain that a very large majority of accidents at crossings can be prevented, some by more care on the part of railway employees, but many more by the exercise of care on the part of the individual traveler on the highway. Let the public get the safety habit, and may these words be burned in the brain of every one about to cross a railway track—STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN. Stop where you can look—take in what you see—listen continually—and heed what you see and hear.

DWARFED

BY MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

As stripling trees with ruthless care are bent
By brown-skinned Eastern fingers, skillful-taught,
And by them wrought
With tireless cunning, till at last is lent
The dwarfed, fantastic form the grower sought;

So, Lord, the hands of Life upon my soul
Have shorn away each promised blossoming;
Each selfless offering
Close-pruned for hope of some self-blessing goal;
Each holy thought for some world-proffering;
Each golden vision for a miser's dole;
Each budding good for aims belittling—
Till, heart-embittering,
I catch at last a vision of the whole,
A tiny, gnarled, misshapen, stunted thing!

O Master Gardener, who dost shape aright
Each seed of good unfolding 'neath Thy hands;
O give command
To spare each feeble striving toward the light,
And bid it reach the stature Thou hast planned!

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THE COLONEL OF THE ROUGH RIDERS

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THE WAR OF AMERICA THE UNREADY

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE SEVENTH INSTALLMENT OF

"CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY"[1]

I SUPPOSE the United States will always be unready for war, and in consequence will always be exposed to great expense, and to the possibility of the gravest calamity, when the Nation goes to war. This is no new thing. Americans learn only from catastrophes, and not from experience.

There would have been no war in 1812 if, in the previous decade, America, instead of announcing that "peace was her passion," instead of acting on the theory that unpreparedness averts war, had been willing to go to the expense of providing a fleet of a score of ships of the line. However, in that case, doubtless the very men who in the actual event deplored the loss of life and waste of capital which their own supineness had brought about would have loudly inveighed against the "excessive and improper cost of armaments;" so it all came to about the same thing in the end.

PEACE AT ANY PRICE

There is no more thoroughgoing international Mrs. Gummidge, and no more utterly useless and often utterly mischievous citizen, than the peace-at-any-price, universal-arbitration type of being, who is always complaining either about war or else about the cost of the armaments which act as the insurance against war. There is every reason why we should try to limit the cost of armaments, as these tend to grow excessive, but there is also every reason to remember that in the present stage of civilization a proper armament is the surest guarantee of peace—and is the only guarantee that war, if it does come, will not mean irreparable and overwhelming disaster.

GLORIFIED HUCKSTERS

In the spring of 1897 President McKinley appointed me Assistant Secretary of the Navy. I owed the appointment chiefly to the efforts of Senator H. C. Lodge, of Massachusetts, who doubtless was actuated chiefly by his long and close friendship for me, but also—I like to believe—by his keen interest in the Navy. The first book I had ever published, fifteen years previously, was "The History of the Naval War of 1812;" and I have always taken the interest in the navy which every good American ought to take. At the time I wrote the book, in the early eighties, the navy had reached its nadir, and we were then utterly incompetent to fight Spain or any other power that had a navy at all. Shortly afterwards we began timidly and hesitatingly to build up a fleet. It is amusing to recall the roundabout steps we took to accomplish our purpose. In the reaction after the colossal struggle of the Civil War our strongest and most capable men had thrown their whole energy into business, into money-making, into the development, and above all the exploitation and exhaustion at the most rapid rate possible, of our natural resources—mines, forests, soil, and rivers. These men were not weak men, but they permitted themselves to grow shortsighted and selfish; and while many of them down at the bottom possessed the fundamental virtues, including the fighting virtues, others were purely of the glorified huckster or glorified pawnbroker type—which when developed to the exclusion of everything else makes about as poor a national type as the world has seen. This unadulterated huckster or pawnbroker type is rarely keenly sympathetic in matters of social and industrial justice, and is usually physically timid and likes to cover an unworthy fear of the most just war under high-sounding names.

THE MOLLYCODDLE VOTE

It was reinforced by the large mollycoddle vote—the people who are soft physically and morally, or who have a twist in them which

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makes them acidly cantankerous and unpleasant as long as they can be so with safety to their bodies. In addition there are the good people with no imagination and no foresight, who think war will not come, but that if it does come armies and navies can be improvised—a very large element, typified by a Senator I knew personally who, in a public speech, in answer to a question as to what we would do if America were suddenly assailed by a first-class military power, answered that "we would build a battle-ship in every creek." Then, among the wise and high-minded people who in self-respecting and genuine fashion strive earnestly for peace, there are the foolish fanatics always to be found in such a movement and always discrediting it—the men who form the lunatic fringe in all reform movements.

All these elements taken together made a body of public opinion so important during the decades immediately succeeding the Civil War as to put a stop to any serious effort to keep the Nation in a condition of reasonable military preparedness. The representatives of this opinion then voted just as they now do when they vote against battle-ships or against fortifying the Panama Canal. It would have been bad enough if we had been content to be weak, and, in view of our weakness, not to bluster. But we were not content with such a policy. We wished to enjoy the incompatible luxuries of an unbridled tongue and an unready hand. There was a very large element which was ignorant of our military weakness, or, naturally enough, unable to understand it; and another large element which liked to please its own vanity by listening to offensive talk about foreign nations. Accordingly, too many of our politicians, especially in Congress, found that the cheap and easy thing to do was to please the foolish peace people by keeping us weak, and to please the foolish violent people by passing denunciatory resolutions about international matters—resolutions which would have been improper even if we had been strong. Their idea was to please both the mollycoddle vote and the vote of the international tail-twisters by upholding, with pretended ardor and mean intelligence, a National policy of peace with insult.

I abhor unjust war. I abhor injustice and bullying by the strong at the expense of the weak, whether among nations or individuals. I abhor violence and bloodshed. I believe that war should never be resorted to when, or so long as, it is possible honorably to avoid it. I respect all men and women who from high motives and with sanity and self-respect do all they can to avert war. I advocate preparation for war in order to avert war; and I should never advocate war unless it were the only alternative to dishonor. I describe the folly of which so many of our people were formerly guilty, in order that we may in our own day be on our guard against similar folly.

BUILDING UP THE NAVY AGAINST HEAVY ODDS

We did not at the time of which I write take our foreign duties seriously, and as we combined bluster in speech with refusal to make any preparation whatsoever for action, we were not taken seriously in return. Gradually a slight change for the better occurred, the writings of Captain Mahan playing no small part therein. We built some modern cruisers to start with; the people who felt that battle-ships were wicked compromising with their misguided consciences by saying that the cruisers could be used "to protect our commerce"—which they could not be, unless they had battle-ships to back them. Then we attempted to build more powerful fighting vessels, and as there was a section of the public which regarded battle-ships as possessing a name immorally suggestive of violence, we compromised by calling the new ships armored cruisers, and making them combine with exquisite nicety all the defects and none of the virtues of both types. Then we got to the point of building battle-ships. But there still remained a public opinion, as old as the time of Jefferson, which thought that in the event of war all our problem ought to be one of coast defense, that we should do nothing except repel attack; an attitude about as sensible as that of a prize-fighter who expected to win by merely parrying instead of hitting. To meet the susceptibilities of this large class of well-meaning people, we provided for the battle-ships under the name of "coast defense battle-ships;" meaning thereby that we did not make them quite as seaworthy as they ought to have been, or with quite as much coal capacity as they ought to have had. Then we decided to build real battle-ships. But there still remained a lingering remnant of public opinion that clung to the coast defense theory, and we met this in beautiful fashion by providing for "seagoing coast defense battle-ships"—the

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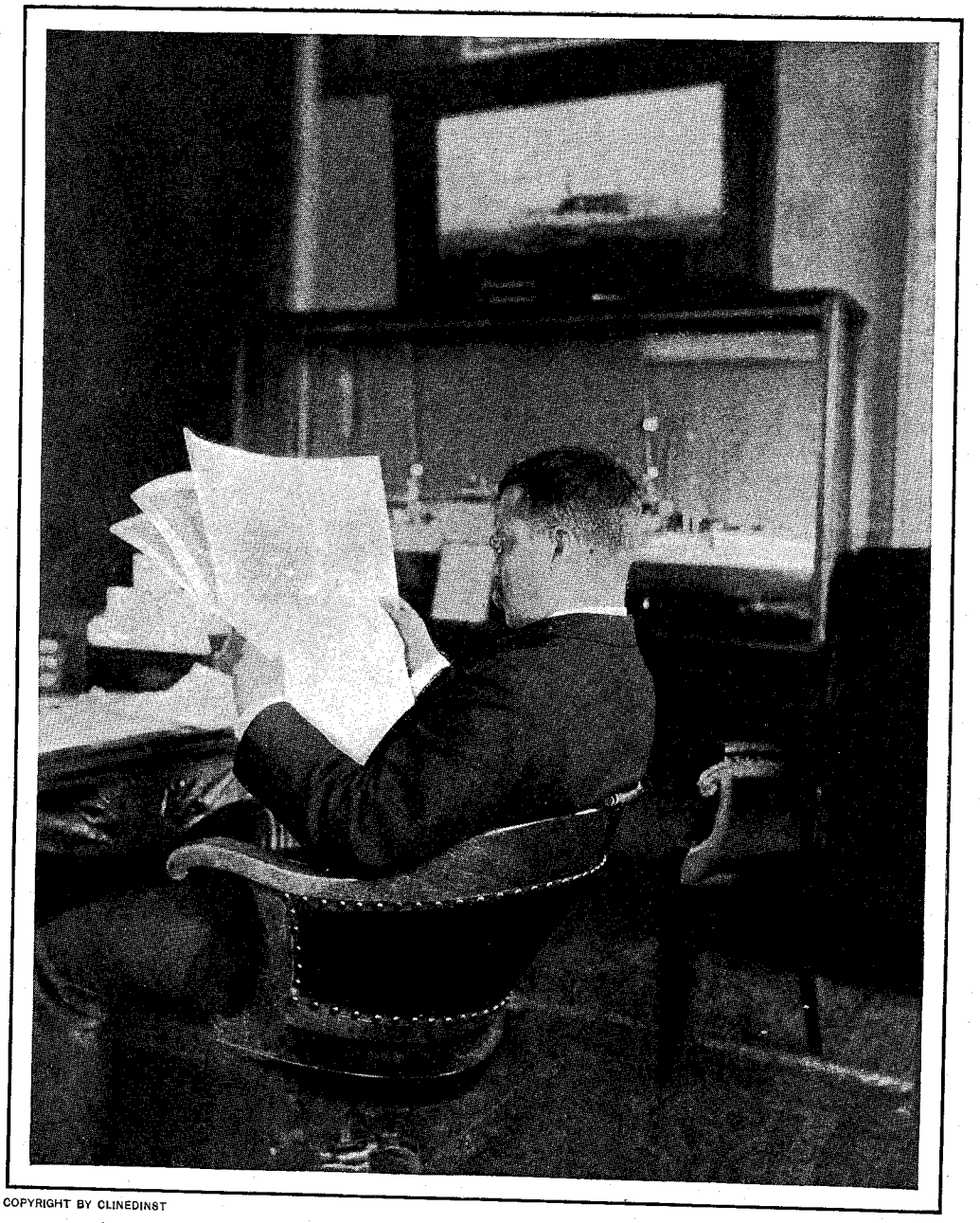

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MR. ROOSEVELT AT HIS DESK WHEN ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

fact that the name was a contradiction in terms being of very small consequence compared to the fact that we did thereby get real battle-ships.

Our men had to be trained to handle the ships singly and in fleet formation, and they had to be trained to use the new weapons of precision with which the ships were armed. Not a few of the older officers, kept in the service under our foolish rule of pure seniority promotion, were not competent for the task; but a proportion of the older officers were excellent, and this was true of almost all the younger officers. They were naturally first-class men, trained in the admirable naval school at Annapolis. They were overjoyed that at last they were given proper instruments to work with, and they speedily grew to handle

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these ships individually in the best fashion. They were fast learning to handle them in squadron and fleet formation; but when the war with Spain broke out, they had as yet hardly grasped the principles of modern scientific naval gunnery.

THE INEVITABLE WAR

Soon after I began work as Assistant Secretary of the Navy I became convinced that the war would come. The revolt in Cuba had dragged its weary length until conditions in the island had become so dreadful as to be a standing disgrace to us for permitting them to exist. There is much that I sincerely admire about the Spanish character; and there are few men for whom I have felt greater respect than for certain gentlemen of Spain whom I have known. But Spain attempted to govern her colonies on archaic principles which rendered her control of them incompatible with the advance of humanity and intolerable to the conscience of mankind. In 1898 the so-called war in Cuba had dragged along for years with unspeakable horror, degradation, and misery. It was not "war" at all, but murderous oppression. Cuba was devastated.

PEACE AND MURDER—OR WAR AND PROGRESS

During those years, while we continued at "peace," several hundred times as many lives were lost, lives of men, women, and children, as were lost during the three months' "war" which put an end to this slaughter and opened a career of peaceful progress to the Cubans. Yet there were misguided professional philanthropists who cared so much more for names than for facts that they preferred a "peace" of continuous murder to a "war" which stopped the murder and brought real peace. Spain's humiliation was certain, anyhow; indeed, it was more certain without war than with it, for she could not permanently keep the island, and she minded yielding to the Cubans more than yielding to us. Our own direct interests were great, because of the Cuban tobacco and sugar, and especially because of Cuba's relation to the projected Isthmian canal. But even greater were our interests from the standpoint of humanity. Cuba was at our very doors. It was a dreadful thing for us to sit supine and watch her death agony. It was our duty, even more from the standpoint of National honor than from the standpoint of National interest, to stop the devastation and destruction. Because of these considerations I favored war; and to-day, when in retrospect it is easier to see things clearly, there are few humane and honorable men who do not believe that the war was both just and necessary.

The big financiers and the men generally who were susceptible to touch on the money nerve, and who cared nothing for National honor if it conflicted even temporarily with business prosperity, were against the war. The more fatuous type of philanthropist agreed with them. The newspapers controlled by, or run in the interests of, these two classes deprecated war, and did everything in their power to prevent any preparation for war. As a whole the people in Congress were at that time (and are now) a shortsighted set as regards international matters. There were a few men, Senators Cushman K. Davis[1] and H. C. Lodge, for instance, and John Morgan, who did look ahead; but most of the Congressmen were content to follow the worst of all possible courses, that is, to pass resolutions which made war more likely, and yet to decline to take measures which would enable us to meet the war if it did come.

However, in the Navy Department we were able to do a good deal, thanks to the energy and ability of some of the bureau chiefs, and to the general good tone of the service. I soon found my natural friends and allies in such men as Evans, Taylor, Sampson, Wainwright, Brownson, Schroeder, Bradford, Cowles, Cameron Winslow, and many others like them. I used all the power there was in my office to aid these men in getting the material ready. I also tried to gather from every source information as to

[1] In a letter written me just before I became Assistant Secretary, Senator Davis unburdened his mind about one of the foolish "peace" proposals of that period; his letter running in part: "I left the Senate Chamber about three o'clock this afternoon when there was going on a deal of mowing and chattering over the treaty by which the United States is to be bound to arbitrate its sovereign functions—for policies are matters of sovereignty. . . . The aberrations of the social movement are neither progress nor retrogression. They represent merely a local and temporary sagging of the line of the great orbit. Tennyson knew this when he wrote that fine and noble 'Maud.' I often read it, for to do so does me good." After quoting one of Poe's stories the letter continues: "The world will come out all right. Let him who believes in the decline of the military spirit observe the boys of a common school during the recess or the noon hour. Of course when American patriotism speaks out from its rank and file and demands action or expression, and when, thereupon, the 'business man,' so called, places his hand on his stack of reds as if he feared a policeman were about to disturb the game, and protests until American patriotism ceases to continue to speak as it had started to do—why, you and I get mad, and I swear. I hope you will be with us here after March 4th. We can then pass judgment together on the things we don't like, and together indulge in hopes that I believe are prophetic."

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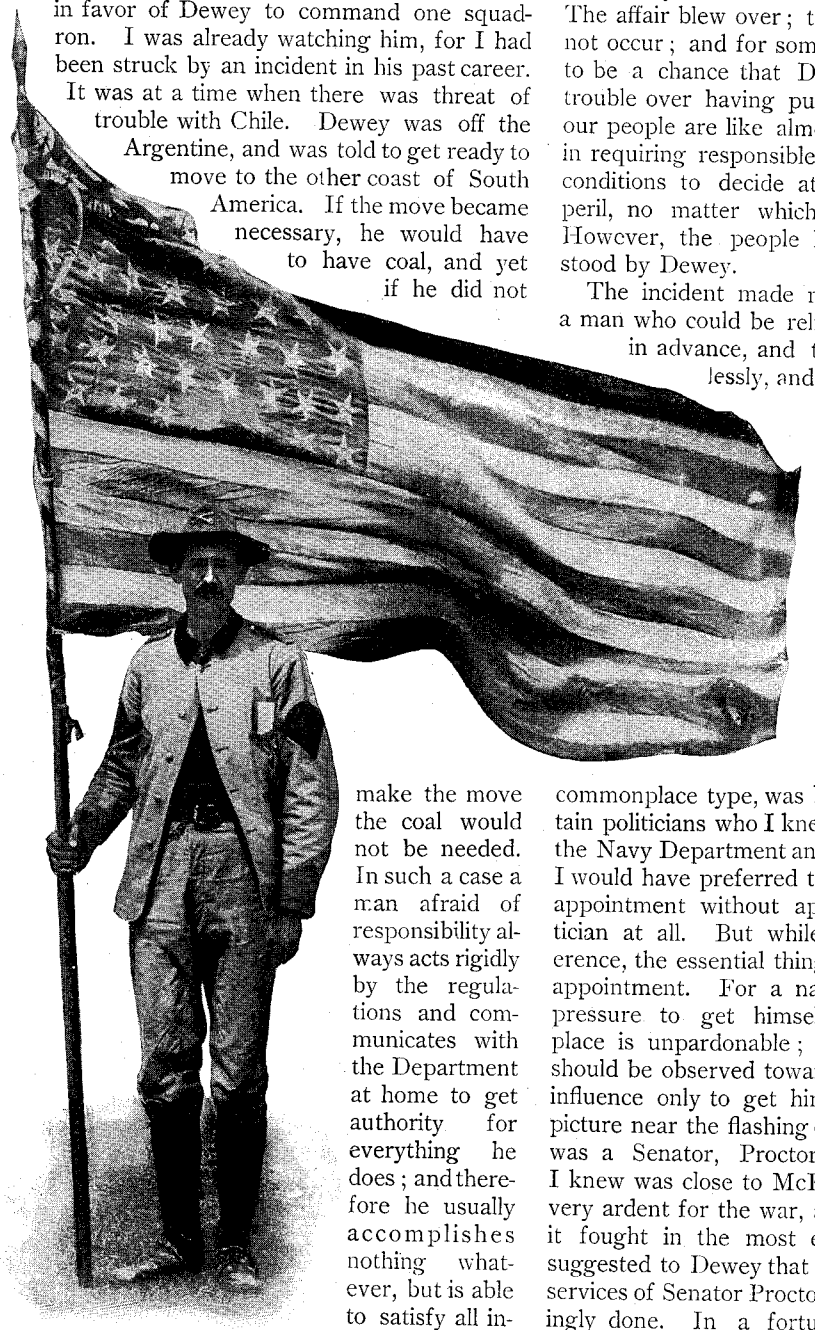
who the best men were to occupy the fighting positions.

THE MAN WHO WAS READY

Sound naval opinion was overwhelmingly in favor of Dewey to command one squadron. I was already watching him, for I had been struck by an incident in his past career. It was at a time when there was threat of trouble with Chile. Dewey was off the Argentine, and was told to get ready to move to the other coast of South America. If the move became necessary, he would have to have coal, and yet if he did not make the move the coal would not be needed. In such a case a man afraid of responsibility always acts rigidly by the regulations and communicates with the Department at home to get authority for everything he does; and therefore he usually accomplishes nothing whatever, but is able to satisfy all individuals with red-tape minds by triumphantly pointing out his compliance with the regulations. In a crisis, the man worth his salt is the man who meets the needs of the situation in whatever way is necessary. Dewey purchased the coal and was ready to move at once if need arose. The affair blew over; the need to move did not occur; and for some time there seemed to be a chance that Dewey would get into trouble over having purchased the coal, for our people are like almost all other peoples in requiring responsible officers under such conditions to decide at their own personal peril, no matter which course they follow. However, the people higher up ultimately stood by Dewey.



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COLOR-SERGEANT WRIGHT OF THE ROUGH RIDERS
A photograph from life

The incident made me feel that here was a man who could be relied upon to prepare in advance, and to act promptly, fearlessly, and on his own responsibility when the emergency arose. Accordingly I did my best to get him put in command of the Asiatic fleet, the fleet where it was most essential to have a man who would act without referring things back to the home authorities. An officer senior to him, of the respectable commonplace type, was being pushed by certain politicians who I knew had influence with the Navy Department and with the President. I would have preferred to see Dewey get the appointment without appealing to any politician at all. But while this was my preference, the essential thing was to get him the appointment. For a naval officer to bring pressure to get himself a soft and easy place is unpardonable; but a large leniency should be observed toward the man who uses influence only to get himself a place in the picture near the flashing of the guns. There was a Senator, Proctor of Vermont, who I knew was close to McKinley, and who was very ardent for the war, and desirous to have it fought in the most efficient fashion. I suggested to Dewey that he should enlist the services of Senator Proctor, which was accordingly done. In a fortunate hour for the Nation, Dewey was given command of the Asiatic squadron.

When the Maine was blown up in Havana Harbor, war became inevitable. A

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number of the peace-at-any-price men of course promptly assumed the position that she had blown herself up; but investigation showed that the explosion was from outside. And, in any event, it would have been impossible to prevent war. The enlisted men of the navy, who often grew bored to the point of desertion in peace, became keyed up to a high pitch of efficiency, and crowds of fine young fellows, from the interior as well as from the seacoast, thronged to enlist. The navy officers showed alert ability and unwearied industry in getting things ready. There was one deficiency, however, which there was no time to remedy, and of the very existence of which, strange to say, most of our best men were ignorant. Our navy had no idea how low our standard of marksmanship was. We had not realized that the modern battle-ship had become such a complicated piece of mechanism that the old methods of training in marksmanship were as obsolete as the old muzzle-loading broadside guns themselves. Almost the only man in the navy who fully realized this was our naval attaché at Paris, Lieutenant Sims. He wrote letter after letter pointing out how frightfully backward we were in marksmanship. I was much impressed by his letters; but Wainwright was about the only other man who was. And as Sims proved to be mistaken in his belief that the French had taught the Spaniards how to shoot, and as the Spaniards proved to be much worse even than we were, in the service generally Sims was treated as an alarmist. But although I at first partly acquiesced in this view, I grew uneasy when I studied the small proportion of hits to shots made by our vessels in battle. When I was President I took up the matter, and speedily became convinced that we needed to revolutionize our whole training in marksmanship. Sims was given the lead in organizing and introducing the new system; and to him more than to any other one man was due the astonishing progress made by our fleet in this respect, a progress which made the fleet, gun for gun, at least three times as effective, in point of fighting efficiency, in 1908 as it was in 1902. The shots that hit are the shots that count!

GETTING READY

Like the people, the Government was for a long time unwilling to prepare for war, because so many honest but misguided men believed that the preparation itself tended to bring on the war. I did not in the least share this feeling, and whenever I was left as Acting Secretary I did everything in my power to put us in readiness. I knew that in the event of war Dewey could be slipped like a wolf-hound from a leash; I was sure that if he were given half a chance he would strike instantly and with telling effect; and I made up my mind that all I could do to give him that half-chance should be done. I was in the closest touch with Senator Lodge throughout this period, and either consulted him about or notified him of all the moves I was taking. By the end of February I felt it was vital to send Dewey (as well as each of our other commanders who were not in home waters) instructions that would enable him to be in readiness for immediate action. On the afternoon of Saturday, February 25, when I was Acting Secretary, Lodge called on me just as I was preparing the order, which (as it was addressed to a man of the right stamp) was of much importance to the subsequent operations. Admiral Dewey speaks of the incident as follows, in his autobiography:

"The first real step [as regards active naval preparations] was taken on February 25, when telegraphic instructions were sent to the Asiatic, European, and South Atlantic squadrons to rendezvous at certain convenient points where, should war break out, they would be most available.

"The message to the Asiatic squadron bore the signature of that Assistant Secretary who had seized the opportunity while Acting Secretary to hasten preparations for a conflict which was inevitable. As Mr. Roosevelt reasoned, precautions for readiness would cost little in time of peace, and yet would be invaluable in case of war. His cablegram was as follows:

"Washington, February 25, '98.

Dewey, Hong Kong:

Order the squadron, except the Monocacy, to Hong Kong. Keep full of coal. In the event of declaration of war Spain, your duty will be to see that the Spanish squadron does not leave the Asiatic coast, and then offensive operations in Philippine Islands. Keep Olympia until further orders. ROOSEVELT.

"(The reference to keeping the Olympia until further orders was due to the fact that I had been notified that she would soon be recalled to the United States.)"

All that was needed with Dewey was to give him the chance to get ready, and then to strike, without being hampered by orders

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GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, IN THE FOREGROUND, COMMANDER OF THE LEFT WING OF THE ARMY BEFORE THE SAN JUAN HILLS. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, MAJOR GEORGE M. DUNN, COLONEL BRODIE, CHAPLAIN BROWN, LEONARD WOOD, AND COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT

from those not on the ground. Success in war depends very largely upon choosing a man fit to exercise such powers, and then giving him the powers.

UNREASONING PANIC

It would be instructive to remember, if only we were willing to do so, the fairly comic panic which swept in waves over our sea-coast, first when it became evident that war was about to be declared, and then when it was declared. The public waked up to the sufficiently obvious fact that the Government was in its usual state—perennial unreadiness for war. Thereupon the people of the seaboard district passed at one bound from unreasoning confidence that war never could come to unreasoning fear as to what might happen now that it had come. That acute philosopher Mr. Dooley proclaimed

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that in the Spanish War we were in a dream, but that the Spaniards were in a trance. This just about summed up the facts. Our people had for decades scoffed at the thought of making ready for possible war. Now, when it was too late, they not only backed every measure, wise and unwise, that offered a chance of supplying a need that ought to have been met before, but they also fell into a condition of panic apprehension as to what the foe might do.

For years we had been saying, just as any number of our people now say, that no nation would venture to attack us. Then when we did go to war with an exceedingly feeble nation, we, for the time being, rushed to the other extreme of feeling, and attributed to this feeble nation plans of offensive warfare which it never dreamed of making, and which, if made, it would have been wholly unable to execute. Some of my readers doubtless remember the sinister intentions and unlimited potentialities for destruction with which the fertile imagination of the yellow press endowed the armored cruiser Viscaya when she appeared in American waters just before war was declared. The state of nervousness along much of the seacoast was funny in view of the lack of foundation for it; but it offered food for serious thought as to what would happen if we ever became engaged with a serious foe.

The Governor of one State actually announced that he would not permit the National Guard of that State to leave its borders, the idea being to retain it against a possible Spanish invasion. So many of the business men of the city of Boston took their securities inland to Worcester that the safe deposit companies of Worcester proved unable to take care of them. In my own neighborhood on Long Island clauses were gravely put into leases to the effect that if the property were destroyed by the Spaniards the lease should lapse. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy I had every conceivable impossible request made to me. Members of Congress who had actively opposed building any navy came clamorously around to ask each for a ship for some special purpose of protection connected with his district. It seems incredible, but it is true, that not only these Congressmen but the Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade of different coast cities all lost their heads for the time being, and raised a deafening clamor and brought every species of pressure to bear on the Administration to get it to adopt the one most fatal course—that is, to distribute the navy, ship by ship, at all kinds of points and in all kinds of ports with the idea of protecting everything everywhere, and thereby rendering it absolutely certain that even the Spanish fleet, poor though it was, would be able to pick up our own navy ship by ship in detail. One Congressman besought me for a ship to protect Jekyll Island, off the coast of Georgia, an island which derived its sole consequence because it contained the winter homes of certain millionaires. A lady whose husband occupied a very influential position, and who was normally a most admirable and sensible woman, came to insist that a ship should be anchored off a huge seaside hotel because she had a house in the neighborhood.

SMOOTH-BORE DEFENSE

There were many such instances. One stood out above the others. A certain seaboard State contained in its Congressional delegation one of the most influential men in the Senate, and one of the most influential men in the lower house. These two men had been worse than lukewarm about building up the navy, and had scoffed at the idea of there ever being any danger from any foreign power. With the advent of war the feelings of their constituents, and therefore their own feelings, suffered an immediate change, and they demanded that a ship be anchored in the harbor of their city as a protection. Getting no comfort from me, they went "higher up," and became a kind of permanent committee in attendance upon the President. They were very influential men in the Houses, with whom it was important for the Administration to keep on good terms; and, moreover, they possessed a pertinacity as great as the widow who won her case from the unjust judge. Finally the President gave in and notified me to see that a ship was sent to the city in question. I was bound that, as long as a ship had to be sent, it should not be a ship worth anything. Accordingly a Civil War Monitor, with one smooth-bore gun, manned by a crew of about twenty-one naval militia, was sent to the city in question, under convoy of a tug. It was a hazardous trip for the unfortunate naval militiamen, but it was safely accomplished; and joy and peace descended upon the Senator and the Congressman, and upon the President whom they had jointly har-

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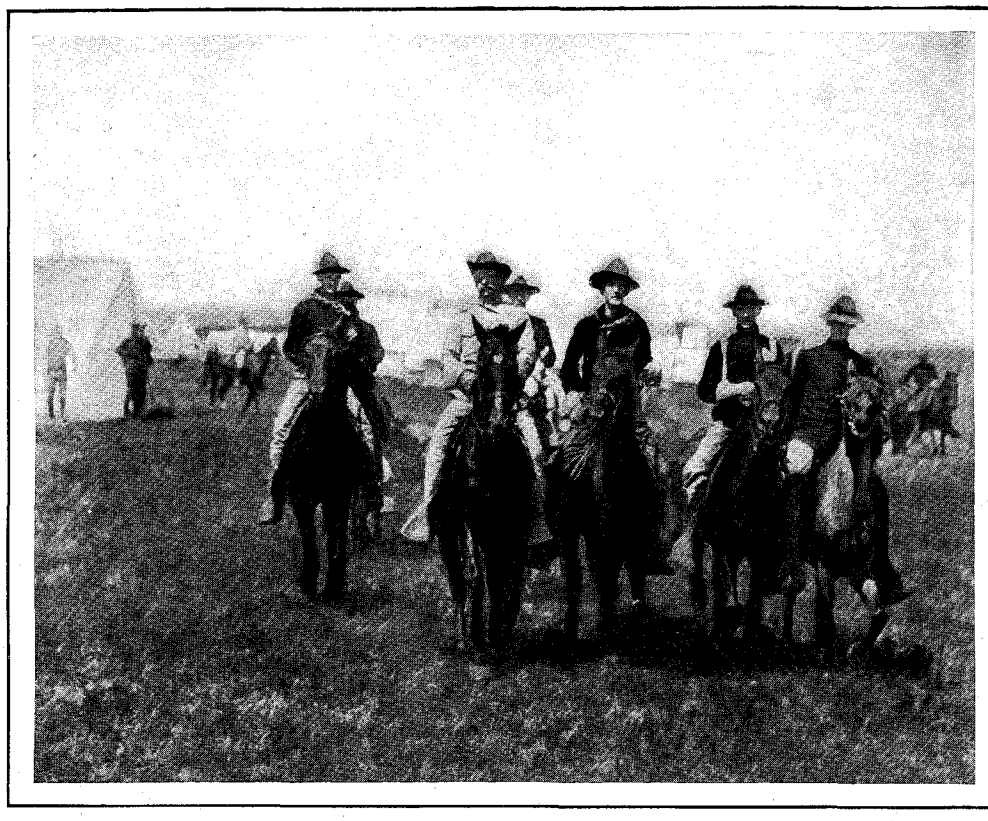

COLONEL ROOSEVELT AND A GROUP OF ROUGH RIDERS

assed. Incidentally, the fact that the protecting war-vessel would not have been a formidable foe to any antagonists of much more modern construction than the galleys of Alcibiades seemed to disturb nobody.

THE CALL TO ARMS

This was one side of the picture. The other side was that the crisis at once brought to the front any amount of latent fighting strength. There were plenty of Congressmen who showed cool-headed wisdom and resolution. The plain people, the men and women back of the persons who lost their heads, set seriously to work to see that we did whatever was necessary, and made the job a thorough one. The young men swarmed to enlist. In time of peace it had been difficult to fill the scanty regular army and navy, and there were innumerable desertions; now the ships and regiments were over-enlisted, and so many deserters returned in order to fight that it became difficult to decide what to do with them. England, and to a less degree Japan, were friendly. The great powers of Continental Europe were all unfriendly. They jeered at our ships and men, and with fatuous partisanship insisted that the Spaniards would prove too much for our "mercenaries" because we were a commercial people of low ideals who could not fight, while the men whom we attempted to hire for that purpose were certain to run on the day of battle.

LEONARD WOOD

Among my friends was the then Army Surgeon Leonard Wood. He was a surgeon. Not having an income, he had to earn his own living. He had gone through the Harvard Medical School, and had then joined the army in the Southwest as a contract doctor. He had every physical, moral, and mental quality which fitted him for a soldier's life and for the exercise of command. In the inconceivably wearing and harassing campaigns against the Apaches he had served nominally as a surgeon, really in command of troops, on more than one expedition. He was as anxious as I was that if there were war we should both have our part in it. I had always felt that if there were a serious war I wished to be in a position to explain to my children

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why I did take part in it, and not why I did not take part in it. Moreover, I had very deeply felt that it was our duty to free Cuba, and I had publicly expressed this feeling; and when a man takes such a position, he ought to be willing to make his words good by his deeds unless there is some very strong reason to the contrary. He should pay with his body.

THE ROUGH RIDERS

As soon as war was upon us, Wood and I began to try for a chance to go to the front. Congress had authorized the raising of three National Volunteer Cavalry regiments, wholly apart from the State contingents. Secretary Alger of the War Department was fond of me personally, and Wood was his family doctor. Alger had been a gallant soldier in the Civil War, and was almost the only member of the Administration who felt all along that we would have to go to war with Spain over Cuba. He liked my attitude in the matter, and because of his remembrance of his own experiences he sympathized with my desire to go to the front. Accordingly he offered me the command of one of the regiments. I told him that after six weeks' service in the field I would feel competent to handle the regiment, but that I would not know how to equip it or how to get it into the first action; but that Wood was entirely competent at once to take command, and that if he would make Wood colonel I would accept the lieutenant-colonelcy. General Alger thought this an act of foolish self-abnegation on my part—instead of its being, what it was, the wisest act I could have performed. He told me to accept the colonelcy, and that he would make Wood lieutenant-colonel, and that Wood would do the work anyway; but I answered that I did not wish to rise on any man's shoulders; that I hoped to be given every chance that my deeds and abilities warranted; but that I did not wish what I did not earn, and that above all I did not wish to hold any position where any one else did the work. He laughed at me a little and said I was foolish, but I do not think he really minded, and he promised to do as I wished. True to his word, he secured the appointment of Wood as colonel and of myself as lieutenant-colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry. This was soon nicknamed, both by the public and by the rest of the army, the Rough Riders, doubtless because the bulk of the men were from the Southwestern ranch country and were skilled in the wild horsemanship of the great plains.

RAISING THE REGIMENT

Wood instantly began the work of raising the regiment. He first assembled several old non-commissioned officers of experience, put them in office, and gave them blanks for requisitions for the full equipment of a cavalry regiment. He selected San Antonio as the gathering-place, as it was in a good horse country, near the Gulf, from some port on which we would have to embark, and near an old arsenal and an old army post from which we got a good deal of stuff—some of it practically condemned, but which we found serviceable at a pinch, and much better than nothing. He organized a horse board in Texas, and began purchasing all horses that were not too big and were sound. A day or two after he was commissioned he wrote out in the office of the Secretary of War, under his authority, telegrams to the Governors of Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory, in substance as follows:

> The President desires to raise —— volunteers in your Territory to form part of a regiment of mounted riflemen to be commanded by Leonard Wood, Colonel; Theodore Roosevelt, Lieutenant-Colonel. He desires that the men selected should be young, sound, good shots and good riders, and that you expedite by all means in your power the enrollment of these men.
>
> (Signed) R. A. ALGER, Secretary of War.

As soon as he had attended to a few more odds and ends he left Washington, and the day after his arrival in San Antonio the troops began to arrive.

THE VALUE OF BLACK TOP BOOTS

For several weeks before I joined the regiment, to which Wood went ahead of me, I continued as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, trying to get some coherence of plan between the War Department and the Navy Department; and also being used by Wood to finish getting the equipment for the regiment. As regards finding out what the plans of the War Department were, the task was simple. They had no plans. Even during the final months before the outbreak of hostilities very little was done in the way of efficient preparation. On one occasion, when every one knew that the declaration of war was sure to come in a few days, I went on military business to the office of one of the highest line generals of the army, a man who at that moment ought to have been working eighteen hours out of the twenty-

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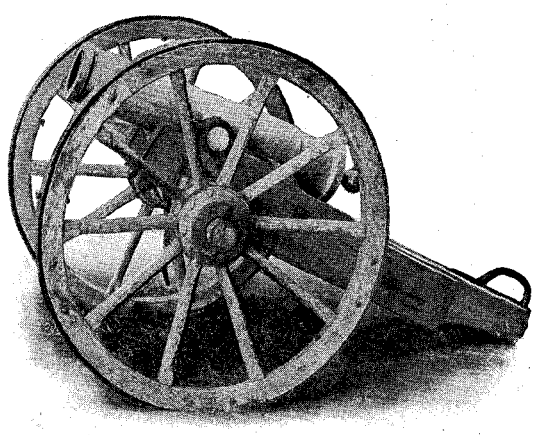
four on the vital problems ahead of him. What he was actually doing was trying on a new type of smart-looking uniform on certain enlisted men; and he called me in to ask my advice as to the position of the pockets in the blouse, with a view to making it look attractive. An aide of this general—funnily enough a good fighting man in actual service—when I consulted him as to what my uniform for the campaign should be, laid special stress upon my purchasing a pair of black top boots for full dress, explaining that they were very effective on hotel piazzas and in parlors. I did not intend to be in any hotel if it could possibly be avoided; and as things turned out, I had no full-dress uniform, nothing but my service uniform, during my brief experience in the army.

MERCENARY PATRIOTISM

I suppose that war always does bring out what is highest and lowest in human nature. The contractors who furnish poor materials to the army or the navy in time of war stand on a level of infamy only one degree above that of the participants in the white slave traffic themselves. But there is conduct far short of this which yet seems inexplicable to any man who has in him any spirit of disinterested patriotism combined with any power of imagination. Respectable men, who I suppose lack the imagination thoroughly to realize what they are doing, try to make money out of the Nation's necessities in war at the very time that other men are making every sacrifice, financial and personal, for the cause. In the closing weeks of my service as Assistant Secretary of the Navy we were collecting ships for auxiliary purposes. Some men, at cost to their own purses, helped us freely and with efficiency; others treated the affair as an ordinary business transaction; and yet others endeavored, at some given crisis when our need was great, to sell us inferior vessels at exorbitant prices, and used every pressure, through Senators and Congressmen, to accomplish their ends. In one or two cases they did accomplish them too until we got a really first-class board established to superintend such purchases. A more curious experience was in connection with the point chosen for the starting for the expedition against Cuba. I had not supposed that any human being could consider this matter save from the standpoint of military need. But one morning a very wealthy and influential man, a respectable and upright man according to his own lights, called on me to protest against our choice of Tampa, and to put in a plea for a certain other port, *on the ground that his railroad was entitled to its share of the profit for hauling the army and equipment!* I happened to know that at this time this very man had kinsfolk with the army, who served gallantly, and the circumstances of his coming to me were such as to show that he was not acting secretly, and had no idea that there was anything out of the way in his proposal. I think the facts were merely that he had been trained to regard business as the sole object in life, and that he lacked the imagination to enable him to understand the real nature of the request that he was making; and, moreover, he had good reason to believe that one of his business competitors had been unduly favored.

ARMY STAGNATION

The War Department was in far worse shape than the Navy Department. The young officers turned out from West Point are precisely as good as the young officers turned out from Annapolis, and this always has been true. But at that time (something has been done to remedy the worst conditions since), and ever since the close of the Civil War, the conditions were such that after a few years the army officer stagnated so far as his profession was concerned. When the Spanish War broke out the navy really was largely on a war footing, as any navy which is even respectably cared for in time of peace must be. The admirals, captains, and lieutenants were continually practicing their profession in almost precisely the way that it has to be practiced in time of war Except



A SPANISH CANNON ON THE LAWN AT SAGAMORE HILL

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actually shooting at a foe, most of the men on board ship went through in time of peace practically all that they would have to go through in time of war. The heads of bureaus in the Navy Department were for the most part men who had seen sea service, who expected to return to sea service, and who were preparing for needs which they themselves knew by experience. Moreover, the civilian head of the navy had to provide for keeping the ships in a state of reasonable efficiency, and Congress could not hopelessly misbehave itself about the navy without the fact at once becoming evident.

HOW HIGH TO SHAVE A MULE'S TAIL

All this was changed so far as the army was concerned. Not only was it possible to decrease the efficiency of the army without being called to account for it, but the only way in which the Secretary of War could gain credit for himself or the Administration was by economy, and the easiest way to economize was in connection with something that would not be felt unless war should arise. The people took no interest whatever in the army; demagogues clamored against it, and, inadequate though it was in size, insisted that it should be still further reduced. Popular orators always appealed to the volunteers; the regulars had no votes and there was no point in politicians thinking of them. The chief activity shown by Congressmen about the army was in getting special army posts built in places where there was no need for them. Even the work of the army in its campaigns against the Indians was of such a character that it was generally performed by small bodies of fifty or a hundred men. Until a man ceased being a lieutenant he usually had plenty of professional work to attend to and was employed in the field, and, in short, had the same kind of practice that his brother in the navy had, and he did his work as well. But once past this stage he had almost no opportunity to perform any work corresponding to his rank, and but little opportunity to do any military work whatsoever. The very best men, men like Lawton, Young, Chaffee, Hawkins, and Sumner, to mention only men under or beside whom I served, remained good soldiers, soldiers of the best stamp, in spite of the disheartening conditions. But it was not to be expected that the average man could continue to grow when every influence was against him. Accordingly, when the Spanish War suddenly burst upon us, a number of inert elderly captains and field officers were, much against their own wishes, suddenly pitchforked into the command of regiments, brigades, and even divisions and army corps. Often these men failed painfully. This was not their fault; it was the fault of the Nation, that is, the fault of all of us, of you, my reader, and of myself, and of those like us, because we had permitted conditions to be such as to render these men unfit for command. Take a stout captain of an out-of-the-way two-company post, where nothing in the world ever occurred even resembling military action, and where the only military problem that really convulsed the post to its foundations was the quarrel between the captain and the quartermaster as to how high a mule's tail ought to be shaved (I am speaking of an actual incident). What could be expected of such a man, even though thirty-five years before he had been a gallant second lieutenant in the Civil War, if, after this intervening do-nothing period, he was suddenly put in command of raw troops in a midsummer campaign in the tropics?

INCOMPETENCY AND WAR

The bureau chiefs were for the most part elderly incompetents, whose idea was to do their routine duties in such way as to escape the censure of routine bureaucratic superiors and to avoid a Congressional investigation. They had not the slightest conception of preparing the army for war. It was impossible that they could have any such conception. The people and the Congress did not wish the army prepared for war; and those editors and philanthropists and peace advocates who felt vaguely that if the army were incompetent their principles were safe, always inveighed against any proposal to make it efficient, on the ground that this showed a natural bloodthirstiness in the proposer. When such were the conditions, it was absolutely impossible that either the War Department or the army could do well in the event of war. Secretary Alger happened to be Secretary when war broke out, and all the responsibility for the shortcomings of the Department was visited upon his devoted head. He was made the scapegoat for our National shortcomings. The fault was not his; the fault and responsibility lay with us, the people, who for thirty-three years had permitted our representatives in Congress and in National executive office to bear them-

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selves so that it was absolutely impossible to avoid the great bulk of all the trouble that occurred, and of all the shortcomings of which our people complained, during the Spanish War. The chief immediate cause was the condition of red-tape bureaucracy which existed in the War Department at Washington, which had prevented any good organization or the preparation of any good plan of operation for using our men and supplies. The recurrence of these conditions, even though in somewhat less aggravated form, in any future emergency is as certain as sunrise unless we bring about the principle of a four years' detail in the staff corps—a principle which Congress has now for years stubbornly refused to grant.

THE LESSON OF NOGI

There are nations who only need to have peaceful ideals inculcated, and to whom militarism is a curse and a misfortune. There are other nations, like our own, so happily situated that the thought of war is never present to their minds. They are wholly free from any tendency improperly to exalt or to practice militarism. These nations should never forget that there must be military ideals no less than peaceful ideals. The exaltation of Nogi's career, set forth so strikingly in Stanley Washburn's little volume on the great Japanese warrior, contains much that is especially needed for us of America, prone as we are to regard the exigencies of a purely commercial and industrial civilization as excusing us from the need of admiring and practicing the heroic and warlike virtues.

Our people are not military. We need normally only a small standing army; but there should be behind it a reserve of instructed men big enough to fill it up to full war strength, which is over twice the peace strength. Moreover, the young men of the country should realize that it is the duty of every one of them to prepare himself so that in time of need he may speedily become an efficient soldier—a duty now generally forgotten, but which should be recognized as one of the vitally essential parts of every man's training.

LARIAT AND BLACK POWDER

In endeavoring to get the "Rough Riders" equipped I met with some experiences which were both odd and instructive. There were not enough arms and other necessaries to go round, and there was keen rivalry among the intelligent and zealous commanders of the volunteer organizations as to who should get first choice. Wood's experience was what enabled us to equip ourselves in short order. There was another cavalry organization whose commander was at the War Department about this time, and we had been eying him with much alertness as a rival. One day I asked him what his plans were about arming and drilling his troops, who were of precisely the type of our own men. He answered that he expected "to give each of the boys two revolvers and a lariat, and then just turn them loose." I reported the conversation to Wood, with the remark that we might feel ourselves safe from rivalry in that quarter; and safe we were.

In trying to get the equipment I met with checks and rebuffs, and in return was the cause of worry and concern to various bureau chiefs who were unquestionably estimable men in their private and domestic relations, and who doubtless had been good officers thirty years before, but who were as unfit for modern war as if they were so many smooth-bores. One fine old fellow did his best to persuade us to take black powder rifles, explaining with paternal indulgence that no one yet really knew just what smokeless powder might do, and that there was a good deal to be said in favor of having smoke to conceal us from the enemy. I saw this pleasing theory actually worked out in practice later on, for the National Guard regiments with us at Santiago had black powder muskets, and the regular artillery black powder guns, and they really might almost as well have replaced these weapons by crossbows and mangonels. We succeeded, thanks to Wood, in getting the same cavalry carbines that were used by the regulars. We were determined to do this, not only because the weapons were good, but because this would in all probability mean that we should be brigaded with the regular cavalry, which it was certain would be sent immediately to the front for the fighting.

BUREAUCRACY AND RED TAPE

There was one worthy bureau chief who was continually refusing applications of mine as irregular. In each case I would appeal to Secretary Alger—who helped me in every way—and get an order from him countenancing the irregularity. For instance, I found out that as we were nearer the July date than the January date for the issuance of clothing, and as it had long been customary to issue

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the winter clothing in July, so as to give ample leisure for getting it to all the various posts, it was therefore solemnly proposed to issue this same winter clothing to us who were about to start for a summer campaign in the tropics. This would seem incredible to those who have never dealt with an inert officialdom, a red-tape bureaucracy, but such is the fact. I rectified this and got an order for khaki clothing. We were then told we would have to advertise thirty days for horses. This meant that we would have missed the Santiago expedition. So I made another successful appeal to the Secretary. Other difficulties came up about wagons, and various articles, and in each case the same result followed. On the last occasion, when I came up in triumph with the needed order, the worried office head, who bore me no animosity, but who did feel that fate had been very unkind, threw himself back in his chair and exclaimed with a sigh: "Oh, dear! I had this office running in such good shape—and then along came the war and upset everything!" His feeling was that war was an illegitimate interruption to the work of the War Department.

There were of course department heads and bureau chiefs and assistants who, in spite of the worthlessness of the system, and of the paralyzing conditions that had prevailed, remained first-class men. An example of these was Commissary-General Weston. His energy, activity, administrative efficiency, and common sense were supplemented by an eager desire to help everybody do the best that could be done. Both in Washington and again down at Santiago we owed him very much. When I was President, it was my good fortune to repay him in part our debt, which means the debt of the people of the country, by making him a major-general.

The regiment assembled at San Antonio. When I reached there, the men, rifles, and horses, which were the essentials, were coming in fast, and the saddles, blankets, and the like were also accumulating. Thanks to Wood's exertions, when we reached Tampa we were rather better equipped than most of the regular regiments. We adhered strictly to field equipment, allowing no luxuries or anything else unnecessary, and so we were able to move off the field when ordered, with our own transportation, leaving nothing behind.

I suppose every man tends to brag about his regiment; but it does seem to me that there never was a regiment better worth bragging about than ours. Wood was an exceptional commander, of great power, with a remarkable gift for organization. The rank and file were as fine natural fighting men as ever carried a rifle or rode a horse in any country or any age. We had a number of first-class young fellows from the East, most of them from colleges like Harvard, Yale, and Princeton; but the great majority of the men were Southwesterners, from the then Territories of Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Arizona, and New Mexico. They were accustomed to the use of firearms, accustomed to taking care of themselves in the open; they were intelligent and self-reliant; they possessed hardihood and endurance and physical prowess; and, above all, they had the fighting edge, the cool and resolute fighting temper. They went into the war with full knowledge, having deliberately counted the cost. In the great majority of cases each man was chiefly anxious to find out what he should do to make the regiment a success. They bought, first and last, about 800 copies of the cavalry drill regulations and studied them industriously. Such men were practically soldiers to start with, in all the essentials. It is small wonder that with them as material to work upon the regiment was raised, armed, equipped, drilled, sent on trains to Tampa, embarked, disembarked, and put through two victorious offensive—not defensive—fights in which a third of the officers and one-fifth of the men were killed or wounded, all within sixty days. It is a good record, and it speaks well for the men of the regiment; and it speaks well for Wood.[1]

THE VALUE OF DRILLING

Wood was so busy getting the regiment ready that when I reached San Antonio he turned most of the drilling of it over to me. This was a piece of great good fortune for me,

[1] To counterbalance the newspapers which ignorantly and indiscriminately praised all the volunteers there were others whose blame was of the same intelligent quality. The New York "Evening Post," on June 18, gave expression to the following gloomy foreboding: "Competent observers have remarked that nothing more extraordinary has been done than the sending to Cuba of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, known as the 'rough riders.' Organized but four weeks, barely given their full complement of officers, and only a week of regular drill, these men have been sent to the front before they have learned the first elements of soldiering and discipline, or have even become acquainted with their officers. In addition to all this, like the regular cavalry, they have been sent with only their carbines and revolvers to meet an enemy armed with long-range rifles. There have been few cases of such military cruelty in our military annals." A week or so after this not wholly happy prophecy was promulgated, the "cruelty" was consummated, first at Las Guasimas and then in the San Juan fighting.

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and I drilled the men industriously, mounted and unmounted. I had plenty to learn, and the men and the officers even more; but we went at our work with the heartiest good will. We speedily made it evident that there was no room and no mercy for any man who shirked any duty, and we accomplished good results. The fact is that the essentials of drill and work for a cavalry or an infantry regiment are easy to learn, which of course is not true for the artillery or the engineers or for the navy. The reason why it takes so long to turn the average civilized man into a good infantryman or cavalryman is because it takes a long while to teach the average untrained man how to shoot, to ride, to march, to take care of himself in the open, to be alert, resourceful, cool, daring, and resolute, to obey quickly, as well as to be willing, and to fit himself, to act on his own responsibility. If he already possesses these qualities, there is very little difficulty in making him a soldier; all the drill that is necessary to enable him to march and to fight is of a simple character. Parade ground and barrack square maneuvers are of no earthly consequence in real war. When men can readily change from line to column, and column to line, can form front in any direction, and assemble and scatter, and can do these things with speed and precision, they have a fairly good grasp of the essentials. When our regiment reached Tampa it could already be handled creditably at fast gaits, and both in mass and extended formations, mounted and dismounted.

THE OBJECT OF MILITARY TRAINING

I had served three years in the New York National Guard, finally becoming a captain. This experience was invaluable to me. It enabled me at once to train the men in the simple drill without which they would have been a mob; for although the drill requirements are simple, they are also absolutely indispensable. But if I had believed that my experience in the National Guard had taught me all that there was to teach about a soldier's career, it would have been better for me not to have been in it at all. There were in the regiment a number of men who had served in the National Guard, and a number of others who had served in the Regular Army. Some of these latter had served in the field in the West under campaign conditions, and were accustomed to long marches, privation, risk, and unexpected emergencies. These men were of the utmost benefit to the regiment. They already knew their profession, and could teach and help the others. But if the man had merely served in a National Guard regiment, or in the Regular Army at some post in a civilized country where he learned nothing except what could be picked up on the parade ground, in the barracks, and in practice marches of a few miles along good roads, then it depended purely upon his own good sense whether he had been helped or hurt by the experience. If he realized that he had learned only five per cent of his profession, that there remained ninety-five per cent to accomplish before he would be a good soldier, why, he had profited immensely.

To start with five per cent handicap was a very great advantage; and if the man was really a good man, he could not be overtaken. But if the man thought that he had learned all about the profession of a soldier because he had been in the National Guard or in the Regular Army under the conditions I have described, then he was actually of less use than if he had never had any military experience at all. Such a man was apt to think that nicety of alignment, precision in wheeling, and correctness in the manual of arms were the ends of training and the guarantees of good soldiership, and that from guard mounting to sentry duty everything in war was to be done in accordance with what he had learned in peace. As a matter of fact, most of what he had learned was never used at all, and some of it had to be unlearned. The one thing, for instance, that a sentry ought never to do in an actual campaign is to walk up and down a line where he will be conspicuous. His business is to lie down somewhere off a ridge crest where he can see any one approaching, but where a man approaching cannot see him. As for the ceremonies, during the really hard part of a campaign only the barest essentials are kept.

TEXT-BOOK FIGHTING AND THE REAL THING

Almost all of the junior regular officers, and many of the senior regular officers, were fine men. But, through no fault of their own, many of the senior officers had been forced to lead lives that fairly paralyzed their efficiency when the strain of modern war came on them. The routine elderly regular officer who knew nothing whatever of modern war was in most respects nearly as worthless as a raw recruit. The positions and commands

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prescribed in the text-books were made into fetishes by some of these men, and treated as if they were the ends, instead of the not always important means by which the ends were to be achieved. In the Cuban fighting, for instance, it would have been folly for me to have taken my place in the rear of the regiment, the canonical text-book position. My business was to be where I could keep most command over the regiment, and, in a rough-and-tumble, scrambling fight in thick jungle, this had to depend upon the course of events, and usually meant that I had to be at the front. I saw in that fighting more than one elderly regimental commander who unwittingly rendered the only service he could render to his regiment by taking up his proper position several hundred yards in the rear when the fighting began; for then the regiment disappeared in the jungle, and for its good fortune the commanding officer never saw it again until long after the fight was over.

After one Cuban fight a lieutenant-colonel of the regulars, in command of a regiment, who had met with just such an experience and had rejoined us at the front several hours after the close of the fighting, asked me what my men were doing when the fight began. I answered that they were following in trace in column of twos, and that the instant the shooting began I deployed them as skirmishers on both sides of the trail. He answered triumphantly, "You can't deploy men as skirmishers from column formation;" to which I responded, "Well, I did, and, what is more, if any captain had made any difficulty about it, I would have sent him to the rear." My critic was quite correct from the parade ground standpoint. The prescribed orders at that time were to deploy the column first into a line of squads at correct intervals, and then to give an order which, if my memory serves correctly, ran: "As skirmishers, by the right and left flanks, at six yards, take intervals, march." The order I really gave ran more like this: "Scatter out to the right there, quick, you! scatter to the left! look alive, look alive!" And they looked alive, and they scattered, and each took advantage of cover, and forward went the line.

Now I do not wish what I have said to be misunderstood. If ever we have a great war, the bulk of our soldiers will not be men who have had any opportunity to train soul and mind and body so as to meet the iron needs of an actual campaign. Long continued and faithful drill will alone put these men in shape to begin to do their duty, and failure to recognize this on the part of the average man will mean laziness and folly and not the possession of efficiency. Moreover, if men have been trained to believe, for instance, that they can "arbitrate questions of vital interest and national honor," if they have been brought up with flabbiness of moral fiber as well as flabbiness of physique then there will be need of long and laborious and faithful work to give the needed tone to mind and body. But if the men have in them the right stuff, it is not so very difficult.

GETTING FOOD

At San Antonio we entrained for Tampa. In various sociological books by authors of Continental Europe there are jeremiads as to the way in which service in the great European armies, with their minute and machine-like efficiency and regularity, tends to dwarf the capacity for individual initiative among the officers and men. There is no such danger for any officer or man of a volunteer organization in America when our country, with playful light-heartedness, has pranced into war without making any preparation for it. I know no larger or finer field for the display of an advanced individualism than that which opened before us as we went from San Antonio to Tampa, camped there, and embarked on a transport for Cuba. Nobody ever had any definite information to give us, and whatever information we unearthed on our own account was usually wrong. Each of us had to show an alert and not over-scrupulous self-reliance in order to obtain food for his men, provender for his horses, or transportation of any kind for any object. One lesson early impressed on me was that if I wanted anything to eat it was wise to carry it with me; and if any new war should arise, I would earnestly advise the men of every volunteer organization always to proceed upon the belief that their supplies will not turn up, and to take every opportunity of getting food for themselves.

A PROBLEM IN TRANSPORTATION

Tampa was a scene of the wildest confusion. There were miles of tracks loaded with cars of the contents of which nobody seemed to have any definite knowledge. General Miles, who was supposed to have supervision over everything, and General

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Shafter, who had charge of the expedition, were both there. But, thanks to the fact that nobody had had any experience in handling even such a small force as ours—about 17,000 men—there was no semblance of order. Wood and I were bound that we should not be left behind when the expedition started. When we were finally informed that it was to leave next morning, we were ordered to go to a certain track to meet a train. We went to the track, but the train never came. Then we were sent to another track to meet another train. Again it never came. However, we found a coal train, of which we took possession, and the conductor, partly under duress and partly in a spirit of friendly helpfulness, took us down to the quay.

All kinds of other organizations, infantry and cavalry, regular and volunteer, were arriving at the quay and wandering around it, and there was no place where we could get any specific information as to what transport we were to have. Finally Wood was told to "get any ship you can get which is not already assigned." He borrowed without leave a small motor boat, and commandeered the transport Yucatan. When asked by the captain what his authority was, he reported that he was acting "by orders of General Shafter," and directed the ship to be brought to the dock. He had already sent me word to be ready, as soon as the ship touched the pier, to put the regiment aboard her. I found that she had already been assigned to a regular regiment, and to another volunteer regiment, and as it was evident that not more than half of the men assigned to her could possibly get on, I was determined that we should not be among the men left off. The volunteer regiment offered a comparatively easy problem. I simply marched my men past them to the allotted place and held the gangway. With the regulars I had to be a little more diplomatic, because their commander, a lieutenant-colonel, was my superior in rank, and also doubtless knew his rights. He sent word to me to make way, to draw my regiment off to one side, and let his take possession of the gangway. I could see the transport coming in, and could dimly make out Wood's figure thereon. Accordingly I played for time. I sent respectful requests through his officers to the commander of the regulars, entered into parleys, and made protestations, until the transport got near enough so that by yelling at the top of my voice I was able to get into a—highly constructive—communication with Wood. What he was saying I had no idea, but he was evidently speaking, and on my own responsibility I translated it into directions to hold the gangway, and so informed the regulars that I was under the orders of my superior and of a ranking officer, and—to my great regret, etc., etc.—could not give way as they desired. As soon as the transport was fast we put our men aboard at the double. Half of the regular regiment got on, and the other half and the other volunteer regiment went somewhere else.

AT SANTIAGO

We were kept several days on the transport, which was jammed with men so that it was hard to move about on the deck. Then the fleet got under way, and we steamed slowly down to Santiago. Here we disembarked, higgledy-piggledy, just as we had embarked. Different parts of different outfits were jumbled together, and it was no light labor afterwards to assemble the various batteries. For instance, one transport had guns, and another the locks for the guns; the two not getting together for several days after one of them had been landed. Soldiers went here, provisions there; and who got ashore first largely depended upon individual activity. Fortunately for us, my former naval aide, when I had been Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Lieutenant-Commander Sharp, a first-class fellow, was there in command of a little ship to which I had succeeded in getting him appointed before I left the Navy Department. He gave us a black pilot, who took our transport right in shore, the others following like a flock of sheep; and we disembarked with our rifles, ammunition belts, and not much else. In theory it was out of our turn, but if we had not disembarked then, Heaven only knows when our turn would have come, and we did not intend to be out of the fighting if we could help it. I carried some food in my pockets, and a light waterproof coat, which was my sole camp equipment for the next two or three days. Twenty-four hours after getting ashore we marched from Daiquiri, where we had landed, to Siboney, also on the coast, reaching it during a terrific downpour of rain. When this was over, we built a fire, dried our clothes, and ate whatever we had brought with us.

YOUNG AND CHAFFEE

We were brigaded with the First and Tenth Regular Cavalry, under Brigadier-

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General Sam Young. He was a fine type of the American regular. Like General Chaffee, another of the same type, he had entered the army in the Civil War as a private. Later, when I was President, it was my good fortune to make each of them in succession Lieutenant-General of the army of the United States. When General Young retired and General Chaffee was to take his place, the former sent to the latter his three stars to wear on his first official presentation, with a note that they were from "Private Young to Private Chaffee." The two fine old fellows had served in the ranks, one in the cavalry, one in the infantry, in their golden youth, in the days of the great war nearly half a century before; each had grown gray in a lifetime of honorable service under the flag, and each closed his active career in command of the army. General Young was one of the few men who had given and taken wounds with the saber. He was an old friend of mine, and when in Washington before starting for the front he told me that if we got in his brigade he would put us into the fighting all right. He kept his word.

GETTING INTO THE FIGHT

General Young had actively superintended getting his two regular regiments, or at least a squadron of each, off the transports, and late that night he sent us word that he had received permission to move at dawn and strike the Spanish advance position. He directed us to move along a ridge trail with our two squadrons (one squadron having been left at Tampa), while with the two squadrons of regulars, one of the First and one of the Tenth, under his personal supervision, he marched up the valley trail. Accordingly Wood took us along the hill trail early next morning, till we struck the Spaniards, and began our fight just as the regulars began the fight in the valley trail.

It was a mountainous country covered with thick jungle, a most confusing country, and I had an awful time trying to get into the fight and trying to do what was right when in it; and all the while I was thinking that I was the only man who did not know what I was about, and that all the others did—whereas, as I found out later, pretty much everybody else was as much in the dark as I was. There was no surprise; we struck the Spaniards exactly where we had expected; then Wood halted us and put us into the fight deliberately and in order. He ordered us to deploy alternately by troops to the right and left of the trail, giving our senior major, Brodie, a West Pointer and as good a soldier as ever wore a uniform, the left wing, while I took the right wing. I was told if possible to connect with the regulars who were on the right. In theory this was excellent, but as the jungle was very dense the first troop that deployed to the right vanished forthwith, and I never saw it again until the fight was over—having a frightful feeling meanwhile that I might be court-martialed for losing it. The next troop deployed to the left under Brodie. Then the third came along, and I started to deploy it to the right as before.

By the time the first platoon had gotten into the jungle I realized that it likewise would disappear unless I kept hold of it. I managed to keep possession of the last platoon. One learns fast in a fight, and I marched this platoon and my next two troops in column through the jungle without any attempt to deploy until we got on the firing line. This sounds simple. But it was not. I did not know when I had gotten on the firing line! I could hear a good deal of firing, some over to my right at a good distance, and the rest to the left and ahead. I pushed on, expecting to strike the enemy somewhere between.

UNDER FIRE

Soon we came to the brink of a deep valley. There was a good deal of cracking of rifles way off in front of us, but as they used smokeless powder we had no idea as to exactly where they were, or who they were shooting at. Then it dawned on us that we were the target. The bullets began to come overhead, making a sound like the ripping of a silk dress, with sometimes a kind of pop; a few of my men fell, and I deployed the rest, making them lie down and get behind trees. Richard Harding Davis was with us, and as we scanned the landscape with our glasses it was he who first pointed out to us some Spaniards in a trench some three-quarters of a mile off. It was difficult to make them out. There were not many of them. However, we finally did make them out, and we could see their conical hats, for the trench was a poor one. We advanced, firing at them, and drove them off.

What to do then I had not an idea. The country in front fell away into a very difficult

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jungle-filled valley. There was nothing but jungle all around, and if I advanced I was afraid I might get out of touch with everybody and not be going in the right direction. Moreover, as far as I could see, there was now nobody in front who was shooting at us, although some of the men on my left insisted that our own men had fired into us—an allegation which I soon found was almost always made in such a fight, and which in this case was not true. At this moment some of the regulars appeared across the ravine on our right. The first thing they did was to fire a volley at us, but one of our first sergeants went up a tree and waved a guidon at them and they stopped. Firing was still going on to our left, however, and I was never more puzzled to know what to do. I did not wish to take my men out of their position without orders, for fear that I might thereby be leaving a gap if there was a Spanish force which meditated an offensive return. On the other hand, it did not seem to me that I had been doing enough fighting to justify my existence, and there was obviously fighting going on to the left. I remember that I kept thinking of the refrain of the fox-hunting song, "Here's to every friend who struggled to the end;" in the hunting field I had always acted on this theory, and, no matter how discouraging appearances might be, had never stopped trying to get in at the death until the hunt was actually over; and now that there was work, and not play, on hand, I intended to struggle as hard as I knew how not to be left out of any fighting into which I could, with any possible propriety, get.

OUR CHARGE ON THE RED-TILED RANCH HOUSE

So I left my men where they were and started off at a trot toward where the firing was, with a couple of orderlies to send back for the men in case that proved advisable. Like most tyros, I was wearing my sword, which in thick jungle now and then got between my legs—from that day on it always went corded in the baggage. I struck the trail, and began to pass occasional dead men. Pretty soon I reached Wood and found, much to my pleasure, that I had done the right thing, for as I came up word was brought to him that Brodie had been shot, and he at once sent me to take charge of the left wing. It was more open country here, and at least I was able to get a glimpse of my own men and exercise some control over them. There was much firing going on, but for the life of me I could not see any Spaniards, and neither could any one else. Finally we made up our minds that they were shooting at us from a set of red-tiled ranch buildings a good way in front, and these I assaulted, finally charging them. Before we came anywhere near, the Spaniards, who, as it proved, really were inside and around them, abandoned them, leaving a few dead men.

By the time I had taken possession of these buildings all firing had ceased everywhere. I had not the faintest idea what had happened: whether the fight was over; or whether this was merely a lull in the fight; or where the Spaniards were; or whether we might be attacked again; or whether we ought ourselves to attack somebody somewhere else. I got my men in order and sent out small parties to explore the ground in front, who returned without finding any foe. (By this time, as a matter of fact, the Spaniards were in full retreat.) Meanwhile I was extending my line so as to get into touch with our people on the right. Word was brought to me that Wood had been shot—which fortunately proved not to be true—and as, if this were so, it meant that I must take charge of the regiment, I moved over personally to inquire. Soon I learned that he was all right, that the Spaniards had retreated along the main road, and that Colonel Wood and two or three other officers were a short distance away. Before I reached them I encountered a captain of the Ninth Cavalry, very glum because his troopers had not been up in time to take part in the fight, and he congratulated me—with visible effort!—upon my share in our first victory. I thanked him cordially, not confiding in him that till that moment I myself knew exceedingly little about the victory; and proceeded to where Generals Wheeler, Lawton, and Chaffee, who had just come up, in company with Wood, were seated on a bank. They expressed appreciation of the way that I had handled my troops, first on the right wing and then on the left! As I was quite prepared to find I had committed some awful sin, I did my best to accept this in a nonchalant manner, and not to look as relieved as I felt. As throughout the morning I had preserved a specious aspect of wisdom, and had commanded first one and then the other wing, the fight was really a capital thing for me, for practically all the men had served under my actual command, and

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thenceforth felt an enthusiastic belief that I would lead them aright.

THE ADVANCE ON SANTIAGO

It was a week after this skirmish before the army made the advance on Santiago. Just before this occurred General Young was stricken down with fever. General Wheeler, who had commanded the Cavalry Division, was put in general charge of the left wing of the army, which fought before the city itself. Brigadier-General Sam Sumner, an excellent officer, who had the second cavalry brigade, took command of the cavalry division, and Wood took command of our brigade, while, to my intense delight, I got my regiment. I therefore had command of the regiment before the stiffest fighting occurred. Later, when Wood was put in command in Santiago, I became the brigade commander.

Late in the evening we camped at El Poso. There were two regular officers, the brigade commander's aides, Lieutenants A. L. Mills and W. E. Shipp, who were camped by our regiment. Each of my men had food in his haversack, but I had none, and I would have gone supperless to bed if Mills and Shipp had not given me out of their scanty stores a big sandwich, which I shared with my orderly, who also had nothing. Next morning my body servant Marshall, an ex-soldier of the Ninth (Colored) Cavalry, a fine and faithful fellow, had turned up, and I was able in my turn to ask Mills and Shipp, who had eaten all their food the preceding evening, to take breakfast with me. A few hours later gallant Shipp was dead, and Mills, an exceptionally able officer, had been shot through the head from side to side, just back of the eyes; yet he lived, although one eye was blinded, and before I left the Presidency I gave him his commission as Brigadier-General.

Early in the morning our artillery began firing from the hill-crest immediately in front of where our men were camped. Several of the regiment were killed and wounded by the shrapnel of the return fire of the Spaniards. One of the shrapnel bullets fell on my wrist and raised a bump as big as a hickory nut, but did not even break the skin. Then we were marched down from the hill on a muddy road through thick jungle towards Santiago. The heat was great, and we strolled into the fight with no definite idea on the part of any one as to what we were to do or what would happen. There was no plan that our left wing was to make a serious fight that day; and as there were no plans, it was naturally exceedingly hard to get orders, and each of us had to act largely on his own responsibility.

Lawton's infantry division attacked the little village of El Caney, some miles to the right. Kent's infantry division and Sumner's dismounted cavalry division were supposed to retain the Spanish army in Santiago until Lawton had captured El Caney. Spanish towns and villages, however, with their massive buildings, are natural fortifications, as the French found in the Peninsular War, and as both the French and our people found in Mexico. The Spanish troops in El Caney fought very bravely, as did the Spanish troops in front of us, and it was late in the afternoon before Lawton accomplished his task.

SAN JUAN HILLS

Meanwhile we of the left wing had by degrees become involved in a fight which toward the end became not even a colonel's fight, but a squad leader's fight. The cavalry division was put at the head of the line. We were told to march forward, cross a little river in front, and then, turning to the right, march up alongside the stream until we connected with Lawton. Incidentally, this movement would not have brought us into touch with Lawton in any event. But we speedily had to abandon any thought of carrying it out. The maneuver brought us within fair range of the Spanish intrenchments along the line of hills which we called the San Juan Hills, because on one of them was the San Juan blockhouse. On that day my regiment had the lead of the second brigade, and we marched down the trail following in trace behind the first brigade. Apparently the Spaniards could not make up their minds what to do as the three regular regiments of the first brigade crossed and defiled along the other bank of the stream, but when our regiment was crossing they began to fire at us.

Under this flank fire it soon became impossible to continue the march. The first brigade halted, deployed, and finally began to fire back. Then our brigade was halted. From time to time some of our men would fall, and I sent repeated word to the rear to try to get authority to attack the hills in front. Finally General Sumner, who was fighting the division in fine shape, sent word to advance. The word was brought to me by Mills, who said that my orders were to support the regulars

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in the assault on the hills, and that my objective would be the red-tiled ranch-house in front, on a hill which we afterwards christened Kettle Hill. I mention Mills saying this because it was exactly the kind of definite order the giving of which does so much to insure success in a fight, as it prevents all obscurity as to what is to be done. The order to attack did not reach the first brigade until after we ourselves reached it, so that at first there was doubt on the part of their officers whether they were at liberty to join in the advance.

UP KETTLE HILL

I had not enjoyed the Guasimas fight at all, because I had been so uncertain as to what I ought to do. But the San Juan fight was entirely different. The Spaniards had a hard position to attack, it is true, but we could see them, and I knew exactly how to proceed. I kept on horseback, merely because I found it difficult to convey orders along the line, as the men were lying down; and it is always hard to get men to start when they cannot see whether their comrades are also going. So I rode up and down the lines, keeping them straightened out, and gradually worked through line after line until I found myself at the head of the regiment. By the time I had reached the lines of the regulars of the first brigade I had come to the conclusion that it was silly to stay in the valley firing at the hills, because that was really where we were most exposed, and that the thing to do was to try to rush the intrenchments. Where I struck the regulars there was no one of superior rank to mine, and after asking why they did not charge, and being answered that they had no orders, I said I would give the order. There was naturally a little reluctance shown by the elderly officer in command to accept my order, so I said, "Then let my men through, sir," and I marched through, followed by my grinning men. The younger officers and the enlisted men of the regulars jumped up and joined us. I waved my hat, and we went up the hill with a rush. Having taken it, we looked across at the Spaniards in the trenches under the San Juan blockhouse to our left, which Hawkins's brigade was assaulting. I ordered our men to open fire on the Spaniards in the trenches.

Memory plays funny tricks in such a fight, where things happen quickly, and all kinds of mental images succeed one another in a detached kind of way, while the work goes on. As I gave the order in question there slipped through my mind Mahan's account of Nelson's orders that each ship as it sailed forward, if it saw another ship engaged with an enemy's ship, should rake the latter as it passed. When Hawkins's soldiers captured the blockhouse, I, very much elated, ordered a charge on my own hook to a line of hills still farther on. Hardly anybody heard this order, however; only four men started with me, three of whom were shot. I gave one of them, who was only wounded, my canteen of water, and ran back, much irritated that I had not been followed—which was quite unjustifiable, because I found that nobody had heard my orders. General Sumner had come up by this time, and I asked his permission to lead the charge. He ordered me to do so, and this time away we went, and stormed the Spanish intrenchments. There was some close fighting, and we took a few prisoners. We also captured the Spanish provisions, and ate them that night with great relish. One of the items was salted flying-fish, by the way. There were also bottles of wine, and jugs of fiery spirit, and as soon as possible I had these broken, although not before one or two of my men had taken too much liquor. Lieutenant Howze, of the regulars, an aide of General Sumner's, brought me an order to halt where I was; he could not make up his mind to return until he had spent an hour or two with us under fire. The Spaniards attempted a counter-attack in the middle of the afternoon, but were driven back without effort, our men laughing and cheering as they rose to fire; because hitherto they had been assaulting breastworks, or lying still under artillery fire, and they were glad to get a chance to shoot at the Spaniards in the open. We lay on our arms that night, and as we were drenched with sweat, and had no blankets save a few we took from the dead Spaniards, we found even the tropic night chilly before morning came.

During the afternoon's fighting, while I was the highest officer at our immediate part of the front, Captains Boughton and Morton of the regular cavalry, two as fine officers as any man could wish to have beside him in battle, came along the firing line to tell me that they had heard a rumor that we might fall back, and that they wished to record their emphatic protest against any such course. I did not believe there was

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any truth in the rumor, for the Spaniards were utterly incapable of any effective counter-attack. However, late in the evening, after the fight, General Wheeler visited us at the front, and he told me to keep myself in readiness, as at any moment it might be decided to fall back. Jack Greenway was beside me when General Wheeler was speaking. I answered, "Well, General, I really don't know whether we would obey an order to fall back. We can take that city by a rush, and if we have to move out of here at all I should be inclined to make the rush in the right direction." Greenway nodded an eager assent. The old General, after a moment's pause, expressed his hearty agreement, and said that he would see that there was no falling back. He had been very sick for a couple of days, but, sick as he was, he managed to get into the fight. He was a gamecock if ever there was one, but he was in very bad physical shape on the day of the fight. If there had been any one in high command to supervise and press the attack that afternoon, we would have gone right into Santiago. In my part of the line the advance was halted only because we received orders not to move forward, but to stay on the crest of the captured hill and hold it.

THREE-O'CLOCK-IN-THE-MORNING COURAGE

We are always told that three-o'clock-in-the-morning courage is the most desirable kind. Well, my men and the regulars of the cavalry had just that brand of courage. At about three o'clock on the morning after the first fight, shooting began in our front, and there was an alarm of a Spanish advance. I was never more pleased than to see the way in which the hungry, tired, shabby men all jumped up and ran forward to the hill-crest, so as to be ready for the attack; which, however, did not come. As soon as the sun rose the Spaniards again opened upon us with artillery. A shell burst between Dave Goodrich and myself, blacking us with powder, and killing and wounding several of the men immediately behind us.

Next day the fight turned into a siege; there were some stirring incidents; but for the most part it was trench work. A fortnight later Santiago surrendered. Wood won his brigadier-generalship by the capital way in which he handled his brigade in the fight, and in the following siege. He was put in command of the captured city; and in a few days I succeeded to the command of the brigade.

THE HEALTH OF THE ARMY

The health of the troops was not good, and speedily became very bad. There was some dysentery, and a little yellow fever; but most of the trouble was from a severe form of malarial fever. The Washington authorities had behaved better than those in actual command of the expedition at one crisis. Immediately after the first days' fighting around Santiago the latter had hinted by cable to Washington that they might like to withdraw, and Washington had emphatically vetoed the proposal. I record this all the more gladly because there were not too many gleams of good sense shown in the home management of the war; although I wish to repeat that the real blame for this rested primarily with us ourselves, the people of the United States, who had for years pursued in military matters a policy that rendered it certain that there would be ineptitude and failure in high places if ever a crisis came. After the siege the people in Washington showed no knowledge whatever of the conditions around Santiago, and proposed to keep the army there. This would have meant that at least three-fourths of the men would either have died or have been permanently invalided, as a virulent form of malaria was widespread, and there there was a steady growth of dysentery and other complaints. No object of any kind was to be gained by keeping the army in or near the captured city. General Shafter tried his best to get the Washington authorities to order the army home. As he failed to accomplish anything, he called a council of the division and brigade commanders and the chief medical officers to consult over the situation.

SHAFTER'S REQUEST

Although I had command of a brigade, I was only a colonel, and so I did not intend to attend, but the General informed me that I was particularly wanted, and accordingly I went. At the council General Shafter asked the medical authorities as to conditions, and they united in informing him that they were very bad, and were certain to grow much worse; and that in order to avoid frightful ravages from disease, chiefly due to malaria, the army should be sent back at once to some part of the northern United States. The General then explained that he could not get the War Department to understand the situation; that he could not get the attention of the

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public; and that he felt that there should be some authoritative publication which would make the War Department take action before it was too late to avert the ruin of the army. All who were in the room expressed their agreement.

THE "ROUND ROBIN"

Then the reason for my being present came out. It was explained to me by General Shafter, and by others, that as I was a volunteer officer and intended immediately to return to civil life, I could afford to take risks which the regular army men could not afford to take and ought not to be expected to take, and that therefore I ought to make the publication in question; because to incur the hostility of the War Department would not make any difference to me, whereas it would be destructive to the men in the regular army, or to those who hoped to get into the regular army. I thought this true, and said I would write a letter or make a statement which could then be published. Brigadier-General Ames, who was in the same position that I was, also announced that he would make a statement.

When I left the meeting it was understood that I was to make my statement as an interview in the press; but Wood, who was by that time Brigadier-General commanding the city of Santiago, gave me a quiet hint to put my statement in the form of a letter to General Shafter, and this I accordingly did. When I had written my letter, the correspondent of the Associated Press, who had been informed by others of what had occurred, accompanied me to General Shafter. I presented the letter to General Shafter, who waved it away and said: "I don't want to take it; do whatever you wish with it." I, however, insisted on handing it to him, whereupon he shoved it toward the correspondent of the Associated Press, who took hold of it, and I released my hold. General Ames made a statement direct to the correspondent, and also sent a cable to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy at Washington, a copy of which he gave to the correspondent. By this time the other division and brigade commanders who were present felt that they had better take action themselves. They united in a round robin to General Shafter, which General Wood dictated, and which was signed by Generals Kent, Bates, Chaffee, Sumner, Ludlow, Ames, and Wood, and by myself. General Wood handed this to General Shafter, and it was made public by General Shafter precisely as mine was made public.[1] Later I was much amused when General Shafter stated that he could not imagine how my letter and the round robin got out! When I saw this statement, I appreciated how wise Wood had been in hinting to me not to act on the suggestion of the General that I should make a statement to the newspapers, but to put my statement in the form of a letter to him as my superior officer, a letter which I delivered to him. Both the letter and the round robin were written at General Shafter's wish, and at the unanimous suggestion of all the commanding and medical officers of the Fifth Army Corps, and both were published by General Shafter.

THE PRIME VIRTUE OF THE FIGHTING MAN

In a regiment the prime need is to have fighting men; the prime virtue is to be able and eager to fight with the utmost effectiveness. I have never believed that this was incompatible with other virtues. On the contrary, while there are of course exceptions, I believe that on the average the best fighting men are also the best citizens. I do not believe that a finer set of natural soldiers than the men of my regiment could have been found anywhere, and they were first-class citizens in civil life also. One fact may perhaps be worthy of note. Whenever we were in camp and so fixed that we could have regular meals, we used to have a general officers' mess, over which I of course presided. During our entire service there was never a foul or indecent word uttered at the officers' mess—I mean this literally; and there was very little swearing—although now and then in the fighting, if there was a moment when swearing seemed to be the best method of reaching the heart of the matter, it was resorted to.

THE NATION'S DEBT OF GRATITUDE

The men I cared for most in the regiment were the men who did the best work; and therefore my liking for them was obliged to take the shape of exposing them to most fatigue and hardship, of demanding from

[1] General Wood writes me: "The representative of the Associated Press was very anxious to get a copy of this despatch or see it, and I told him it was impossible for him to have it or see it. I then went in to General Shafter and stated the case to him, handing him the despatch, saying, 'The matter is now in your hands.' He, General Shafter, then said, 'I don't care whether this gentleman has it or not,' and I left then. When I went back the General told me he had given the Press representative a copy of the despatch, and that he had gone to the office with it."

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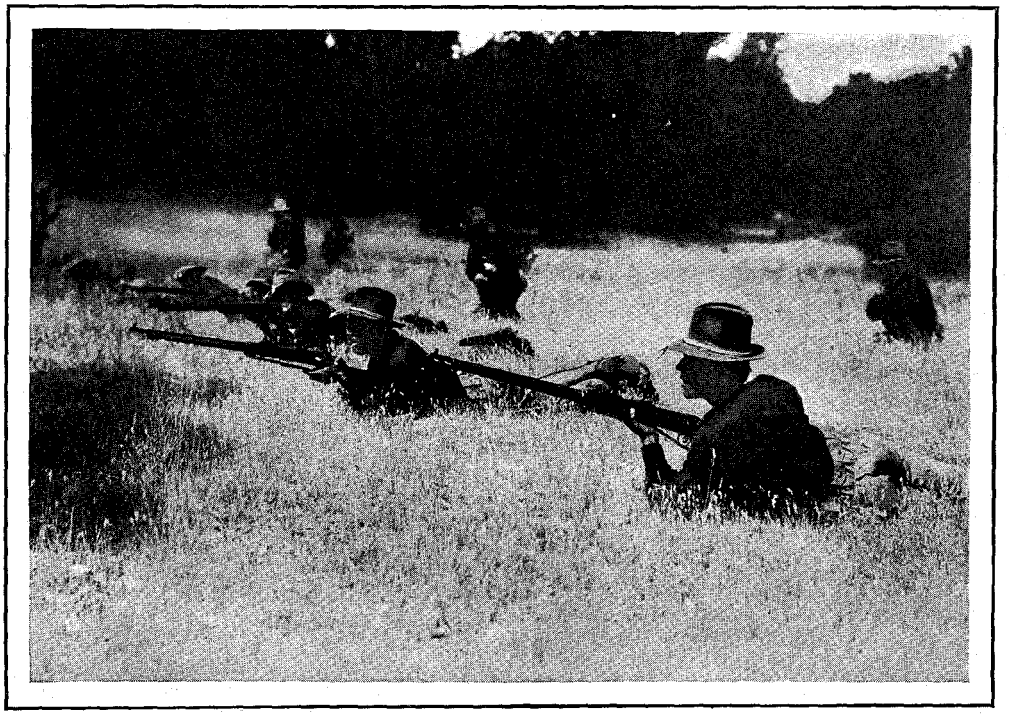
them the greatest service, and of making them incur the greatest risk. Once I kept Greenway and Goodrich at work for forty-eight hours, without sleeping, and with very little food, fighting and digging trenches. I freely sent the men for whom I cared most, to where death might smite them; and death often smote them—as it did the two best officers in my regiment, Allyn Capron and Bucky O'Neil. My men would not have respected me had I acted otherwise. Their creed was my creed. The life even of the most useful man, of the best citizen, is not to be hoarded if there be need to spend it. I felt, and feel, this about others; and of course also about myself. This is one reason why I have always felt impatient contempt for the effort to abolish the death penalty on account of sympathy with criminals. I am willing to listen to arguments in favor of abolishing the death penalty so far as they are based purely on grounds of public expediency, although these arguments have never convinced me. But inasmuch as, without hesitation, in the performance of duty, I have again and again sent good and gallant and upright men to die, it seems to me the height of a folly both mischievous and mawkish to contend that criminals who have deserved death should nevertheless be allowed to shirk it. No brave and good man can properly shirk death; and no criminal who has earned death should be allowed to shirk it.

One of the best men with our regiment was the British military attaché, Captain Arthur Lee, an old friend. The other military attachés were herded together at headquarters and saw little. Captain Lee, who had known me in Washington, escaped and stayed with the regiment. We grew to feel that he was one of us, and made him an honorary member. There were two other honorary members. One was Richard Harding Davis, who was with us continually and who performed valuable service on the fighting line. The other was a regular officer, Lieutenant Parker, who had a battery of gatlings. We were with this battery throughout the San Juan fighting, and we grew to have the strongest admiration for Parker as a soldier and the strongest liking for him as a man. During our brief campaign we were closely and intimately thrown with various regular officers of the type of Mills, Howze, and Parker. We felt not merely fondness for them as officers and gentlemen, but pride in them as Americans. It is a fine thing to feel that we have in the army and in the navy



ON THE FIRING LINE

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modest, efficient, gallant gentlemen of this type, doing such disinterested work for the honor of the flag and of the Nation. No American can overpay the debt of gratitude we all of us owe to the officers and enlisted men of the army and of the navy.

DISCIPLINE AND CONTROL

Of course with a regiment of our type there was much to learn both among the officers and the men. There were all kinds of funny incidents. One of my men, an ex-cowpuncher and former round-up cook, a very good shot and rider, got into trouble on the way down on the transport. He understood entirely that he had to obey the officers of his own regiment, but, like so many volunteers, or at least like so many volunteers of my regiment, he did not understand that this obligation extended to officers of other regiments. One of the regular officers on the transport ordered him to do something which he declined to do. When the officer told him to consider himself under arrest, he responded by offering to fight him for a trifling consideration. He was brought before a court martial which sentenced him to a year's imprisonment at hard labor with dishonorable discharge, and the major-general commanding the division approved the sentence.

We were on the transport. There was no hard labor to do; and the prison consisted of another cowpuncher who kept guard over him with his carbine, evidently divided in his feelings as to whether he would like most to shoot him or to let him go. When we landed, somebody told the prisoner that I intended to punish him by keeping him with the baggage. He at once came to me in great agitation, saying: "Colonel, they say you're going to leave me with the baggage when the fight is on. Colonel, if you do that, I will never show my face in Arizona again. Colonel, if you will let me go to the front, I promise I will obey any one you say; any one you say, Colonel," with the evident feeling that, after this concession, I could not, as a gentleman, refuse his request. Accordingly I answered: "Shields, there is no one in this regiment more entitled to be shot than you are, and you shall go to the front." His gratitude was great, and he kept repeating, "I'll never forget this, Colonel, never." Nor did he. When we got very hard up, he would now and then manage to get hold of some flour and sugar, and would cook a doughnut and bring it round to me, and watch me with a delighted smile as I ate it. He behaved extremely well in both fights, and after the second one I had him formally before me and remitted his sentence—something which of course I had not the slightest power to do, although at the time it seemed natural and proper to me.

When we came to be mustered out, the regular officer who was doing the mustering, after all the men had been discharged, finally asked me where the prisoner was. I said, "What prisoner?" He said, "The prisoner, the man who was sentenced to a year's imprisonment with hard labor and dishonorable discharge." I said, "Oh! I pardoned him;" to which he responded, "I beg your pardon; you did what?" This made me grasp the fact that I had exceeded authority, and I could only answer, "Well, I did pardon him, anyhow, and he has gone with the rest;" whereupon the mustering-out officer sank back in his chair and remarked, "He was sentenced by a court martial, and the sentence was approved by the major-general commanding the division. You were a lieutenant-colonel, and you pardoned him. Well, it was nervy, that's all I'll say."

The simple fact was that under the circumstances it was necessary for me to enforce discipline and control the regiment, and therefore to reward and punish individuals in whatever way the exigencies demanded. I often explained to the men what the reasons for an order were, the first time it was issued, if there was any trouble on their part in understanding what they were required to do. They were very intelligent and very eager to do their duty, and I hardly ever had any difficulty the second time with them. If, however, there was the slightest willful shirking of duty or insubordination, I punished instantly and mercilessly, and the whole regiment cordially backed me up. To have punished men for faults and shortcomings which they had no opportunity to know were such would have been as unwise as to have permitted any of the occasional bad characters to exercise the slightest license. It was a regiment which was sensitive about its dignity and was very keenly alive to justice and to courtesy, but which cordially approved absence of molly-coddling, insistence upon the performance of duty, and summary punishment of wrong-doing.

WHAT TO DO WITH CAPTIVES

In the final fighting at San Juan, when we captured one of the trenches, Jack Greenway had seized a Spaniard, and shortly after-

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wards I found Jack leading his captive round with a string. I told him to turn him over to a man who had two or three other captives, so that they should all be taken to the rear. It was the only time I ever saw Jack look aggrieved. "Why, Colonel, can't I keep him for myself?" he asked, plaintively. I think he had an idea that as a trophy of his bow and spear the Spaniard would make a fine body-servant.

One reason that we never had the slightest trouble in the regiment was because, when we got down to hard pan, officers and men shared exactly alike. It is all right to have differences in food and the like in times of peace and plenty, when everybody is comfortable. But in really hard times officers and men must share alike if the best work is to be done. As long as I had nothing but two hardtacks, which was the allowance to each man on the morning after the San Juan fight, no one could complain; but if I had had any private little luxuries the men would very naturally have realized keenly their own shortages.

BEANS AND REQUISITIONS

Soon after the Guasimas fight we were put on short commons; and as I knew that a good deal of food had been landed and was on the beach at Siboney, I marched thirty or forty of the men down to see if I could not get some and bring it up. I finally found a commissary officer, and he asked me what I wanted, and I answered, anything he had. So he told me to look about for myself. I found a number of sacks of beans, I think about eleven hundred pounds, on the beach; and told the officer that I wanted eleven hundred pounds of beans. He produced a book of regulations, and showed me the appropriate section and subdivision which announced that beans were issued only for the officers' mess. This did me no good, and I told him so. He said he was sorry, and I answered that he was not as sorry as I was. I then "studied on it," as Br'er Rabbit would say, and came back with a request for eleven hundred pounds of beans for the officers' mess. He said, "Why, Colonel, your officers can't eat eleven hundred pounds of beans," to which I responded, "You don't know what appetites my officers have." He then said he would send the requisition to Washington. I told him I was quite willing, so long as he gave me the beans. He was a good fellow, so we finally effected a working compromise—he got the requisition and I got the beans, although he warned me that the price would probably be deducted from my salary.

THE CHAPLAIN'S MULES

Under some regulation or other only the regular supply trains were allowed to act, and we were supposed not to have any horses or mules in the regiment itself. This was very pretty in theory; but, as a matter of fact, the supply trains were not numerous enough. My men had a natural genius for acquiring horseflesh in odd ways, and I continually found that they had staked out in the brush various captured Spanish cavalry horses and Cuban ponies and abandoned commissary mules. Putting these together, I would organize a small pack train and work it industriously for a day or two, until they learned about it at headquarters and confiscated it. Then I would have to wait for a week or so until my men had accumulated some more ponies, horses, and mules, the regiment meanwhile living in plenty on what we had got before the train was confiscated.

All of our men were good at accumulating horses, but within our own ranks I think we were inclined to award the palm to our chaplain. There was not a better man in the regiment than the chaplain, and there could not have been a better chaplain for our men. He took care of the sick and the wounded, he never spared himself, and he did every duty. In addition, he had a natural aptitude for acquiring mules, which made some admirer, when the regiment was disbanded, propose that we should have a special medal struck for him, with, on the obverse, "A Mule passant and Chaplain regardant." After the surrender of Santiago, a Philadelphia clergyman whom I knew came down to General Wheeler's headquarters, and after visiting him announced that he intended to call on the Rough Riders, because he knew their colonel. One of General Wheeler's aides, Lieutenant Steele, who liked us both individually and as a regiment, and who appreciated some of our ways, asked the clergyman, after he had announced that he knew Colonel Roosevelt, "But do you know Colonel Roosevelt's regiment?" "No," said the clergyman. "Very well, then, let me give you a piece of advice. When you go down to see the Colonel, don't let your horse

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out of your sight; and if the chaplain is there, don't get off the horse!"

THE FIGHTING EDGE

We came back to Montauk Point and soon after were disbanded. We had been in the service only a little over four months. There are no four months of my life to which I look back with more pride and satisfaction. I believe most earnestly and sincerely in peace, but as things are yet in this world the nation that cannot fight, the people that have lost the fighting edge, that have lost the virile virtues, occupy a position as dangerous as it is ignoble. The future greatness of America in no small degree depends upon the possession by the average American citizen of the qualities which my men showed when they served under me at Santiago.

Moreover, there is one thing in connection with this war which it is well that our people should remember, our people who genuinely love the peace of righteousness, the peace of justice—and I would be ashamed to be other than a lover of the peace of righteousness and of justice. The true preachers of peace, who strive earnestly to bring nearer the day when peace shall obtain among all peoples, and who really do help forward the cause, are men who never hesitate to choose righteous war when it is the only alternative to unrighteous peace. These are the men who, like Dr. Lyman Abbott, have backed every genuine movement for peace in this country, and who nevertheless recognized our clear duty to war for the freedom of Cuba.

But there are other men who put peace ahead of righteousness, and who care so little for facts that they treat fantastic declarations for immediate universal arbitration as being valuable, instead of detrimental, to the cause they profess to champion, and who seek to make the United States impotent for international good under the pretense of making us impotent for international evil. All the men of this kind, and all of the organizations they have controlled, since we began our career as a nation, all put together, have not accomplished one-hundredth part as much for both peace and righteousness, have not done one-hundredth part as much either for ourselves or for other peoples, as was accomplished by the people of the United States when they fought the war with Spain and with resolute good faith and common sense worked out the solution of the problems which sprang from the war.

A LESSON OF THE WAR

Our army and navy, and above all our people, learned some lessons from the Spanish War, and applied them to our own uses. During the following decade the improvement in our navy and army was very great; not in material only, but also in personnel, and, above all, in the ability to handle our forces in good-sized units. By 1908, when our battle fleet steamed round the world, the navy had become in every respect as fit a fighting instrument as any other navy in the world, fleet for fleet. Even in size there was but one nation, England, which was completely out of our class; and in view of our relations with England and all the English-speaking peoples, this was of no consequence. Of our army, of course, as much could not be said. Nevertheless the improvement in efficiency was marked. Our artillery was still very inferior in training and practice to the artillery arm of any one of the great Powers such as Germany, France, or Japan—a condition which we only then began to remedy. But the workmanlike speed and efficiency with which the expedition of some 6,000 troops of all arms was mobilized and transported to Cuba during the revolution of 1908 showed that, as regards our cavalry and infantry, we had at least reached the point where we could assemble and handle in first-rate fashion expeditionary forces. This is mighty little to boast of, for a Nation of our wealth and population; it is not pleasant to compare it with the extraordinary feats of contemporary Japan and Bulgaria; but, such as it is, it represents a long stride in advance over conditions as they were in 1898.

The next installment of Mr. Roosevelt's "Chapters of a Possible Autobiography" is entitled "The New York Governorship." It will appear in The Outlook of September 27

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THE NEW BOOKS

Sermons and Addresses. By John Bascom. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25.

Dr. John Bascom, widely known as professor in Williams College for most of his long life, and for a dozen intervening years as President of the University of Wisconsin, strongly impressed contemporary thought for nearly half a century by his numerous writings. He worked a wide field in science, philosophy, æsthetics, psychology, history, literature, rhetoric, religion, theology, and sociology, and always with effect, in a distinctively modern and progressive spirit. In this he was ahead of his time, and many younger men live to revere his name as a leader of the world's slow march and of the still lagging Church. The ten papers in this volume of remains from his prolific pen have not lost timeliness—*e.g.*, the address before the Indiana State University on "Philistinism," an evil spirit abroad to-day, especially in the daily press and in what miscalls itself "society." Whether addressing a university or a high school, a Phi Beta Kappa meeting or an association of ministers, the speaker grips thought and commands attention. Dr. Bascom was a clear-thinking and courageous prophet of a broad-minded and catholic Christianity in a righteous and fraternal commonwealth. Most of the papers in the volume do not seem to be "sermons." The first third of it is given to the Lord's Prayer as "the most concise and comprehensive expression of the Spirit of Christianity."

Struggle for Christian Truth in Italy (The). By Giovanni Luzzi, D.D. The F. H. Revell Company, New York. $1.50.

No one can have thoroughly visited the region of North Italy in the neighborhood of Turin without having been impressed by the so-called "Protestant Valleys." They are the home of a Protestantism which antedates Luther's. The sturdy Italian Protestants of to-day represent the historic continuity of which there has never been sufficient praise. As a help in this direction Dr. Luzzi's book is timely. The Princeton Theological Seminary invited Professor Luzzi to come to this country to deliver a course of lectures. There was an appropriateness in the invitation, for Dr. Luzzi holds the chair of Systematic Theology in the Waldensian Theological Seminary at Florence. He is a prominent figure in the Protestant forces of Italy, and as President of the Christian Student movement has lectured to thousands of students throughout that country. In the present volume we find a chronicle of Christian progress in Italy, especially of Waldensian Protestantism, to the present age of "Modernism." In the ordinary reader's view the chronicle might gain by a slight condensation. Dr. Luzzi challenges the Protestants of Italy to help, from *without*, the work which the Modernists are accomplishing *within* the Roman Church. The result would be Italy's moral and spiritual redemption.

Pedagogical Anthropology. By Maria Montessori. Translated by Frederic Taber Cooper. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $3.50.

Dr. Montessori's success in the education of little children along novel lines is so well known that this exposition of the scientific principles underlying her educational system is certain to find many interested readers. There will be some disappointment, however, both at the difficulty of the book from the standpoint of the general reader, and at its over-emphasis of the physical, especially the anatomical, features in the make-up of the individual. Indeed, to gain a just appreciation of its author's pedagogical theory, this book undoubtedly should be read in connection with her previous account of the actual methods followed in her schools. Otherwise the reader will be likely to arrive at the unfavorable and unfair conclusion that Dr. Montessori is completely under the influence of the often narrow views of the Italian anthropologist. On the other hand, in view of the widespread tendency among educators to ignore, or at all events unduly minimize, the wholly physical factors in human development, much good should result from having them presented with the fullness with which they are exhibited here. Certainly Dr. Montessori's book has many helpful hints for parents and teachers with respect to the early detection of remediable structural and physiological defects, and the adoption of curative and preventive measures that will contribute not only to the physical well-being of children but to their mental and moral growth. We recommend an especially careful reading of the chapter on general biology, with its suggestive presentation of the pedagogical significance of the latest findings in that important branch of science.

Crime and Its Repression. By Gustav Aschaffenburg. Translated by Adalbert Albrecht. Vol. VI. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $4.

This book is a worthy addition to the series of publications by which the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology is making available for American students the results of European investigation of problems in criminal science. Dr. Aschaffenburg, a trained psychologist and psychiatrist, writes also from the insight gained through experience as a prison physician. And he does not rest his conclusions on personal observation alone, but on a statistical study made with admirable appreciation of the caution that must always be exercised in dealing with statistics of criminality. His resultant attitude towards the criminal is best summed up in his own phrase—"In most criminals there is no

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inner impetus towards crime, but merely the inability to withstand the pressure of external driving powers." Thus he differs from the Lombroso school in regard to the important question whether there is such a thing as a "criminal born" type, while at the same time he recognizes and admits the part played by defective heredity in predisposing a certain proportion of mankind to yield readily to temptation. He rightly affirms, however, that the causation of criminality is essentially controllable, his studies leading him to emphasize alcohol and poverty as the chief social causes and mal-education as the great individual cause, with alcohol again conspicuous by reason of its influence as a factor in causing inherited defects. Seldom indeed have the disastrous effects of alcohol on society and the individual been more convincingly depicted than in this book. The question of punishment is, of course, carefully considered, and indorsement given to the indeterminate sentence and parole system, with, during the period of enforced confinement, the employment of the prisoner in tasks which shall have an educational value to him.

Psychology of Laughter (The). By Boris Sidis. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

Dr. Sidis's name is so intimately associated with problems in abnormal psychology that it is a little surprising to find him in print as the author of an elaborate book dealing with such a normal, every-day phenomenon as laughter. But the problem presented by laughter and the laughable is indeed one that might well appeal to his acutely analytical mind, just as it has appealed to Sully, Bergson, Freud, and other eminent thinkers who have devoted whole treatises to it. It is, perhaps, a problem that will never find complete solution, as witness the varying views held by all who have studied it; and not the least merit of Dr. Sidis's book is his frank recognition of the difficulties that beset the investigator, and the degrees of truth in all the different explanations that have been from time to time advanced. His own aim necessarily has been to develop a theory that will include and reconcile the seemingly endless and irreconcilable elements of the comic; and if it must be said that the result is not altogether satisfactory (certainly his formula, "Allusion to human stupidity is the root of all comic," is inadequate), he has nevertheless appreciably enlarged our understanding of this phase of his subject. When he passes from the laughable to the question of the function of laughter, his work may be unreservedly commended. In fact, his exposition of the connection of laughter with the "subconscious reserve fund" of nervous energy now known to play an important part in human efficiency is so informative that it should be read by all who would keep abreast of the progress of scientific thought in its bearings on the inner life and development of man. In connection with this book attention may be called to the article entitled "Why Do We Laugh?" by Addington Bruce in The Outlook for August 9.

Michael Angelo: A Record of His Life as Told in His Own Letters and Papers. Translated and Edited by Robert W. Carden, A.R.I.B.A. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

The Outlook recently had occasion to notice the appearance of M. Rolland's biography of Michael Angelo. We have now to chronicle the appearance of Mr. Carden's biography. The distinction of M. Rolland's volume lay in the fact that it was the first poignantly to depict Michael Angelo's spiritual struggles; other biographers—in especial, Grimm, Symonds, and Holdroyd—have more comprehensively and vividly shown his art struggles and his art triumphs. The present volume's distinction lies in the fact that, in so far as direct discourse can do it, a greater direct connection between the reader and the subject of the biography is established than has hitherto been afforded. For the most part, the story of the sculptor's life is told in his own letters, and they reveal a man different in some respects from the man constructed for us in the other biographies. Particularly do we see Michael Angelo, though unmarried, as pre-eminently devoted to the welfare of his own family. For its members he endured poverty and want, and did not complain, although they were, by reason of his gifts, living in comparative ease. He was especially fond of his nephew Lionardo. The letters to Lionardo on the subject of the latter's possible marriage form a rather humorous feature of the volume. Let no one think, then, that because he may have read Grimm and Symonds and Holdroyd and Rolland he has found the exact picture of the sculptor. Despite its evident limitations, Mr. Carden's volume may throw some new and necessary light on the portrait of the man Michael Angelo.

Republican France, 1870–1912. By Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $4.

The France of to-day is a new France. No one, we believe, can regard the election of Raymond Poincaré to the Presidency and not feel that with it France is entering upon a more aggressive career. There are other signs of this career—the appointment of so militant a man as M. Delcassé as Ambassador to Russia, and the revival of the propaganda for a longer army service. With these events in mind, a survey of what the French Republic has accomplished up to the present time is instructive, and that survey is provided for us by Mr. Vizetelly in his latest volume. The author's long residence in France and his relations with many Frenchmen have enabled him to write largely at first hand. Like Professor Bracq's book on the same subject, the present volume is to be commended first of all because

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it is written from a French rather than from a foreign point of view. In the next place, though these writers are hardly at a sufficient distance from the subject to give it proper historical perspective, we are grateful for anything which serves the purposes of history and biography, and are especially grateful for the personal touches in this book concerning Gambetta, Thiers, MacMahon, Ferry, and the other notable men connected with the making of the Republic. A third excellence is the outlook as to the France of the future. In this connection we note the influence of the struggle between labor and capital—keener, so Mr. Vizetelly tells us, in France than in any other country. We are also interested to know that, contrary to the general opinion, the French peasants, with their advanced standard of living, do not appear to be quite as prosperous as formerly. More encouraging are Mr. Vizetelly's views as to the future of education in France. As he says, "Of the whole nation it may be said that it is one of the best educated in the world. No little nonsense has been written on the subject of the banishment of religion from the schools. Good sound practical morality is taught in all of them." France must always remain one of the world's main forces, "one which by achievement in science, discovery, literature, art, and general social progress must exercise influence over the bulk of mankind."

Abraham Lincoln, the Christian. By William J. Johnson. Eaton & Mains, New York. $1.

A study, by citation from letters and documents, of the development of Lincoln's religious ideas. These are presented in order of date, and, contrary to the supposition of those who have not looked into the subject, they comprise a large body of perfectly clear evidence as to Lincoln's essentially religious nature.

American Irrigation Farming. By W. H. Olin. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.50.

A practical book for the use of all irrigation farmers and for the instruction of agricultural students. The author is Director of Agricultural Extension in the Idaho University. Many photographs illustrate the magic results of this wonderful method of extending fecundity even to the desert.

Lineage, Life, and Labors of José Rizal. By Austin Craig. The Philippine Education Company, Manila.

One is glad that an American has written the life of Rizal, "America's forerunner" the author calls him, quoting from an address by President Roosevelt in which he declared that "In the Philippine Islands the American Government has tried, and is trying, to carry out exactly what the greatest genius and most revered patriot ever known in the Philippines, José Rizal, steadfastly advocated." Patriot, martyr, poet, artist, novelist, idealist, Rizal was indeed a man of genius and of a great heart. As a biography this book has its defects, but it commemorates a man who deserved his country's love and honor.

John Barleycorn. By Jack London. The Century Company, New York. $1.30.

The author holds that only an insignificant fraction of hard drinkers start with an inborn, hereditary, physical tendency to crave alcohol; the rest have liquor forced upon them by social custom, "the accessibility of alcohol," the swaggering pride of youth in doing what bad, bold men do, and the like: "Twenty years of unwilling apprenticeship had been required to make my system rebelliously tolerant of alcohol, to make me, in the heart and the deeps of me, desirous of alcohol." The self-revelation is brutally frank; the author's moral is that the only thing to do is to abolish John Barleycorn off the face of the earth.

My Lady of the Chimney Corner. By Alexander Irvine. The Century Company, New York. $1.20.

Love and tenderness, and Irish wit and heartiness also, go to the making of this little book. As Barrie pictured his mother in "Margaret Ogilvie" (and not a little, we imagine, in the "Little Minister's" mother), so Mr. Irvine, preacher and Socialist, tells us without reserve, but always with deep feeling and devotion, the story of his Irish peasant mother—simple, sincere, spiritual, in a true sense. The book has story and incident as well as affection, and the spice of old country talk is pungent.

Charming of Estercel (The). By Grace Rhys. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.35.

Practically all that the reader cares to retain of this story is to be found in the preface—the two legends, and the anecdote of the horse's revenge. The time is the reign of Elizabeth of England; and Ireland, in the north of which there is uprising, is the scene. There is not enough love or passion to compensate for the cruelty and torture recounted, the historical part is not clearly enough defined to make much impression, and the relations of Estercel and his wonderful white horse, Tamburlaine, instantly send the mind to the legend of Bellerophon and his winged Pegasus, although the author states definitely that the characterization of Tamburlaine is true to the life of horse-nature, not of one but of many horses that have come under her observation, and that the episode of the horse's revenge on the man who had persecuted him, leaving his hoof mark directly over his enemy's heart, is absolutely true. The legends referred to are of two spells, one of love and one of hate. According to the first, if a ring is put into a bird's nest in the springtime and removed only when the young are ready to fly, it will be so impregnated with the spirit of love as to cast a charm on whoever wears it. According to the other, if a young girl uses the mirror of an evil woman, she inherits the spirit of guile left behind there.

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BY THE WAY

Three-fourths of all the track scales in use in the United States are of defective design or improperly installed, according to a report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. The stenciled tare weights upon 80 per cent of all freight cars are erroneous. The shippers and the railways are attempting to adjust the matter and to provide satisfactory rules for the future.

A woman hack-driver has been licensed in Mount Vernon, New York. And why not? A woman who knows how to drive a horse is apt to be a little more careful, if anything, than a man, and the carrying of visitors from railway stations to their destinations in suburban towns would seem to be an agreeable occupation for an active woman or girl.

The Russians, says the London "Sphere," are the rage for the moment in dancing and in acting. "It is many a year since our national theater has seen such splendid audiences as those which have crowded to the Russian dancers and to the performances of 'La Khovantchina' and 'Ivan the Terrible,' and Old Drury has looked truly resplendent on these occasions."

The "prisoners' pay" law of Ohio went into effect on August 1. Convicts in the Columbus penitentiary will be credited with three cents an hour for work done on and after that date. The money will either be sent to the families of prisoners or saved for them until they are released.

New Jersey is trying to relieve her overcrowded prisons by establishing State camps for prisoners, in which outdoor work may be done by the convicts while they enjoy what they doubtless consider a vacation from prison. One of these camps, in Sussex County, has been dubbed by its occupants "Don't Worry Camp," which sufficiently indicates their sentiments about the plan.

Gretna Green has an American rival in a Kentucky town just over the river from Cincinnati, where an enterprising magistrate is said to offer unparalleled attractions to runaway couples. For $10 his auto will meet the would-be-happy pair at the train and take them to his matrimonial parlor, where a phonograph will play a wedding march and a photographer will take a snapshot of the ceremony. After the knot is tied the motor car again comes on the scene and takes the party to a hotel, where a wedding feast is served, with all bills paid! Who can beat this for a ten-dollar bill?

"Iowa butter," says the "Christian Science Monitor" (which does not devote itself exclusively to spiritual themes), "is carried all the way out to Oregon and sold there despite the fact that Oregon possesses all the facilities for making a great deal more butter than she could consume. Doubtless Oregon apples have a ready sale in Iowa, despite the fact that Iowa could easily raise more apples than she could herself consume. This sort of thing helps to explain why prices rule high."

Edward Payson Weston recently finished his walk from New York to Minneapolis, in the presence of a vast crowd who greeted the veteran pedestrian with enthusiastic applause. From time out of mind Mr. Weston has been doing walking feats of significance, and though he never equaled the great records made by the pedestrians of the "six-day walking matches" that were so popular years ago, he has outlived nearly all of those too strenuous athletes and made this notable trip at the age of seventy-four.

Our export of eggs increased in a year, 1911 to 1912, from 8,500,000 to 15,500,000, according to an agricultural exchange, and, keeping pace with this growing popularity of the American hen's product, American methods in poultry-keeping are said to be gaining favor in Europe.

"Four Thousand Plasterers Demand $6.50 a Day" is a newspaper headline that seems to indicate undue aspirations on the part of labor; but the seemingly excessive wage is tempered by the uncertainty of employment. "Yes," said one of the men, "you may say that we want $6.50 a day—or $13 a week. That's about what it amounts to, take it the year round."

Shakespeare not popular any more? Forbes-Robertson, during the coming theatrical season, will appear in America in Shakespearean rôles, and Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe will appear at the same time in the Manhattan Opera House in their favorite Shakespearean plays. Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe (who in private life are Mr. and Mrs. Sothern) know how to relax as well as how to work. They are spending their summer at their quiet home at Westhampton Beach, Long Island.

What New Yorker hasn't taken a trip on the Hudson River steamboat Mary Powell? What American has not at least heard the name of this white-haired grandmother of steamboats? She has traveled 1,154,000 miles. She has carried millions of passengers, and never lost a life. She has been practically rebuilt three times. Now, like a veteran preparing to go on the retired list, she is, it is announced, to be relieved from continuous service. She will continue, however, to make special trips and some regular ones.

The National Convention of Organists, at Asbury Park, New Jersey, went on record as being opposed to the retention of the old-time "jingle tunes" that have been used in many

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church hymnals. These were declared to be undignified and unfitted for devotional purposes.

"When I was a boy," said the old East Sider, "one wasn't considered a swimmer unless he could swim from Fulton Ferry across the East River. My last swim of that sort was in 1874. The tide caught me and carried me through Hell Gate. I was pounded and beaten by the waves till I could only float. I did float till the tide swept me back again and carried me to the old dry dock at Rutgers Street. There I caught the chains and held on till they fished me out. By that time they thought I was dead and had taken home my clothes. Boys don't do those stunts these days."

Don't they? Here is Eddie Snyder, twelve years old, who recently swam from Coney Island to the Brooklyn Bridge, staying in the water 7 hours and 45 minutes. He swam with the tide, however, not against it, and he was not buffeted by the whirlpools of Hell Gate.

Fifty days for a trip around the world is declared by J. H. Mears, the globe-girdler, to be sufficient for a quick sightseer. This would give the tripper two days for sightseeing in London, two in Paris, two in Berlin, two in St. Petersburg, and six in Japan. "And this," says Mr. Mears, "shows what I think of Japan."

It is not so easy to girdle the globe when one goes west, it seems, instead of starting toward Europe. The westerly record for circling the earth is said to be held by Mr. Daniel D. Bidwell, of Hartford, Connecticut. In 1911 he went round the world in a westerly direction in 47 days and 22 hours.

Tom Mann, the English labor agitator, has been lecturing in America. He is apparently pessimistic as to improvement in the conditions of labor through political action. "Once you elect laboring men to power in governing bodies," he is reported as saying, "they begin to think the same as other persons in power and they never help the cause of labor." Has Keir Hardie, for instance, "begun to think the same as other persons in power"?

The Erie Railroad has had many hard things said about it, therefore a rare word of commendation is worthy of note. An "Old Commuter" writes to the "Evening Sun" of New York: "I have commuted almost uninterruptedly on the Greenwood Lake branch of the Erie for thirty-two years, and I never have been in a single accident. This is mentioned to counterbalance some of the abusive things that have been said about the old Erie."

The New England woman had a pretty wit even in the old days, as is evidenced by this quotation from a Connecticut woman's diary, dated 1790: "We had roast pork for dinner, and Dr. S., who carved, held up a rib on his fork and said, 'Here, ladies, is what Mother Eve was made of.' 'Yes,' said Sister Patty, 'and it's from very much the same kind of critter.'"

A Texas farmer, adopting the theory that the by-product is the profit-maker, bought a cider press for $30 and used it in making cider and vinegar from the culls of his fifteen-acre apple orchard. One year he made 600 gallons of cider and sold it as sweet cider and vinegar for $425. The vinegar obtained a local reputation and brought $1 a gallon.

"Thousands See the Largest Plant of its Kind East of the Mississippi" is a headline calculated to give a thrill of pride to the Western man whose habitat beyond the Father of Waters is thus signalized. The "plant," however, is a large brewery, and a good many citizens would be well content to see these manufactories grow smaller in both West and East.

Who is the champion one-armed athlete? The claim is made by his friends that the honor belongs to Albert W. Howard, of Washington, D. C., who was the District tennis champion in 1910, and is an accomplished swimmer and a good baseball player.

Dr. Alvah H. Doty, formerly Health Officer of the Port of New York, in a recent interview declares that the work of mosquito-extermination has made good progress lately. On Staten Island the pests have diminished 80 per cent, and on the Long Island, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Massachusetts coasts the reduction has been about 40 per cent.

"A new time comes," says the Swedish reformer Ellen Key in the "Atlantic" for August, "as a rule, with quiet and small steps, only rarely with great, swift strides. Such a small step is the recognition in Europe, as well as in America, of the obvious need of a training for the inherently womanly vocations."

Canada bought 7,200 motor cars of us in the last fiscal year, while England bought nearly 4,000. The total value of automobiles and accessories exported amounted to $40,000,000.

Can a girl by taking thought add a dimple to her cheeks? One would think so, from beginning an article on the subject in one of the women's magazines. In conclusion, however, after giving much wholesome advice as to what must not be done, the writer says, "The added flesh will make dimples a *near possibility*"!

A friend calls our attention to a name omitted from our list of prominent persons buried in Trinity Churchyard, New York City—that of Sidney Breese, whom he calls "America's first self-made man." The epitaph reads:

Sidney Breese June 9 1767
Made by himfelf
Ha fidney fidney
Lyest thou here
I Here Lye
Till time is flown
To its Extremity

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